

THE
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE,

A
SATIRICAL POEM
IN FOUR DIALOGUES.

WITH NOTES.

Υμεις, ο παντα εν πασι φυσι και παιδια χρηστοι, και μετροι,
και φιλανθρωποι, και της Βασιλειας αξιοι, τατοις τοις λογοις
επιτευσατε.

Athenagoræ Athenienfis Legatio Imperatoribus Antonino
et Commodo.—ad fin. Op. Justin. Martyr. Ed. Paris.
1636. pag. 39.

THE NINTH EDITION, REVISED.

Author: Thomas James Mathias

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ADVERTISEMENT.*

THE Poem on the Pursuits of Literature being out of print, I have revised it with great care. I have indeed incurred some censure from the very attention which I have repeatedly given to it. Yet I am still of opinion, that no man of candour and reflection could wish to see any mistakes continued without correction, or the various parts of it again presented to the publick, without improvements and additions to the poetry and notes, as circumstances arose to prompt or to require them. This is all which I have done from
time

* This Advertisement was first prefixed to the *Seventh Edition* of the P. of L. published in April 1798.

time to time. Though words are irrevocable, yet the last corrections of any author should be considered as the sense which he wishes to express, or to enforce. Impertinence and falsehood I have at all times despised and neglected. It will be seen however, that, by omissions and alterations, I have expressed a liberal concern for my *unintentional* mistakes, with the spirit and breeding of a gentleman.

Additions made to a history, or to any professed work of science, may (if it be thought worth the trouble) be printed separately. But in a composition of this nature, a moment's consideration will suggest to any man, that it is impracticable.

The following, or similar, words are recorded to have been once delivered in Parliament a few years before the Rebellion in 1745. I shall apply the spirit of them to the enemies of *the principles* of this work, but not to the enemies of the work itself. The words are these: “ The
“ heat which has offended them is the ardour of
“ conviction,

“ conviction, and that zeal for the service of my
 “ country, which neither hope nor fear shall
 “ influence me to suppress. I will not sit un-
 “ concerned when (PUBLICK) LIBERTY is threat-
 “ ened or invaded, nor look in silence upon
 “ (*intended*) PUBLICK ROBBERY. I will exert
 “ my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to drag
 “ the aggressors to justice, *whoever may protect*
 “ *them*, AND WHOEVER MAY (ULTIMATELY)
 “ PARTAKE OF THE (NATIONAL) PLUNDER!”

It is remarkable: the Speaker was WILLIAM
 PITT; the Reporter SAMUEL JOHNSON.*

* See Dr. Johnson's Parliamentary Debates in 1741.
 Vol. 1. p. 307.

March 30, 1798.

THE



Διὰ Δυσφημίας καὶ Εὐφημίας.

TO THE READER.

I RECOMMEND the following anecdote to fastidious persons, who know all authors (and me among the rest) by their style, or by any other certain, or *infallible* sign. The anecdote is known to those who are accurately versed in literary history. Julius Scaliger wrote and published an oration, without his name, against the celebrated tract by Erasmus, called *Ciceronianus*. Erasmus, having perused it, immediately, (and upon conviction as he thought), fixed upon Hieronimus Aleander, who was afterwards made an Archbishop by Leo X. and a Cardinal by Pope Paul the Third, as the author of the whole, or of the greatest part of it, by signs which he conceived to be certain and infallible. These signs were strong indeed. His phraseology, his manner of speaking, his peculiar diction, his habits of life, and even the very intercourse which Erasmus had daily with him. Nay, his genius and disposition were so evident, that Aleander

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could

could not be more intimately known to himself, than he was to Erasmus. YET ERASMUS WAS MISTAKEN ENTIRELY. His judgment and sagacity will not be questioned. But hear his own words, for on such an occasion, as the present, they are particularly remarkable. “ Ex phrasi, ex ore, ex locutione, aliisque compluribus, mihi persuasi HOC OPUS, maximâ saltem ex parte, esse Hieronimi Alexandri. Nam mihi Genius illius ex domestico convictu adeo cognitus perspectusque est, ut ipse sibi non possit esse notior !! (a)”

I recommend this anecdote to the consideration of those persons who, from random conjecture, without any knowledge, or any proof whatsoever, continue to ascribe the following work to men, who are all equally guiltless of *my* labours, and all equally ignorant of *my* intentions. But I believe, no gentleman to whom it either has been, or may hereafter be, liberally or illiberally attributed, will so far forget his character, as to appropriate *my* composition to himself. “ The Town’s enquiring yet;” and will enquire, as I think, for a long time.

I am of opinion, that if the Poem is read once without reference to the notes, the plan, connection, and manner of it will be perceived. I may add, that, The First Dialogue was *first* published in May 1794, the Second and Third in June 1796, and the Fourth in July 1797.

(a) Erasmi Epist. 270. c. 1755. Op. Fol. Ed. Opt. Lugd.

AN INTRO-



AN

INTRODUCTORY LETTER (a)

TO

A FRIEND,

*On the general Subject of the following Poem on the
Pursuits of Literature.*

Nel cerchio accolto,
Mormorò potentissime parole;
Girò tre volte all' Oriente il volto,
Tre volte ai regni ove declina il Sole;
" Onde tanto indugiar ? FORSE ATTENDETE
" VOCI ANCOR PIU POTENTI, O PIU SEGRETE ?"

Tasso G. L. Cant. 13.

DEAR SIR,

AS the public have thought proper to pay some attention to the following Poem on the Pursuits of Literature, the parts of which I have presented to their consideration, and for their use, at various intervals; I have now collected the whole into one volume, after such a revision

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and

(a) This Letter was *first* prefixed to the Fifth Edition of the P. of L. collected for the first time into one volume in December 1797, and published in January 1798.

and correction as appeared to be necessary. It gives me pleasure to address this introduction to you. As a mark of my friendship, I trust it is decisive. I always thought with Junius, that a printed paper receives very little consideration from the most respectable signature; but I would not be understood to insinuate, with that great and consummate writer, that *my* name would carry any weight with it. I must own, however, that I smile at the various authors to whom *my* work has been ascribed. Doctors, Dramatick Writers, Royal Treasurers, Divines, Orators, Lawyers, Greek Professors, School-masters, Bath Guides, and Physicians, have all been named with confidence. Sometimes the whole is written by one man, at others, ten or perhaps twenty are concerned in it.

Criticisms and dissenting conjectures on the subject are alike the object of my ineffable contempt. More sagacity must be exerted than the *Ardelios* of the day are masters of, who are so kind as to think of me, who most certainly never think of them. It is, however, my resolution, that not one of these idle conjectures shall ever be extended to *you*. “*Quid de me alii loquantur, IPSI VIDEANT; sed loquentur tamen.*” (*b*) It is a voice; nothing more. Prudence indeed suggests a caution which I unwillingly adopt, and restrains the eagerness I feel for the display of *your* virtues and of *your* talents. But those virtues must at present be left to the testimony of your own conscience; and your talents within those limits of exertion, in which an undiscerning spirit has too long suffered them to be confined. The bird of day, however, always looks to the sun.

In regard to writing in general, the public expect neither thanks, nor gratitude from an author for their favourable reception



(*b*) Cic. Somn. Scip. Sect. 7.

reception of his work. If it is unworthy of their notice, it is left to perish with the poetry of Knight, or the prose of Lauderdale. "I cannot indeed affect to believe, " that "Nature has wholly disqualified me for all *literary pursuits*." (c) — Yet I would not trouble the public, or myself, with this new edition of my Poem, if I did not think it agreeable to their wishes. I am satisfied with the attention which has been given to it. And when I have commanded a silence within my own breast, I think a still small voice may whisper those gratulations, from which an honest man may best derive comfort from the past, and motives for future action.

The wayward nature of the time, and the paramount necessity of securing to this kingdom her political and religious existence, and the rights of society, have urged and stimulated me, as you well know, to offer *this endeavour* to preserve them, by a solemn, laborious, and disinterested appeal to my countrymen. It is designed to conduct them through the labyrinths of literature; to convince them of the manner in which the understanding and affections are either bewildered, darkened, enervated, or degraded; and to point out the fatal paths which would lead us all either to final destruction, or to complicated misery.

I am not yet so old as to say, with the desponding bard, "Vitæ est avidus, quisquis non vult, MUNDO SECUM PEREUNTE, mori." Yet I see, with sorrow and fear, the political constitutions of Europe falling around us, or crumbling into dust, under the tyrannical Republic of France. She commenced with an imperious injunction to

(c) The words of Mr. Gibbon. Posthumous Works, 4to. vol. I. page 34.

to the surrounding nations not to interpose in her domestic government, while at the very same moment, she herself was interfering and disturbing them all. She has indeed terminated in the change or overthrow of each of them, *but of this kingdom.*

Frenchmen were always brutal, when unrestrained. With their own domestic misery and wickedness they never were satisfied. In these latter days they have been *neighing* after the constitution of their neighbours, in their lawless lustihood. They first deflower the purity of the struggling or half-consenting victims, and then with their ruffian daggers they stifle at once the voice, and the remembrance of the pollution. Such are their abominations: such are their orgies of blood and lust. And when their cruelty is at last wearied out and exhausted, and demands a pause, they call it clemency.

FRANCE had been long looking for that, which *her philosophers* had taught her to term, THE PARALLELISM OF THE SWORD; and she has found it. That sword has indeed swept down not only every royal crest, but every head which raised itself above the plain of their equality. Such is their quaint and ferocious language. And now, when Englishmen are to be warned against the introduction of the horrid system, no appeal is to be made to the common feelings and passions of our nature, (this, it seems, is declamation;) no scenes of terror, and cruelty, and desolation, are to be laid before them, but dry reasoning and mathematical calculations of *the quantum* of misery, plunder, and blood, necessary for the production, and establishment in England, of this blessed revolutionary government.

We

We will not, however, be insulted and *fooled* out of our existence, or of our understanding. "Our sentence is for open war," till we can be safe. England is still prepared, and alert, and vigorous, and opulent, and generous, and bold, and undismayed. She has not cast away her confidence. Among the bands and associated energies of England I also, in my degree and very limited capacity, will struggle for the principle of her life. I feel, in common with the wise and reflecting, that the constitution of Great Britain, even with its real or apparent defects, is worthy of continuance, and I hope of perpetuity. Our ancestors, in 1688, once adopted the words of the aged Patriarch, "We have blessed it, yea, and it shall be blessed." In this one response, I trust we shall all be orthodox; and with one heart and voice condemn all the heresies of Gallic policy, in the words of the Alexandrian Liturgy of old; *Τῶν ἡρεσιῶν καταλύσει τὰ φεναγμένα.* (d.)

Government and Literature are now more than ever intimately connected. The history of the last thirty years proves it beyond a controversy. Still it is difficult to rouse the attention of men, and to persuade them of the fact. But I have attempted it. I thought it just and right to set before them excellence opposed to excellence, (e) as well as error contrasted to error. In the present change of manners, opinions, government, and learning, you may remember I gave it as my opinion, in which, after some reflection, you concurred, that a variation is now required in the mode of conducting satirical writing. I mean, by
calling

(d) Liturgia Sancti Gregorii Alexandrina. Liturg. Oriental. Collect. Vol. 1. p. 107. Edit. Paris. 1716.

(e) *Ἀγαθὸς ἀγαθοῖς ἀντιτάσσεται.* Dion. Halicarn. ad Cne. Pompeium de Platone Epist. p. 757. Sect. 1. Vol. 6. Ed. Reiske. 1777.

calling in the reciprocal assistance of poetry and prose in the same work, for the great end; if it is designed for general perusal, and an extended application. I think this work is the first attempt of the kind, in the sense which I propose.

(Αρχιλογε) φωνημα και οφρυοεσσαν αοιδην
Πυργωσας στιβαρη ΠΡΩΤΟΣ εν ευειπη. (f)

I know not whether I am mistaken, but as it appears to me, the power of legitimate Satire thus extended, and strengthened with the rampart of prose, and fully understood, is the best, if not the only literary support left. I am sure it cannot be construed into an hired service. It has nothing in it of professional labour: and as to interested views of personal profit or promotion, how can they be consistent with it? It is as true in our time, as in that of Dryden, (I will give you his own words,) that “the common libellers of the day, are as free from the imputation of wit, as of morality.” Satire has another tone and another character. All public men, however distinguished, must, in their turns, submit to it, if necessary to the welfare of the state. The altar and the throne, the minister and the statesman, may feel and own its influence. I would express myself with diffidence of any Satirist; yet of the office itself, and of its higher functions, I would speak as becomes its dignity and the excellency of its ancient character. *Magnificabo apostolatum meum.*

In my opinion, the office of a Satirist is by no means pleasant or desirable, but in times like the present it is peculiarly necessary. It is indeed difficult to exercise the talent without an appearance of severity in the character and disposition. Even playfulness and humour are called
by

(f) Adapted from the Anthologia, p. 393. Ed. Brodæi. Fol.

by other appellations. Learning is ostentation, censure is malignity, and reprehension is abuse. There remains a more formidable objection. On a first and partial view, it might deter any man from engaging in Satire; at least any man who feels himself (and who does not feel himself, if he examines his own heart?) unworthy and wretched before THE unerring judgment. It is said to be incompatible, if not with the profession, yet certainly with the practice of Christianity. I am sure, if that is true, the praise of wit, or learning, or talents, is nothing worth. If private malignity is the motive, it is essentially contrary to the precepts and practice of that religion. It cannot be defended for a moment. But if Satire is an instrument, and a powerful instrument, to maintain and enforce public order, morality, religion, literature, and good manners, in those cases, in which the pulpit and the courts of law can seldom interfere, and rarely with effect; the community may authorize and approve it. The authorized instruments of lawful war are lawful.

Satire never can have effect, without a personal application. It must come home to the bosoms, and often to the offences of particular men. It never has its full force, if the author of it is known or stands forth; for the unworthiness of any man lessens the strength of his objections. This is a full answer to those who require the name of a satirical poet. What I have written is delivered to the publick in this spirit. If I had any private end or malignity in *any* part of it; I would have burned the work with indignation before it should have appeared. I make no idle appeal to you, or to any man for the truth of my assertion; it is enough for me to feel that I speak truth in the sincerity of my heart. If I am believed, I am believed.

But

But I may ask with confidence; Is there, in this work on the Pursuits of Literature, any sentence or any sentiment, by which the mind may be depraved, degraded, or corrupted? Is there a principle of classical criticism in any part of it, which is not just and defensible by the greatest masters of antient and legitimate composition? Is there any passage which pandars to the vitiated state, or to the polluted affections and passions of bad men? On the contrary; Are not the heart and the understanding fortified unto virtue, and exalted into independence? Is there any idle, depreciating declamation against the real and solid advantages of birth, fortune, learning, wit, talents and high station? Is there any doctrine, which a teacher of morality, I mean Christian morality, might refuse to sanction? A moralist and a divine have not the same office with the satirist: personality is foreign to them. But it is not sufficiently attended to, or believed, that when the understanding is enervated, when it once loses, what one of the Fathers (g) calls emphatically, the *της φρονησεως συνουσι και πεπυκνωμενον*, when that solid, tenacious power of the mind is dissolved, it is then open to all manner of deception, and to the impressions of sophistry in literature, government, philosophy and religion. On this account, many works and many actions must be considered, wholly unworthy of reprehension, or notice in any other point of view.

Ignorant men will cry out, it is a vexatious suit, when it is a just prosecution at the tribunal of public opinion. They who would consider my reprehensions of Authors and

(g) Basil. Archiepisc. Cæsareæ. Op. vol. 2. p. 698. Ed. Par. 1618.

and of the tendency of their writings, as libels, or as libellous matter, are as ignorant of common law, as they are forgetful of common sense, or common integrity and candour. With such men, every piece of criticism is a species of libel. If they are inclined to *indict* any part of my work as *libellous*, it will be incumbent on them to contradict the great sage of the law, (*b*) who declares, that “ *In a CRIMINAL PROSECUTION, the tendency which all libels have to create animosities and disturb the publick peace, IS THE WHOLE which the law considers.*” I am content to be at issue with them on this point. If any part of my work is “ blasphemous, immoral, treasonable, schismatical, seditious, or scandalous,” let it be produced publicly, and publicly punished. But I maintain that, under these restrictions, I have an undoubted right to lay my sentiments before the world, on publick books, in any manner I think proper. If I am denied this right, there is an end to the freedom of the press, and of the rational and guarded liberty of England. If the matter of my book is criminal, let it be shewn. I appeal to the Courts and the Sages of the Law. But I will not be intimidated by the war-whoop of Jacobins and democrattick writers, or by the feeble shrieks of witlings and poetasters. While I have power, I will plead in behalf of learning, and in the cause of my country. In this work I have not violated the precepts of Christianity, or the law of the land; and till I have done both or either, it is not in the power of any man to degrade my character and reputation with my country. If I have drawn any supposed characters, without a name or designation, I have done no more than Theophrastus or La-Bruyere.

(*b*) Blackstone Comment. B. 4. Chap. 11.

Bruyere. I shall not condescend to a discussion of such a subject.

Many passages, and perhaps trifling or sportive allusions in this work, to persons and events, are best defended by the general apology of Horace, "*Ego si risi quòd ineptus Pastillos Rufillus olet, lividus et mordax videar?*" I shall offer no other apology. I would not descend to such minutiae, if they were not connected with my general design. Yet Sporus and Lord Fanny must be noticed, as well as Bubo and Atticus. Perhaps such passages and allusions as these meet with the least indulgence. The works of Pope abound in them. To contemporaries they are pleasing and interesting; and to posterity they are often curious. But though I stoop to such trifles rather unwillingly, yet I feel they are often necessary to the full effect and completion of Satire. A Gentleman Usher is not the principal figure in the etiquette of a Court, but he must stand in his place.

As to any supposed arrogance or presumption; a writer, especially a poet, will be sometimes warmed with the dignity and importance of his subject, and may express himself in terms rather strong. The "*sune superbiam*" of a poet is seldom severely examined. It is an extravaganza at most, and understood as such.

Much has been observed as to the defect of plan in my Poem. I will say a few words. I wish not to vindicate, but to explain myself. The object of the whole, is a View of Literature. The Poem itself is, "A Conversation on the various subjects of Literature, in a very extended sense, as it affects publick order, regulated government,
" and

“ and polished society.” Nothing is introduced which is not, directly or indirectly to that main purpose. It does not appear in the form of an Epistle, a mock epick, or a didactic poem; but as a conversation in which subjects are discussed as they rise naturally and easily: and the notes illustrate and enforce the general and particular doctrines. There is as much method and connection, as is consistent with what I state to be my plan, or *design*, if you like that word better. There is unity in the design. Conversation has its laws, but they are pleasant, not severe restraints. Consuls indeed do not now meet Consuls in Tusculum; and, if I am rightly informed, the symposiacks at Wimbledon and Holwood have not too much severity of method, or equality in the glasses. Perhaps “ it would be a belying of the
 “ age, to put so much good sense together in any *one*
 “ conversation, as to make it hold out steadily, and with
 “ plain coherence, for an hour’s time (*i*).” I never desired to exhaust any subject, but to leave matter for the reader’s own suggestion. I may add that it would be difficult to analyse one of the most finished Satires in our language, I mean Pope’s Two Dialogues, or as they are strangely called, the Epilogue to the Satires.

I am represented as having threatened any person who makes enquiry after me w. my name. It was not my intention to do so. I said, “ it will be more than foolish to be very inquisitive.” I say so still; for when the avenue to any knowledge is strongly and effectually closed, who would labour after it fruitlessly? To waste our time to

no

(*i*) Shaftesbury’s Moralists, Sect. I.

no manner of use, is not surely one of the discriminating marks of wisdom. I maintain it boldly; no man has a right to demand either my name or my situation. It has been observed on such occasions, that "some might fight, but others would assassinate." For I believe I have no real enemies, but the lovers of confusion and the troublers of states. I will acknowledge it, I come armed into their confines, and I come in the darkness of the night. But if I were required or called upon to choose my companion, you know, I am prepared with the answer of Diomedes.

Εἰ μὲν δὲ ἔταρον γι κελυσὶς μ' αὐτοῖς εἰσεῖναι,
Πῶς ἂν ἐπεὶ ὈΔΥΣΣΕΟΣ ἔγω ΘΕΙΟΙΟ λαβοίμην;
Ὅου περὶ μὲν προφρων κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγχιῶν
Ἐν παντί σοι ποιοῖσι (k).

If I am forced indeed to descend into the lower regions of sorrow and confusion, among the perturbed spirits of anarchy and democracy, I shall hope for the safe conduct of the Sibyl. She might produce the branch to the ferryman of France and Tartarus. I would wish her to exhibit this Poem, as the "Donum fatalis virgæ, longo post tempore visum."

My book is open to all the accumulated severity of public criticism, and public reprehension. I shrink from neither of them. When I am wrong (I have never been so intentionally) I will correct myself, and I have done so frequently. In a field so extensive, candour, I think, will allow, that my mistakes have not been very numerous.

As to my poetry or versification, it was not written as a vehicle for the notes, but the notes were composed to accompany

company the text. I offer the poetry to those who are conversant with the strength, simplicity, and dignity of Dryden and Pope, and them alone. I submit both my Poems, "The Pursuits of Literature, and The Imperial Epistle," in this spirit and with this confidence to the publick. There are men (and women too) who understand. But as to the lovers of exotick poetry, I refer them to the Botanick Garden of Dr. Darwin. My plants and flowers are produced and cherished by the natural invigorating influence of the common sun; I have not raised them by artificial heat.

If the root of a tree is sound and vigorous, you strengthen the shoots by repressing their luxuriance. I approve and would uphold our sacred and civil establishment. I would *therefore* mark the aberrations and misconduct even of men of talents and virtue, who compose it. I would shew, that I am strictly impartial. I can censure, with discrimination, even where I generally approve, and consider nothing but the interest of the state upon the whole. It is to misunderstand or to misrepresent me, when it is asserted that I attack alike friends and foes. I attack no man in his *individual* capacity. I have nothing to do with the vanity or injudicious conduct of friends, but as they affect the community; and I can have no personal malignity against those of whom I am personally ignorant. But they shall neither disturb nor overthrow the state of England, civil or religious, if any observations of mine can avail. They may wish to know me; but they may depend upon it, I will never give a proof of my spirit at the expence of my understanding.

I would

I would not have you, or any man, think, that I enter into a defence of my work, as if I thought it required one. No. I have vindicated the authority of our national government and constitution, in a day of turbulence and terror: I have defended the purity and dignity of religion, and of our sacred establishment; I have pleaded the cause of sound literature and true philosophy; I have recalled the public attention to poetry without conceit, and to criticism without affectation; I have endeavoured to secure to women their honour, social rank, and happiness, by an attempt to turn the thoughts and hearts of the inhabitants of this island from works of obscenity and indecency, from the morals and manners of atheists and democratick spoilers, to the wisdom of the just; and have boldly invaded the strong holds of impiety and anarchy, plebeian or tribunitian. I have done all this; and I have offended many. I have brushed away the insects of literature, whether fluttering or creeping; I have shaken the little stems of many a plant, and the flowerets have fallen. I have almost degraded myself by an attention to minute objects in the service of the publick: and I am called upon to defend myself. No. My countenance is unaltered; my perseverance is unbroken; the spirit and tenour of my speech is yet the same. My words are firm. *Semel causam dixi, (vel iterum dicturus), quo semper agere omnia solitus sum, ACCUSATORIO SPIRITU.* (1)

As to political matters we shall never want Observers. I hate deserters of their duty, (m) on any principle whatever. But I suppose some Statesmen think, that there is a laudable obliquity, and a seasonable fear. For my own part I shall
not

(1) Liv. lib. 2. sect. 61.

(m) H. of C. Nov. 1797.

not, on this occasion, invade the retreat of St. Ann's Hill, or violate the purity of Drury Lane. If *such* Statesmen are resolved to free at once both the Senate and the Throne, the "Sævi Spiracula Ditis" are open to them; they may descend in safety, and disburthen the land. I do not believe that the possession of absolute power is in the reach of Mr. Pitt, or of any man. But the continuance of such a minister in office will be approved, as I think, while the security, and independence, and dignity of the crown, of the parliament, and of the people of Great Britain, are maintained against the tyrannical pretensions of pirates, buccaneers, and plunderers.

I would say to Mr. Pitt, as Cicero did to Torquatus, "Tibi nullum periculum esse perspicio, quod quidem se junctum sit ab omnium interitu."⁽ⁿ⁾ That minister has not looked submissively, at any period of his long administration, for personal protection in *any* quarter. There is a hardihood about the man, which I love. On the broad general question of the time, the publick esteem has been commensurate with the royal approbation. In this, the policy of the closet, of the senate, and of the people, seems to have been one. I am sure, I hope, that wherever Mr. Pitt, or any minister, proceeds, he will always find a board of control; nor would I by any means disapprove the advice of an honest Mandarin. But the stairs of the palace have *now* but one flight; the gate is in front, and the ascent direct. The noble Marquis, who is now no more in office, may brood safely over beads and relicks. There is some propriety in this amusement. It is pleasing to preserve the memorial of departed dignity.

B

In

(n) Cic. Ep. ad Fam. Lib. 6. Ep. 1.

In my opinion, the Moor's head might have adorned our coin with the royal Gallick lilies, though the Sovereignty of France and of Corsica is passed.

I can stand aloof from the scene itself, but I am no stranger to the moving principle. I was not formed to wait in the anti-chamber of a Duke of Lerma, or a Don Calderone. A little experience is sufficient for the observing. It is either my advantage, or my misfortune, not to have adopted any profession. I never could decide that point. But, as you well know, I framed an early and an undaunted resolution, (perhaps not wholly justifiable, but certainly not degrading to the character) that I never would do *personal* suit and service, for convenience or emolument, to any man however high, in a subordinate station. I framed that resolution; I adhered to it. Privacy is my lot. Be it so: it is the soil in which learning and reflection strike deepest. In these days, it is my desire that obscurity should gather round me. Now and then indeed the thoughts of times, which are no more, will bring with them a casual, momentary, doubtful glimpse of what might have been; and often with the poet of Valclusa by the fountain of Sorga, I have regretted some periods of inactivity, not of sloth, which have passed,

Senza levarmi a volo, *avend'io l'ale*,
Per dar forse di me non bassi esempi (o).

But if the laurel, which I have *now* planted, should thicken round the temple of my retirement, the pillars will support it. The materials are solid, and the ground is firm.

I have

(o) Petrarch, P. 2. Son. 86.

I have indeed a few memoirs by me, written in other days and with other hopes; and if I could polish the style, and reduce them a little into form, I am convinced they would not be uninteresting. “Le Roi et ses Ministres peut-être se feroient lire ces Memoires, qui assurément ne sont pas ceux d’un ignorant.” But let this pass for the present. I am for practicable politicks. I would not be driven into measures from which there is no retreat. I smile when I am told of love and hate in politicians and ministers. These are passions which they never felt. Circumstances alone unite and separate them. I should wish to act with those statesmen who, as far as is consistent with the dignity and safety of the country, by a timely concession and a rational departure from too rigid principles, would prevent those calamities which result from authority without power, and expence without supplies. But my hour for treating these subjects, in the manner I propose, is not yet come. I must turn to other thoughts for a season.

When Philosophy saw the Muses standing by Boethius in his affliction, she spoke in terms of some surprise and indignation.^(p) In our time this indignation would have been retorted by the sisters of the song. Philosophy has appeared, not to console, but to deject. When I have read and thought deeply on the accumulated horrors, and all the gradations of wickedness and misery, through which the modern systematick philosophy of Europe has conducted her illuminated votaries, to the confines of political

B 2

death

(p) Boeth. de Consolat. Philos. L. 1. Prof. 1. The words are particular. “Hæ sunt quæ infructuosis affectuum spinis uberem fructibus rationis segetem necant, hominumque mentes assuefaciunt morbo, non liberant.”—“MEDICINÆ POTIUS TEMPUS EST, QUAM QUERELÆ.” Ib. Prof. 2.

death and mental darkness, my mind for a space feels a convulsion, and suffers the nature of an insurrection.

I look around me. I look to human actions, and to human principles. I consider again and again, what is the nature and effect of learning and of instruction; what is the doctrine of evidence, and the foundation of truth. I ask myself, are all these changed? Have the moral and the natural laws of GOD to his creatures another basis? Has the lapse of fifty years made an alteration in HIM, who is declared to be THE SAME to day, yesterday, and for ever? Can the violence, the presumption, the audacity, the arrogance, the tyranny of man, drunk with self-idolatry and temporary success, change the nature and essence of GOD and of his works, by calling good evil, and evil good? I am told, that human reason is nearly advanced to full perfection; I am assured, that she is arrived at the haven, where she would be. I again look around me. I ask, where is that haven? where is that steady gale which has conducted her? I listen; but it is to the tempest: I cast my view abroad; but the ocean is every where perturbed. I pause again. Perhaps, it is "*the wind and storm fulfilling HIS word!*"

I resume the reflections of suffering humanity amid the wreck of intellect. This was not the ancient character of philosophy. The lovers of wisdom, in the best ages of Athens and of Rome, always discoursed with reverence and submission to the Author and Governor of the world. They considered of whom they spoke. If they turned to the origin of evil, or to any dark and unfathomable question, they *first* called upon man to consider the limits of his understanding. They warned him, with most peculiar

liar emphasis, to beware of those *αλυτοι αποριαι*, those difficulties of hard solution, which are but encreased by defences or arguments ill constructed. They implored him affectionately, to avoid all that tends to overthrow, to trouble or disturb those principles, which conduce to peace and to right action. Their advice was to strengthen the intellect, and to compose the passions, not by braving and insulting the all-powerful, all-wise, and all-merciful Creator, but by an humble, patient enquiry into his works, and by submission to his dispensations. They seemed to be well aware, that to him who understood all the bearings and relations of the word, *Resignation* to the will of God was the whole of piety. If upon sages like these the light of revelation should appear, as the regent of *their* philosophical day, nothing can be conceived more august, nothing more ennobling, nothing more dignified. Poetry and philosophy may then speak a language worthy of themselves:

Altius his nihil est : hæc sunt fastigia mundi !
 PUBLICA NATURÆ DOMUS his contenta tenetur
 Finibus. (q)

When we have read such writers, it is hardly possible not to turn from modern scepticks and sciolists with something more than neglect. If to *their* philosophy they add witticism and ribaldry, they are nauseous. If to their ribaldry they join folly and gross ignorance, they should be driven from our fellowship with contempt. The continued labours of the arch Theomachist of the age, the records of that perpetual conflict which he maintained, during the course of fifty years of a long and impious life, against the spiritual
 “ kingdoms

(q) Manil. Astron. L. 1.

“ kingdoms of God and of his Christ,” and the memorials of his desolating days, will all be entombed in the French Pantheon with the mouldering remnant of his bones. (r) “ Dust to dust: ashes to ashes.” He sowed unto the flesh, and of the flesh he and his disciples have reaped death and corruption.

All the minor powers of infidelity, anarchy, sedition, rebellion, and democracy may yet be dispersed in England; from their leaders Voltaire, D’Alembert, and Condorcet, to the vulgar illiterate blasphemy of Thomas Paine, and the contemptible nonsense of William Godwin. I feel for mankind when they are insulted by such writers. I make common cause with my fellow creatures, and call upon them to rally round the constitution of our human nature, and to support its dignity.

From writers of this character, my thoughts are directed to the professors of *that superstitious corruption* of Christianity, which *originally* gave occasion to those attempts, to which it has pleased Providence to permit a temporary success, to scourge the nations of Europe. I am sure the plain simplicity of the Protestant religion of England could never have suggested so daring, so extensive a project. I have therefore spoken at large of the Roman Catholick religion, and it’s professors, and the emigrants and French priests.

From

(r) To the writings of Voltaire the strong words of Eusebius are applicable: “ Αὐταὶ αἱ τοῦ Θεομάχου φωναὶ, ἐπὶ κακίας ἰσχυρὴν μεγαλυνουμένη, καὶ τὰς πρὸς τῇ ὕψιστῃ τοῖς ἀγγέλοις παραδοθείσας τῶν ἐθνῶν οὐθεσίας διαρπάζει καὶ συγχέει ἀπειλῶντος, προνομιεύειν τε τὴν οἰκουμένην, καὶ πᾶν τὸ τῶν ἀνθρώπων γένος διεκσιεῖν καὶ μεταστῆναι τῆς προτέρου εὐταξίας ἀπαιθαδιάζομενα.” Euseb. Demonstrat. Evang. Lib. 4. Sect. 9.

From some observations I have heard and seen on this part of my work, you may remember I was tempted to think, that I had advanced something new on this subject. I am sure the principles are as old and as moderate as those of the Reformation. I know that every page of our history confirms their truth. Have we forgotten the history of that Reformation? Is "the Preservative against Popery" buried in oblivion and unmerited neglect? Do we remember Mede, and Chillingworth, and Hooker, and Barrow, and Tillotson, and Hoadly, and Sherlock? Can we pass by the phalanx of Statesmen, and Bishops, and Lawyers, who stood forth in 1688? What I have advanced is in substance very old; in manner it may perhaps be new. All I have advised, is on the side of caution. I only declared and pronounced solemnly in the face of my country, that A COLLEGE OF ROMISH PRIESTS of a religion hostile in principle and in action too, whenever it has the power, against the established church of this kingdom, *should not be set upon a bill*, and authorised and maintained by the ministers of the crown, and the publick money of the land. They have been dispersed, since that warning was given. I only said, let support be administered to them privately, and in detached situations. I have pity for them, and relief too, according to my ability.

But, "though I give all my goods (said an Apostle) to feed the poor and the distressed, and have not *Charity*, it profiteth me nothing." What does he mean? He surely means something. Alms alone, it seems, however liberal, however extended, neither are, nor can be, the whole or the essence of Christian charity. They are indeed a material part, and one of the best external proofs of its existence.

Charity

Charity is in reality a principle of general safety, of kindness, of active benevolence, of discernment, of prudence, of moderation, and of guarded virtue. It originated from HIM, who commanded his disciples to join the innocence of the dove with the wisdom of the serpent. We may depend upon it; the system of Christianity is not inconsistent with itself. Surely this is not to teach, or to recommend, persecution or intolerance. My language and arguments are designed only to shew, that the spirit of the system of Popery yet remains unaltered in its great and leading principles. *If it perishes, it will perish altogether.* I love toleration in the constitutional sense of the word, as much as the most designing patriot of the day; but indifference to the publick form of religion is the first step to its neglect, and to its consequent abolition.

I cannot think it a mark of persecution or intolerance, when I deprecate the revival of the Romish superstition in England (s).

There

(s) "From obvious causes (indeed) *the cruelty, the tyranny, the impiety OF THE CHURCH OF ROME have almost faded from our memory; but we must bring them back to our recollection, if we would understand 'THE JUDGMENTS OF GOD WHICH ARE ABROAD IN THE EARTH.'*" She is now persecuted in her turn. As Englishmen, we forget her injuries; as Christians, we pity and give alms to her exiled adherents, regardless of the malicious endeavours of our adversaries to represent the church of England, as itself interested in her preservation. But let us only advert to the principles, religious and civil, upon which we are separated from that idolatrous and intolerant power; and it will be evident that, as a national Church, we have neither part nor lot in this matter. OUR CAUSES ARE DISTINCT AND MUST EVER REMAIN SO: *and we have now more abundant reason than ever to rejoice in our Reformed Religion.* Our fathers obeyed the warning voice, and left her corrupt communion when she had risen to the zenith of her glory; and we have hitherto escaped the plagues by which she is now tormented." And it may be added, that as England was formerly (and I trust is still) the bulwark of
 " the

There is an enthusiasm, an *οργασμος*, in the professors of it which, I know, never forsakes them. It is active, where its influence can hardly be supposed. It is said to pervade even the squabbles of a society set apart for the preservation of our national antiquity. With a cat-like watch, it peers and pries over every paper on ecclesiastical reliques, and garbles the slightest casual effusions of protestant zeal, before it is presented to the world. If it cannot be openly recommended, it will effectually guard against the least reproach or insinuation of its subtlety. Romish Baronets will be busy, and Romish Priests will meddle. Perhaps the Secretary of that Society knows, whether these hints are true and justifiable. It surely will be understood, I am only speaking of *the spirit and tendency of the system itself*. I would carry charity with me in my heart and in my hand, but I know that charity is, and must be, consistent with a love to my country, and to her rights civil and religious. If I am wrong, I fear, I must continue so. I have yet seen no argument to shake my conviction.

I would say a few words on another part of my work. I have been under the necessity, at least as I thought, of appealing for illustration to writers of all ages and in various languages. There is an appearance of ostentation in it, to which I must submit. I certainly am of opinion with Caubaon, that it cannot be supposed, "*facere aliquid ad veram pietatem*"

"the Protestant faith, so must she now be the bulwark of Christianity itself." See the Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Pretymann's sermon before the King and Parliament at St. Paul's on the public thanksgiving on the 19th Dec. 1797. (Published in Feb. 1798.) It is the composition of a man of learning and ability, written with great judgment, eloquence, and discernment of the signs of the times.

pietatem seu doctrinam, Græcâ potius quam aliâ lingua loqui." (t) " Certainly not. But to enforce and to illustrate any position, the language of poets, and the dignity and spirit of ancient eloquence and history in the *original* words, are of no mean assistance. The nature and full force of this work could not have been sustained without the notes, in which the most important subjects, sacred, moral, and political, are occasionally discussed. But I have generally given, in English, the substance of the allusions, contained in the learned languages which are brought forward.

I would not have any one think, that an appeal to the higher poets of modern Italy is either trifling or disgraceful. No man ever felt the power of poetry, if he refused his homage to Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso; I mean, if their language was familiar to him.

In their primal poet there is an originality and a hardness of antiquity. The soul of Dante was dark and sullen: it was proud, and full of his wrongs. *Frons læta parum, et dejecto lumina vultu.* He passed through imaginary realms without the sun, to the confines of light and hope. The day shone full upon him, and the beams were from on high. His draught of men and their passions is eternal. His language was like himself, deep and full of matter: its strength and harmony may be best expressed by his Tuscan brother:

Aspro concento, orribile armonia
D'alte querele, d'ululi, e di strida,
Istranamente concordar s'udia.(u)

As

(t) Is. Casaub. Exercitat. 16. ad Annales Ecclesiast. Baronii.

(u) Ariosto. O. F. c. 14.

As to Petrarch ; we are led by every milder feeling to the retreat of Valclufa. The strain of the poet is yet softer than the breeze, or the murmur of his fountain.(v) Yet was he not without energy. His subject was sometimes high and holy. He was familiar with death, and his breathings were after immortality. He too could describe *the disruption of the mortal veil*, and the departure of the soul,

Svegliata fra gli spirti eletti,
Ove nel suo Fattor l'Alma s'interna !

I will not pursue this theme ; and of Ariosto and Tasso it would be idle to speak. But you will permit me to observe, that the three greatest masters of heroick verse, in unlaboured ease and flowing dignity, are, to my apprehension and judgment, Homer, Ariosto, and the glory of Spain, Alonzo d'Ercilla(x). I have, without intention indeed, but with the privilege of a letter, descanted a little on a favourite incidental topick. For when I hear the language of Italy, under these mighty masters, called frivolous and light, I cannot pass it without a moment's vindication. In my opinion they strengthen and harmonize both the intellect and the ear. My references to them are however very few.

I am told, I am forgiven for my Latin ; but for the Greek, not so easily. In this particular indeed, I am rather surprised that no man of *wit* has said of my notes, " They are Greek
" invocations

(v) Ὡςπερ ἀπὸ τῶν εὐωδέστατων λειμῶνων αὐρὰ τις ἰδέα ἀπ' αὐτῆς φέρεται.
Such is the harmonious prose which distinguishes the critical writings of the great Halicarnassian. Epist. ad. Cn. Pompeium. de Platone. Sect. 2.

(x) The Author of the *Aracana*.

“ invocations to call fools into a circle.” (y) Certainly there will be Halos round the brightest luminaries; and it must be confessed, that many of my notes have such a circular appearance. If some galled theologian should be disposed to banter, and to question the validity of my Greek ordination, he would perhaps shrewdly remind me of the Council of Florence in 1439, when the Greek and Latin churches proposed, as a principle of union, that *the Greeks* should alter their manuscripts *from the Latin*. He might tell me of that celebrated “ *Fœdus cum Græcis*,” so well known among the sacred manuscript criticks. And if I were to adduce from the great Erasmus, my “ *Capita argumentorum contra morosos quosdam et indoctos*” (z); I should be reminded by Dr. PARR, that I have not the erudition of Erasmus, or the gentle manners of the serene Sepulveda. Mr. Knight would remand me to the Greek alphabet (to any one, I hope, but his own), and his modesty would attempt some jucundity from the *Lusus Priapi*. I will endure them all. I have patience and pity too.

I know you were surprised, when you found me beset with poetasters, and rhetoricians, and commentators, and old *seventh-form* boys, that I was so patient. In truth I thought there might be some remedy. Yet I will own, that when I see so many heads around me deprived of the substance of sense, I am perpetually calling for the *ampolla* of Aistolpho, that sacred vessel which he brought from the upper regions.

“ Che tempo é ormai, ch’ ai capi voti o macri
 “ Di fenno, sî foccorri con l’ *ampolla* (a).

But

(y) Shakspeare’s *As You Like It*. Act 2.

(z) Nov. Test. by Erasmus in 1595. 5th Edit.

(a) Ariosto. O. F. Cant. 38.

But I should have too much on my hands, and I recall my wish. In the political, as well as in the mere literary world, there is more to do in that way than I can attempt.

A few drops from this ampolla might now and then, on particular occasions, fall on the Minister himself, who *now* in his taxes appears as the political Hecate (*b*), or Diana, in their *triple* forms. Some of it also might be spared for Earl Fitzwilliam with good effect; but I should be unwilling to waste the precious liquor on the noble head of his Grace of Bedford. Some crests are indeed vulnerable; but the natural constitution is sometimes so radically impaired, that when the head is once opened, it is in vain to think of closing it. Mr. Horne Tooke, for instance, is out of the reach of art. I would only set up *the bidental* at the bookseller's door at Wimbledon. It will at least serve as a land-mark for the French on their first invasion. As to the "mendici, mimi, balatrones," what can be done? The most infamous are the most contented. But there are minor members of the great democrattick body, and all have not the same office. Yet there is a marvellous use (and they understand it better than

(*b*) Hecate is termed in the Argonauticks of Orpheus,

Τρισσοκαρνος ιδειν, ολοον τερας υτι δαητον,
Ταρταροπαϊς Εκατη! (v. 974.) Edit. Eschenback. p. 66.

For the Diana *τριμορφος*, look at the gems of Fulvius Urfinus.—It is odd, that Lycophron, in all the darkness of his prophetick song, chanting forth the powers, *υ; Αρης εφίλατο*, couples together Bellona and Minerva, "*Και δ' Ενωω, και Τριγεννητος Θεα.*" Cassand. v. 519.—What is the allegory? It seems as if war and wisdom might be joined together; but the sooner the union can be dissolved, the better.

than we do) in that which *every* joint supplieth. I should leave Mr. Tierney (c), with some little hope, to the discipline of Cocker and Oldfield (d). He may perhaps improve in calculation; but I think it will be some time before his anti-professional prattle will impose on another boy-committee on a contested election. The drops of the *ampolla* would never penetrate the thick rotundity of Mr. Nicholls (e); but they might insinuate themselves through the zig-zag crevices of Sir John Sinclair's head. If we pass to subjects of lighter moment, even the Bavian drops from Mr. Gifford have fallen off, like oil, from the plumage of the Florence and Cruscan geese. At home also, I am sorry that his success is imperfect. I am told, that Mr. Greathead and Mr. Merry yet write and talk; and Mr. Jerningham (poor man!) still continues *fillier than his sheep*.

But a truce to this badinage. Like the Warrior of Ithaca, I would appear but for a season, and for a peculiar purpose, in such a garb. It is necessary *now* to assume those higher functions to which I am called, to claim for myself, and to vindicate the undoubted right (f) and hereditary dignity of the Satirick muse.

Γυμνωθή ῥακεὼν πολυμήτις Ὀδυσσεύς,
 ΑΛΤΟ Δ' ΕΠΙ ΜΕΓΑΝ ΟΥΔΟΝ! ἔχων ἑῖον ἠδὲ φαειτέρην
 ἰὼν ἐμπλήην, ταχέας δ' ἐγγχευατ' ὄϊστας
 ΑΥΤΗ προσθε ποδῶν. (g)

I had

(c) M. P. for the Borough. (d) An obscure writer on the Boroughs, "The sad historian of that tainted plain." (e) M. P. for Tregony.

(f) Συδαιον Μοισῶν κτεανον. Pind. Pyth. 1. (g) Hom. Od. 22.

I had once a thought, as you advised me, of analysing the following poem. But to what effect, and for what use? To men, like you, it is needless or presumptuous: to others, it is superfluous. I am indeed confident, that when all the personal objects of my praise or censure shall have passed from the scene, this work will be found to contain principles of government, polity, religion, morality, education, criticism, poetry, and literature, worthy of being transmitted to another age. I have indeed already said much: but I think I have something more to offer to my country, if the blessing of strength and health should graciously be extended and continued to me. I mean, if I see a proper occasion to present it, and if England should not be absorbed in the vortex and abhorred gulf of democracy and tyranny.

Still perhaps I am incautious in my words. I can promise little. However that may be, my principle is and ever has been, that "NO MAN LIVETH UNTO HIMSELF," for his own little pleasures, or mean gratifications, or low unworthy passions, the dirty family of selfishness, which by the law of Providence defeats its own purposes. I speak not of a romantick, impracticable, general good, but of the specifick benefit which an individual may and can confer on his fellow-creatures, in his own limited sphere of action, by a continued exertion of the faculties or talents, with which he feels himself entrusted.

Well-wishers to their country are, above all things, desirous of the steady light of Literature, and of the day-spring from on high. Yet whatever they or we may hope, the horizon may perhaps be now illuminated with its departing

departing beams. I will yet strive to be full of hope, though in some passing moments of dejection, the strain of the Florentine poet, in all its melancholy harmony, dwells on my ear: *Pensa, che questo di mai non raggiorna!* (b)

But let us still contemplate the glory which was cast round other times. I will therefore conclude this letter, by complying with your request, in offering you a very few ideas on the *chief* Satirists of ancient and of modern fame. I may be singular perhaps; but if I except LUCILIUS, (who is known to us only by detached lines and short passages,) in my opinion, the fulness of the Satirical glory never shone *but on SIX POETS*: “Quos orbe sub omni Jam vix septenâ numerat Sapientia famâ.”

The character of LUCILIUS, the inventor of Satire, was respected by Scipio and Lælius. They were his friends. Poetafters, rhetoricians, and even men of high quality and of consular rank, were often the subjects of his censure. I know not what a modern French Directory might do with a man of his character; but Lucilius enjoyed respect and impunity in the Roman Republick. HORACE in the politest age, under the despotism of Augustus, insinuated himself into the graces of the Emperor: yet he was peculiarly studious to mark the obnoxious, foolish, or wicked characters of his age. He was careful not to be misunderstood. He noted the name, the profession, and the rank of those whom he devoted to undying ridicule, or consigned to the eternity of fame. Augustus and Mæcenâs well knew the value of such a poet. They looked to the stability of government and the empire of good sense, and found them intimately connected with literature and poetry. In the
time

(b) Dante Parad.

time of Nero and Trajan, Juvenal and Persius exerted a severity without playfulness, and veiled themselves in obscurity, yet without being misunderstood. They applied directly and irresistibly to the inmost feelings of the heart, callous and depraved as it was. The writers were either spared or neglected; but their works were admired and circulated. I know the person to whom I am now addressing myself too well to enter into a criticism on Horace, Juvenal, or Persius. Mr. Dryden indeed has done it already.

An interval of ages passed, dark and barbarous. The power of Satire, in its full and legitimate strength, was never again felt till the reign of Louis the fourteenth of France. Then appeared a Poet, second to none of his predecessors. ~ A philosopher without being wordy, the friend of sense and of virtue, a gentleman in principle, independent in spirit, and fearless of enemies, however powerful from their malignity or formidable from their rank. This extraordinary man was BOILEAU. If I am not deceived, there is something in his compositions so finished, so removed from conceit and forced thought; there is such an ardent zeal for propriety in sentiment and in expression; such a sense of the dignity of the human character, when undebaſed; such a hatred of hypocrisy; such a love of purity; such an abhorrence of all profaneness and indecency, and even of indelicacy; that I am not able to name a man whose works, as a poet and a critick, may be read and studied with equal advantage. Even his compliments, though rather lofty, to Louis the fourteenth are all conceived in the language of a gentleman and a man of genius, who feels that he is conferring honour, not receiving it. The majesty of the French monarch, in that cultivated age,

was surely as worthy of homage as the *deity* of the Roman Augustus.

To read the works of BOILEAU with full advantage, some accuracy of knowledge, and some insight into the delicacy of the *ancient* French language are required. I call their language *ancient*, which existed before the revolution, for I scarce understand the modern democrattick jargon. "*Grave virus munditias pepulit.*" It is also necessary to have a perception of the peculiar cast of the French poetry, and of the construction of the verse. An allowance must be made for the language itself, which is not poetical as contradistinguished to prose, but forcible, terse, and well adapted to the condensation of satirical expression. As a writer, I think him *original*. What he has borrowed, he almost seems to have restored to its proper place. He alternately assumes the characters of the three great Romans; and maintains an honourable contest for the mastery. Equal to either of them taken singly, and in the merit of composition, sometimes their superior. He is their true and lawful brother. There is a fraternal league between them, which no friend to good literature, good poetry, and good manners, will ever suffer to be broken.

Nearly at the same period, after some momentary gleams and strong flashes in the horizon, Satire arose in England. When I name DRYDEN, I comprehend every varied excellence of *our* poetry. In harmony, strength, modulation, rhythm, energy, he first displayed the full power of the English language. My business with him at present, is only as a Satirist. I will be brief: I speak to the intelligent. He was the first poet who brought to perfection, what I would term, "The Allegory of Satire."

Fables

Fables indeed, and apologues, and romances, have always been the most ancient modes of reproof and censure. It was the peculiar happiness of Dryden to give an eternal sense and interest to subjects which are transitory. He placed his scene on the ground of actual history. The reader of every age has an interest in the delineation of characters and names, which have been familiar to him from his earliest years. He is already prepared, and feels a predilection for the subject. This accommodation of ancient characters to existing persons has a peculiar force in the age to which it is addressed; and posterity reads with delight a poem founded on pristine story, and illustrated by the records of modern times.

Dryden's power of Satire has been generally acknowledged in his *Mac-Flecknoe*: but his master-piece is that wonderful and unequalled performance, *Abraham and Achitophel*. He presents to us an heroic subject in heroic numbers, a well-constructed allegory, and a forcible appeal to our best feelings and passions. He paints the horrors of anarchy, sedition, rebellion, and democracy, with the pencil of Dante, or of Michael Angelo; and he gives the speeches of his heroes with the strength, propriety, and correctness of Virgil. It is Satire in its highest form: but it is Satire addressed to the few. It is not adapted to the general effect of this species of poetry. In my opinion, Dryden has not the style and manner of Horace, or Juvenal, or Persius, or Boileau. Pope called him "*unhappy*," from the looseness of the age in which he lived. He has enthusiasm, majesty, seriousness, severity, gravity, strength of conception, and boldness of imagery. But sprightliness, gaiety, an easy badinage, an occasional playfulness, so necessary to the general effect of satirical poetry, were all

wanting to him. Perhaps his genius was too sublime. He could not, or he would not, descend to the minutiae which are often required, to the anecdotes, and the passing traits of the time. His satire had an original character. It was the strain of Archilochus sounding from the lyre of Alcæus.

THE SIXTH and last of this immortal Brotherhood, in the fulness of time, and in the maturity of poetical power, came POPE. All that was wanting to his illustrious predecessor found its consummation in the genius, knowledge, correct sense, and condensation of thought and expression, which distinguish this poet. The tenour of his life was peculiarly favourable to his office. He had *first* cultivated all the flowery grounds of poetry. He had excelled in description, in pastoral, in the pathetick, and in general criticism; and had given an English existence in perpetuity to the Father of all poetry. Thus honoured, and with these pretensions, he left them all for that excellence, for which the maturity of his talents and judgment so eminently designed him. Familiar with the great; intimate with the polite; graced by the attentions of *the fair*; admired by the learned; a favourite with the nation; independent in an acquired opulence, the honourable product of his genius and industry; the companion of persons distinguished for birth, high fashion, rank, wit, or virtue; and resident in the centre of all publick information and intelligence; every avenue to knowledge and every mode of observation were open to his curious, prying, piercing, and unwearied intellect. His works are so generally read and studied, that I should not merely fatigue, but I should almost insult you by such a needless disquisition.

As a disciple of these great masters, and full of that spirit which an unbroken and an honourable intimacy with their works has inspired, I now present myself a votary at their temple ; and in some measure clothed in the robes of their hereditary priesthood, I would also enter, and offer my oblation at the high altar of my country. But if, unworthy of this hallowed investment and interior ministry, the door of the sanctuary is closed upon me ; I shall retire without a murmur, and with devotion unimpaired worship in the vestibule. You can best judge of my motives, who have known most intimately the nature and extent of my studies, solitary so long in their acquirement, and now publick at last in their application and in their end. With a necessary indulgence for all my frailties, vices, errors, follies, and imperfections, and with the partiality of friendship, you, and such as you, may perhaps allow me to apply to myself, with some little variation, the words of the most fervid poet of antiquity :

Non tenues ignavo pollice chordas
Pulso, sed *Aurunci* residens in margine templi
Audax magnorum tumultis ad canto Magistrum.

I am, &c. &c.

THE

THE
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

DIALOGUE THE FIRST.

Audaci quicunque afflate Cratino,
Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum sene palles,
Aspice et hæc, si forte aliquid decoctius audis ;
Inde vaporatâ lector mihi ferveat aure.

PERS. SAT. I.

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P R E F A C E

TO THE FIRST DIALOGUE (a)

OF THE

PURSUIITS OF LITERATURE.

THE importance of the subject of this Poem, and the necessity of such an appeal to the kingdom *at this time*, are the best reasons which I can offer for its publication. But in regard to the various matters which are considered in the following composition, I recommend to my readers a passage from a collection of the most pleasing and informing treatises in natural philosophy which I ever read, or I believe ever were written; I mean the Chemical Essays by Dr. Watson, the present Bishop of Landaff; (b) The passage is this; “ Sir Isaac Newton and Dr. Bentley
“ met

(a) First printed in May 1794. (b) Vol. 4. p. 25.

“ met accidentally in London, and on Sir Isaac’s inquiring
 “ what Philosophical *Pursuits* were carrying on at Cam-
 “ bridge, the Doctor replied, None; for when you
 “ go a hunting, Sir Isaac, you kill all the game; you have
 “ left us nothing to pursue.” “ Not so,” said the philo-
 “ sopher, “ you may start a variety of game in every
 “ bush, if you will but take the trouble to beat for it.”
 “ And so in truth it is,” (observes Bishop Watfon) “ every
 “ object in nature affords occasion for philosophical expe-
 “ riment.” I may add, that such a state of society and of
 literature, as the present, affords occasion for numerous
experiments and observations, without any danger of mutual
 interference.

In this Poem no imitation whatsoever is intended of
 any former writer, or of any former poem. *It was*
written upon no private motive whatsoever; but simply and
solely as the conduct of the persons mentioned or alluded to,
or the manner of their compositions, or the principle of
their writings, tend to influence and affect the learning, the
government, the religion, the publick morality, the publick
happiness, and the publick security of this Nation. My in-
 tentions are just and justifiable to reasonable men, who
 will reflect on what has passed, and is passing before them.
 We must indeed be sensible, that it is *now* no longer a
 mere sport of the pen, a light skirmish, or a random
 shaft, the “ *Apollineæ bellum puerile pharetræ,*” which
 is *alone* demanded; but our weapons must be instruments
 of war, able to break down the strong holds of anarchy,
 impiety, and rebellion, and mighty to vindicate the
 powers of legitimate authority. In every region of Europe
 there should have been a common cause. But in no
 kingdom, except Great Britain, has that cause been
 maintained

maintained in full integrity. While I am writing, we are convulsed to our centre; and yet in the midst of fear, we are impudently and wickedly told, there is no cause of alarm.

Talia dum celebros, subitam civilis Erinny
Tarpeio de monte facem, *Phlegræaque* movit
 Prælia; sacrilegis lucent *Capitolia* tædis,
 Et *Senonum* furias *Latiae* sumpsere cohortes (c)

We may (for we can) all of us contribute to the assistance, the comfort, and the good of others, and to the stability of social happiness. The sword, the voice, and the pen must be resolutely and decisively called into action, for defence, for counsel, for admonition, and for censure. Satirical writings must submit to the imputation of ill-nature, though I see no necessary connection between them. In my opinion, Satire has nothing to do with good-nature, or with ill-nature. Its office respects the publick good alone, and the interests of the community. It is frequently designed to supply the laws, in those cases which are beyond their jurisdiction. From such courts it appeals to perhaps a still higher tribunal, that of publick opinion, character, and reputation.

Such are my ideas; yet I am sure I have nothing of the wild American in my composition; I never wished to destroy any man, either to inherit his wit or plunder him of his understanding. But I will bow to no Cyrill of Alexandria, to no executive director of a modern republick, to no lordly president of factious councils, of democratick delegates, or of societies in open defiance of established authority in regulated empires. There is darkness mixed with

(c) Statius Sylv. Lib. 5. Carm. 5.—*Senones* were the Gauls or French.

with fire, and volumes of smoke are rolling from the mouth of the cavern. I love no atheist French Bishops, nor unfrocked grammarians in England. Horne Tooke is still living, and Edmund Burke is no more. SOL OCCUBUIT ! I hope Mr. Pitt will assure us of the old prodigy, " Nox nulla secuta est !"

We must *now* all assist in our various capacities, and feel and act as publick men. In times like these we may assume a virtue, a character, a courage, and a firmness, not originally our own. I protest I have no private animosity in my nature ; but I come forth (boldly enough, I will confess, but as I ought to do) in behalf of my country, her literature, her laws, her religion, and her government. Nor would I publish this satirical Poem, but from a full conviction of its *tendency* to promote the publick welfare, in its degree and according to its subject, when it is (if it ever should be) *studied* and considered with impartiality.

THE
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

A SATIRICAL POEM.

DIALOGUE THE FIRST. (a)

*Fingimus hæc, altum Satirâ fumente cotburnum?
Nos utinam vani!*

Juv. Sat. 6.

THE AUTHOR AND OCTAVIUS.

THE AUTHOR.

I who once deem'd my race of labour run,
And camps, and courts, and crowds, and senates shun,
Still to the publick raise no venal voice,
In the full freedom of a Briton's choice,
Through tracts aloft on daring pinions rove,
Where'er by duty borne, or led by love.

Yet

(a) First published in May 1794.

Yet not unconscious of this awful age,
 I mark what new conflicting systems rage,
 Systems which laugh to scorn th' avenging rod,
 And hurl defiance to the throne of God ;
 Shake pestilence abroad with madd'ning sweep,
 And grant no pause—but everlasting sleep ! (b)
 Blood-guiltiness their crime ; with hell they cope :
 No flesh, no spirit now must rest in hope,
 But under foliage dark, and cypress gloom,
 The (c) sculptur'd mock'ry marks and seals the tomb.

New lights on all, but on the poet, rise ;
 Still can he smile, and with no murm'ring sighs
 Can own well-pleas'd, that *now* the meanest Bard,
 Bavius, (d) or Maro, finds the same regard. 20

Not

(b) This alludes to the French decree which in 1793 abolished, *by law*, a futurity of existence. Impiety and absurdity are the natural consequences of their principles.

(c) The French have also *decreed*, that in every church-yard trees shall be planted, and the figure of sleep erected pointing to the tombs ; and this sleep they *decree* to be *eternal*.

N. B. This was the fact, when *this First Part* of the Pursuits of Literature was *first* published in May 1794.—It may be so again, or may be at this moment, 1796.

Not as Mæcenæ once with partial ray
 Illum'd the rising glories of his day ;
 Whose orb the Mantuan plains alone would warm,
 Or beam propitious on the Sabine farm.

O C T A V I U S.

Why should *you* write ? the world is now so fickle,
 Scarce is there room for Sheridan(*e*) and Tickell;(*f*)
 And

(*d*) The name suggests the honourable mention of a poem lately published, under the title of "The BAVIAD," or an Imitation of the first Satire of Perſius. *Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?*—Though the author profeſſes to be converſant only among the *ſheep-folds* at preſent, he threatens a deſcent upon the nobler and more *reluctant animals*. If this be a firſt production, the poet muſt proceed with the conſciouſneſs of genius: he has the ground work of all excellence, good ſenſe, and a knowledge of juſt and harmonious expreſſion. He has divulged his name *imprudently*.—Such compoſitions require ſecreſy for their effect; eſpecially if they are publiſhed at an early period of life, and ſtill more if the poet commences his career with Satire. Mr. Pope ſuffered "pure deſcription to hold the place of ſenſe" for a long time, before he took his proper ſtation. The author of The Baviad has taken ſome pleaſant trouble off my hands. The Albums, the Laura-Marias, the Jerninghams, Antony Paſquins, Mary Robinſons, Piozzis and Bozzi's; the "Phyllidas, Hypſipilas, vatum et plorabile ſi quid." Unfortunately there are too many left. (1794.)

And though in tone sonorous, blithe or grand,
 The loud Laurentian (g) trumpet, through the land
 Sound Pitt, and Prettyman, and Rose, and Rolle,
 With strength of Stentor, but Mezentian soul; 30
 THE DOCTOR may for Fox and Portland (i) vouch,
 With spectacles on nose, (ii) but empty pouch.

Why

(e) R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq. M. P. I am sorry to say of this *extraordinary* man, that in the realms of wit and humour he is now silent. "Unus sceptrum potitus, eadem aliis sopitu' quiete est." Why is it so? Politicks are transitory; wit is eternal.

(f) Since this was written, the publick has lost this very ingenious man. He was the happiest of any occasional writer in his day: happy alike in the subject and in the execution of it. I mention with pleasure "Anticipation, the Wreath of Fashion, &c. &c. &c." and I wish to preserve the name and remembrance of such a man as Mr. Tickell. Poets and ingenious men, who write on occasional subjects with great ability, are too often lost in the most undeserved oblivion. But we must recollect, that even such a poem as "The Absalom and Achitophel" of Dryden himself (in my opinion, his greatest production) was but *occasional*, and written for a party.

(g) It is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the political composition of the Rolliad and the Probationary Odes by Dr. Laurence and Company. (1794.)

Why must *you* seek this sad Cumæan shore?
Or why to genius give one victim more?

A U T H O R.

Forgive me : all conspire to waste my time ;
Languor, and care, and solitude, and rhyme :
Now while each Sage, to fame and science known,
Or leaves the field of life, or listless grown,
Reviews his trophies with an idle pride, (*k*)
Sick of the dunces rising at his side. 40

D

If

(*i*) I know not for whom the Doctor will *now* vouch ; I am not called upon to vouch for the Doctor (1796.)

“ Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,

“ Tenets with books, and principles with times.”

(*ii*) Shakspeare says, “ With spectacles on nose and pouch on side.” I am contented simply to admire Doctor Lawrence’s spectacles, but I have ventured to qualify his pouch—I wrote this in 1794.—Doctors Commons and the House of Commons are recommended in all the chronick cases of the *deficiens crumena*, and are found to be excellent restoratives. (1798.)

(*k*) I allude to such publications as, “ Prose on several occasions, accompanied by some Pieces in Verse. By George Colman, (Senior.)” I think, however, that it is a provident wisdom, in men of great abilities, like Mr. Colman, to collect and publish what they wish to deliver to posterity as *their own*. Posthumous works are rarely to be considered in *that* light.

If I *may* write, let Proteus (1) Priestley tell,
 He writes on *all* things, but on nothing well ;
 Who,

(1) Proteus Priestley.—There is one very material difference between this Proteus and his namefake of antiquity. Of the latter it is recorded, *Sine vi non ulla dabit præcepta* ;§ now our Proteus gives “precept upon precept, line upon line ; here a little and there a little ;” and is continually obtruding *his oracles* upon the publick, without any *compulsion* at all, upon every subject which can, or which cannot be known. I believe that Dr. Priestley would dispute very *intelligibly* upon the famous Germanick question, “*Utrum Chimæra bombinans in vacuo possit comedere secundas intentiones.*”

As to Dr. Priestley’s *King-killing* wishes and opinions take a few words : “IT IS TO BE REGRETTED, that the situation of things was *such*, that THE SENTENCE (of DEATH ON Charles the First) could not be passed *by the* WHOLE NATION, OR THEIR REPRESENTATIVES, *solemnly ASSEMBLED for that purpose.*” Priestley on Government. page 39. Are the words and the meaning plain ? How must this Reverend Deputy *Elect* to the National Convention of France have exulted on the 21st of January, 1793 !!! The Deputy, however, had the wisdom of the *serpent* in not taking his seat, though he could not assume the innocence of the *dove*.

The late Mr. Gibbon well understood Dr. Priestley’s character and opinions, and expressed himself strongly on that subject. No man of discernment can see their direct *tendency* but with reprobation, and sometimes not without fear and horror ! (1794.)—Lord Sheffield has lately published the correspondence between Mr. G. and Dr. P. in the first volume of Mr. Gibbon’s Posthumous Works, 4to. These letters are not unworthy of attention. (1796.)

Who, as the dæmon of the day decrees,
 Air, books, or water makes with equal ease.
 May not I strive amid this motley throng, 45
 All pale and pensive as I muse along ?

O C T A V I U S.

Say, would your thought to Homer's pomp aspire,
 Or wake to loftiest rapture Pindar's (*m*) lyre ?

Go

(*m*) Pindar's Lyre.—In this verse I speak of the great Theban : but there is an obscure person, stiling himself PETER PINDAR, of whom I shall say a few words. This man certainly possesses a mind by no means uninformed, and a species of humour ; but it is exhausted by a repetition of the *same* manner, and nearly the *same* ideas, even to disgust. He has the power of rhyming ludicrously, and is sometimes even gifted with poetry ; and finally, he is puffed up with a vanity and self-conceited importance, almost without a parallel. This *obscure* man has contrived, by these qualifications, to thrust himself upon the publick notice, and become the scorn of every man of character and of virtue. Such is the blasphemy, such is the impiety, the obscenity, the impudence and the contempt of all decent respect, which pervade his numerous pamphlets in verse, that the reader is ill repaid by the lively sallies of humour which frequently animate this mass of crudities. I form my judgement *from his works*, and not from any acquaintance whatever with the man.

Yet I hear that " he breathes a warm *constitutional* spirit," because, forsooth, he has told us in some trumpery ode, of the

Go then and view, since clos'd his cloister'd day,
 The self-supported melancholy Gray : (n) 50
 Dark

necessity of a *king*, or a *log*, or a *nail*; after he has perpetually reviled and held up to scorn every master principle, by which government and society are maintained. I will not waste a verse on such a character; but say honestly and plainly, that though I can often smile, and sometimes be pleased, with the humour and the manner, yet I think I perceive such a rooted depravity and malignity of heart that, *from the consideration of his works*, I can affirm almost unequivocally of this obscure man, in the words of the severest writer of antiquity,

Stupet hic vitio, et fibris increvit opimum
 Pingue, caret culpâ, nescit quid perdat, et alto
 Demersus, summa rursus non bullit in unda.†

N. B. This man's works (now published) amount *in value* to above *four guineas*; but we are informed that a set may be had for TWO GUINEAS AND A HALF IN 4TO, OR FOR TWO GUINEAS in four volumes 8vo!!!—What an inducement to a purchaser! (1794.)—Posterity (if it can be supposed that such trash should exist) will be astonished, that the present age could look with patience on such malignant ribaldry. I am very sorry, that Mr. Roscoe in his admirable life of Lorenzo de Medici, and The British Critick, (I suppose inadvertently) should give any portion of it the slightest approbation. For shame! *Non hæc in fœdera!* (1796.)

(n) This character of Mr. GRAY is drawn from the consideration of his Memoirs and Letters, published by Mr. MASON.

† Pers. Sat. 3. v. 32.

Dark was his morn of life, and bleak the spring,
 Without one fott'ring ray from Britain's king : (nn)
 Granta's dull abbots cast a side-long glance,
 And Levite gownsmen hugg'd their ignorance.
 With his high spirit strove the master bard, 55
 And was his own *exceeding great reward*. (o)

Saw you not Mason stand with down-cast eye,
 While great Augustus pass'd unconscious by? (b)
 'Till

(nn) If I have read Mr. Gray's Letters rightly, I believe he neither sought nor wished for royal favour. I wish, however, that it had been *offered* to the first poet and the first scholar of the age. —Mr. Gray rose and shone forth, in the full brightness of his genius, *in the reign of GEORGE THE SECOND*. He was appointed *Professor of Modern History* in the University of Cambridge, late in life, by the Duke of GRAFTON the Chancellor; at the particular recommendation (as it was strongly believed) of Mr. STONEHEWER. Mr. Gray however was promoted (if the appointment can be called a promotion for such a man) *in the reign of GEORGE THE THIRD*.

(o) "I am thy exceeding great reward."

Genesis, c. 15. v. 1.

(p) The discernment of his Majesty GEORGE THE THIRD in poetical merit, is acknowledged in the patronage of Dr. Beattie, Author of *The Minstrel*, and of Mr. Cowper, Author of *The Task*. Mr. Mason must have been *overlooked* for a particular reason. I shrewdly

'Till wrapt in terrors of avenging night,
He starts Macgregor (7) with dilated might. 60

Have you not seen neglected Penrose (7) bloom,
Then sink unhonour'd in a village tomb?
Content a curate's humble path he trod,
Now, with the poor in spirit, rests with God.

To

suspect that Mr. Stonehewer (the common friend of Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason) could account for it. (1794.)

(9) See the Heroick Epistle to Sir William Chambers, and the *Heroick Postscript* to the Publick, by Malcolm Macgregor, Esq.—A friend of mine has assured me that I am wrong in this conjecture: and I must own that the Epistle to Shebbeare, and the Dean and the Squire, attributed to the same author, have somewhat diminished, but *not destroyed*, my confidence in its probability.†—The abilities of great men are generally versatile. But as I have written the lines, they shall continue to stand as a tribute of gratitude to a man, from whose acknowledged poetry I confess myself to have received much delight. The strains of Musæus and the Druid minstrels have still their charms; and he must have cold feelings who cannot be moved by the simplicity of Elfrida. The English Garden, though with a few faults, deserves the thanks of every admirer of our national taste. (1794.) See the Fourth Dialogue of the P. of L. (1798.)

† The papers of the late Lord Orford (Horace Walpole) may possibly throw some light on this subject. (March 1798.)

To worth untitled would your fancy turn? 65
 The Muse all friendless wept o'er Mickle's urn :
 Mickle, who bade the strong poetic tide
 Roll o'er Britannia's shores in Lusitanian pride.

A U T H O R.

Then I must suit the temper of these times,
 Degraded now to mere *historick* rhymes; 70
 And last be hail'd in some sagacious page,
 The finest, brightest poet of the age ;
 And that with grave solemnity so sad,
 Faith, 'tis enough to make poor Hayley (t) mad.

No :

(r) See the *Flights of Fancy*, 4to, by Thomas Penrose, Curate of Newbury, Berks. The names of the poems alluded to are these, *The Helmets*, *The Carousal of Odin*, and *Madness*.—He published these *himself*, and no more ; and I speak of these. No author should be judged for posthumous works, published *by friends*, except he ordered them to be published after his decease.

(s) WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, a man of genius, and of great poetical powers. He translated the *Lusad of Camoens* in a free paraphrastick manner, but with the spirit of an original poet. I never could account for the neglect of so very poetical a work.

(t) Hayley.—Piger scribendi ferre laborem,
 Scribendi rectè, nam ut multum nil moror.†

† Hor. 1. L. 1. Sat. 4. v. 12.

The

No : though in vain I may attempt to please, 75
I'll write with learning what I think with ease.

What?—from the Muse, by *cryptogamick* stealth, (v)
Must I purloin her native sterling wealth?

In

The notes which Mr. Hayley, who is a very ingenious man and a pleasing scholar, has written on his various poems are very amusing, and not unfrequently afford much instruction. Had he but learned the art of blotting, he might possibly have attained considerable eminence, and preserved it. But as he is in general too feeble, tedious, and insufferably prolix, (*une boutique de verbiage*) consequently, &c. &c. See Horace, who has pronounced an irreverfible sentence on all such persons stiling themselves poets, however *voluminous* their works may be.

(v) See "The Botanick Garden and the Loves of the Plants, by Dr. Darwin." I wish men would peruse the treatise de Causis Corruptæ Eloquentiæ,|| before they attempt by prettineffes, glittering words, points, conceits, and forced thoughts, to sacrifice propriety and just imagery to the rage of mere novelty. This will always be the case, when writers in prose, or verse (if I may be allowed to use Sancho's phrase a little metaphorically) "want better bread than is made of wheat." Modern ears are absolutely *debauched* by such poetry as Dr. Darwin's, which marks the decline of simplicity and true taste in this country. It is to England, what Seneca's prose was to Rome. *Abundat dulcibus vitiis.*†

Dryden and Pope are the standards of excellence in this species of writing in our language; and when young minds are

|| Printed at the end of Tacitus, under the title "Dialogus de "Oratoribus," one of the most finished treatises of antiquity.

† Quintil. lib. 10. c. 1.

In filmy, gawzy, goffamery lines,
 With *lucid* language, and most dark designs, 80
 In sweet *tetrandryan*, *monogynian* strains,
 Pant for a *pystill* in botanick pains ;
 On the luxurious lap of Flora thrown,
 On beds of yielding vegetable down,
 Raise lust in pinks ; and with unhallow'd fire
 Bid the soft virgin violet expire ? (x) 86

Is it for me to creep, or soar, or doze,
 In modish song, or fashionable prose ? (y)

To

are rightly instituted in their works, they may, without much danger, read such glittering verses as Dr. Darwin's. They will then perceive the distortion of the sentiment, and the harlotry of the ornaments. It would also be a happy thing for all naturalists, whether poets or writers in prose, if they would, in the words of a true poet, "Look through nature up to Nature's God!"—Dr. Darwin is certainly a man of great fancy ; but I will not cease to repeat, that good writing and good poetry require something more.

Οὐ γὰρ ἐν μέσοισι κείται
 Δωρεά δυσμαχῆτα Μοισᾶν
 Τῷ πικρυχότῳ φέρειν.

(x) I would just hint that it is a matter of some curiosity to me to conceive, how young ladies are instructed in the terms of botany, which are *very significant*.

To pen with garreteers obscure and shabby,
 Inscriptive nonsense in a fancied Abbey ; (z) 90
 Or some Warkworthian hermit tale endite,
 Such ditties as our gossip spinsters write ?

Or must I tempt some Novel's lulling theme,
 Bid the bright eye o'er Celestina (zz) stream ;

With

(y) I allude to the poisoning of sentences, their triads, and other artificial divisions of modern prose, by which the whole simplicity and natural dignity of our English style is abandoned and lost.

(z) Such trash as a vile pamphlet called Kilkhampton Abbey, &c. &c. &c. in short the whole mugitus Labyrinthi.—Every age produces similar trash, and this name serves as well as any other to mark my meaning in this place.

(zz) Put for almost any modern novel, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Mary Robinson, Mrs. &c. &c. though all of them are very ingenious ladies, yet they are too frequently *whining* or *frisking* in novels, till our girls' heads turn wild with impossible adventures, and now and then are tainted with democracy.—Not so the mighty magician of THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO,† bred and nourished by the Florentine Muses in their sacred solitary caverns, amid the paler shrines of Gothic superstition, and in all the dreariness of enchantment : a poetess whom Ariosto would with rapture have acknowledged, as the

La nudrita

Damigella Trivulzia AL SACRO SPECO.* (1796.)

† MRS. ANNE RADCLIFFE.

* O. F. c. 46.

I would

With fabled knights, and tales of flighted love,
Such as our Spanish Cato (a) might approve? 96
In

I would say a word on Romances or Novels. No man of genius or judgment ever despised or neglected the great masters in this useful and alluring species of writing, beginning with the *Odyssæy* of Homer. No works can be read with more delight and advantage, when they are selected with discrimination. They animate and improve the mind. Every person should be well acquainted with the whole of Cervantes, of Le Sage's unequalled and unrivalled *Gil Blas*, and of Tom Jones, (that great comic epick poem) by Fielding. These, perhaps, are all which it is *necessary* to read. They afford illustration to every event of life.

From these, with great caution, we must pass to later writers. Smollet had much penetration, though he is frequently too vulgar to please; but his knowledge of men and manners is unquestionable. Of Sterne and Rousseau it is difficult to speak without being misunderstood; yet it is impossible to deny the praise of wit and originality to Yorick, or of captivating eloquence to the philosopher of vanity. Their imitators are below notice. I never read the *Eloisa* without the pathetick exclamation of Dante.

Per più fiate gli occhi ci fospinse
Quella lettura, et scolorocci il viso;
Ma solo un punto fu, quel che ci vinse.
Quando leggemmo, cominciai, *Abi lasso,*
Quanti dolci pensier, quanto desio
Menò costoro al doloroso passo !†

The *Eloisa* is a very dangerous book, in its commencement, and I would particularly warn young persons to avoid it. The

† Dant. Inf. c.

In Travels for the Heart, (*b*) and not the head,
From post to pillar, and from board to bed,

Thro'

book is now beyond the reach of *any* control ; but as the character of the author is now *fully* understood, its power of doing harm is considerably diminished. But to extract good out of evil, I must observe, it is but justice to the author of it, to acknowledge, that, (as the book is so much read and cannot be suppressed,) the result from the perusal of the whole *taken together* is this, namely, that perpetual uneasiness, disquietude, and irreverfible misery, are the certain consequences of vice or of fatal misconduct in any woman however gifted, or as it appears, however *reclaimed*. It is difficult, I think it is impossible, to deny or disprove this ; but I still wish the novel had never been written.

Let us then turn to Clarissa, the work of a man of virtue and genius, which is too celebrated for any additional praise. Mrs. Charlotte Smith has great poetical powers, and a pathos which commands attention. Much knowledge of life and ingenuity are seen in Miss Burney, now Mrs. D'Arblay ; but her propensity to high colouring and broad farce have lessened the effect of her works. It is a fatal error in this species of writing to overstep the boundaries of nature and real life. I cannot descend among all the modern farrago of novels, which are too often " receipts to make —s." Yet I could select a few, which have merit, with great pleasure, if it were not foreign to my purpose to enlarge on this topic.

I cannot, however, refrain from giving a just and sensible observation from the latest writer on this subject, in his view of Romance ;† an Essay composed rather hastily, and perhaps inaccurately, but with all the power of pleasing and happy facility of writing so conspicuous throughout his works. Dr. Moore

† Prefixed to Dr. Moore's Edition of Smollet's works in 1797. page 92.

Through climes of various woe the pilgrim lead,
 'Till Charlotte droops, and master misses bleed. 100

O C T A V I U S.

If these disgust, to serious cares attend,
 And make serene Philosophy your friend.
 Pen some choice Fragment (*c*) in the genuine taste,
 Each pow'r combin'd of wit and learning waste;

Smart

thus expresses himself: "Modern romances and novels are, or
 "ought to be, a representation of life and manners in the country,
 "where the scene is placed. Had works of this nature existed
 "in the flourishing ages of the Greek and Roman Republics, and
 "had some of the best of them been preserved, how infinitely
 "would they be relished at present! as they would give a
 "much more satisfactory picture of private and domestic life than
 "is found in history, which dwells chiefly on war and affairs of
 "state." (1798.)

(*a*) The late venerable Earl Camden, (once Lord High Chancellor of England, a character of dignity, ability, learning and independence,) is *said* to have learned Spanish very late in life, to read the romances in that language; having exhausted those written in English, French and Italian. All the world knows that Cato learned Greek at sixty years of age, to read the romances in that tongue.

(*b*) All such works as abound in what is called in modern jargon, The sublime instinct of sentiment.

Smart and concise, with deepest meaning fraught,
 Neat be the types, and the vignettes high wrought ;
 With

(c) Alluding to the swarm of free-thinking and democratical pamphlets with which the publick have been pestered. It is hoped that the interference of the legislature, and the constitutional exertions of private societies, have either lessened their number, or deprived them of their malignant intentions. The time for discrimination seems to be come. Toleration is fully granted to all opinions, subject to the control of the legislature after their publication, in the open courts of law by the verdict of a jury, in which *true liberty* consists. Good order and just authority must be maintained with vigour and decision.

But HE is chiefly to be consulted; who, if I may be allowed to use the language a little metaphorically, "hath stood between the "dead and the living, and stayed the plague," EDMUND BURKE; greater and brighter in the decline, than in the noon day of his life and vigour. It would be almost an injury to name the works whereof all Europe rings; but to his countrymen they speak with a force not to be resisted.

OMNES

Admonet, et MAGNA testatur VOCE per umbras,
 DISCITE JUSTITIAM MONITI, ET NON TEMNERE DIVOS. (1794.)

Indeed, on a second consideration, I think it right to name these works of Mr. Burke. 1. Reflections on the Revolution in France, and on the proceedings in certain societies in London relative to that event (1790.) 2. A Letter to a Member of the National Assembly. (1791.) 3. An Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs, in consequence of some discussions in Parliament relative to the Reflections on the French Revolution. (1791.) 4. A Letter

With frontispiece to catch the gazer's eye,
Treason, the pile; the basis blasphemy : (cc)

Free

Letter on the Attack made on him in the H. of L. by the D. of Bedford and the E. of Lauderdale (1796.) 5. Two Letters on the proposals for Peace with the Régicide Directory of France (1796.) 6. (Posthumous in 1797,) Letters on the conduct of our domestick Parties with regard to French Politicks, including Observations on the Conduct of the Minority in the Session of 1793. 7. Memorials on French affairs, 1791, 92, and 93.—N. B. *The remainder* of Mr. Burke's posthumous writings may be expected from the exemplary zeal and honourable attention of his executors, Dr. Laurence and Dr. King. "Sunt adhuc curæ hominibus fides et officium; sunt qui defunctorum quoque amicos agant."† (1797.)

Whoever warns *the living* against a mortal distemper, or shews the cause of it, and the mode of prevention, and the final remedy, may be said to stand, as a guardian angel, between the dead and the living. In this sense, EDMUND BURKE stayed the plague, by his masterly, vigorous, and formidable exposure, to the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, of the modern French principles and national desolation, in all the fullness of their deformity, and in the terrors of their operation. The spear of Ithuriel discovered and displayed Satan in his proper shape.

(cc) *The basis, blasphemy*.—This is the progress of modern Republicanism. The dissolution or rejection of *all* religious principle prepares the mind for breaking every bond of established government, however just or reasonable, to introduce into practice some new theory of general good: so very general, as to have nothing to do with the good of the individual. For the nature of this GENERAL GOOD consult the National Assembly and Convention

Free from dull order, decency, and rule,
 With dogmas fresh from the Sans Souci-school ; 110
 With definitions vague and terms mysterious,
 Seeming humility, but tone imperious,
 Mankind's meek friend, and Nature's gentle Sage,
 The Priest of Reason in her chosen age ; (d)

Then

and Convention of France : " Agri, edificia, loca, possessiones, (CÆLUM ET MARE prætermiserunt, cætera complexi sunt) publicè data, ASSIGNATA, vendita !" § Mirabeau began with these memorable words : " Si vous voulez une REVOLUTION, il faut commencer par decatholiciser la France."

(d) One of the most extraordinary treatises of this kind, is a work in French, intitled, " THE RUINS ; or a Meditation on the Revolution of Empires ; by MR. VOLNEY, Deputy to the National Assembly in 1789." It is written with some spirit, and not without eloquence in some parts, and abounds with what is now called Philosophy.

The intent of this book is to attack every principle of religion in the heart, even the principles of the religion now termed, Natural. Mr. Volney wishes to convince mankind, that every pretence to revelation, in every age and in every country, is equally false and equally unfounded ; and by a jargon of language, and antiquity, and mythology, and philosophy, he labours to confound and blend *them all* in uncertain tradition and *astronomical* allusions. And all this is attempted to be done, that the world may be prepared for the French Revolution, and the principles on which it was effected. In this point he seems to act not without reason, as the principles of this revolution are laid in the rejection of *all* religion, and were so from the very *beginning* of

Then bending low, with equal reverence search 113

The

it; though we may be surprised when we are assured, that it is
 " *An age of DELIVERANCE for a great people, and of HOPE FOR
 ALL THE EARTH !!!*" p. 88. (a)

The real ignorance of this man, on the subject of true religion, is as conspicuous as the puny literature which appears to support his strange doctrines and foolish opinions. Upon the subject of what he calls the *Filiation* of religions, (for the French must have their new jargon of words in every subject) he says, " We acknowledge in one word, that all the *theological* doctrines on the origin of the world, on the nature of God, on the revelation of his laws, and the appearance of his person, are nothing more than recitals of *astronomical* facts, and figurative and emblematical stories of the play of the constellations !!!" (du jeu des constellations.) p. 167. I cannot but acknowledge the superstition and credulity of mankind in many parts of the world; but what Mr. Volney would impose upon us, for the truth, exceeds the bounds of any credulity ever yet required. Then he introduces the systems of idolatry, the worship of the stars, the two principles or dualism, (a little more French jargon;) the *monde animé* and the *monde machine*, Moses, Zoroaster, Confucius, and Brama: and last comes Christianity. The chapter on this subject is the strangest of all, for he declares, that CHRISTIANITY consists in the allegorical worship of the Sun under the cabalistical names of *Chris-en*, or *Yes-us* or *Jesus*! " Christianisme ou culte allegorique du Soleil, sous les noms cabalistiques de *Chris-en* ou *Yes-us* ou *Jesus* !!!" And this is a formidable opponent! this is one of the guides to whom we are to give up our *prejudices*! Read any one of the four Evangelists and give your own answer.

The impudence of Mr. Volney is at least equal to any other

E

power

(a) I refer to the pages of the French original.

The storied portico, and sainted church ;

Till,

power he possesses, for he requires of his reader *only* the surrender of his common sense, and common understanding, and the common principles of *any* knowledge. Yet he demands the admission of *all his* allegories and mystical meanings, (of which, in the true French stile, no doubt is to be entertained,) and then the world is to be emancipated and delivered. From what?—From credulity and superstition. Q. E. D. Upon this Mr. Volney observes, “the priests murmur.” I think the laity will at least do as much, at the words of this apostle of nonsense, blasphemy, folly, and—the rights of mankind, which the French never fail to introduce, when they have laid *them all* prostrate, civil, moral, and mental. This is but a specimen of such writers, to whom we are to bow as the deliverers of mankind from superstition, and the directors of our minds in the ways of truth. “Professing themselves wise they are become fools!”

The best men are indeed convinced, that the ways and works of Providence are inscrutable, and the nature of GOD incomprehensible ; and they lament their own insufficiency. Yet they feel themselves bound by the laws of reasoning, and of the specifick evidence in every great question divine and human. They are best prepared to acknowledge the depth and height of eternal wisdom and mercy, and the difficulties of attaining to this knowledge. They assent to the words of a man of no vulgar erudition* or mediocrity of talents, when he declares, “*Quantis suspiriis et gemitibus fiat, ut quantulacunque ex parte possit intelligi DEUS !*”

I cannot withhold the following *general* observations, which are rational, important, eloquent, and argumentative. “It is a very wonderful thing, that a being *such as man*, placed on a little globe of earth, in a little corner of the universe, cut off
from

* Augustinus.

Till, wheedling round with metaphysick art,

You

from all communication with the other systems which are dispersed through the immensity of space ; imprisoned as it were on the spot where he happens to be born ; almost utterly ignorant of the variety of spiritual existences, and circumscribed in his knowledge of material things, by their remoteness, magnitude, or minuteness ; a stranger to the nature of the very pebbles on which he treads ; unacquainted, or but very obscurely informed by his natural faculties of his condition after death ; it is very wonderful, that *a being such as this*, should reluctantly receive, or fastidiously reject, *the instruction of* THE ETERNAL GOD ! Or, if this is saying too much, that he should hastily, negligently, or triumphantly conclude, that the Supreme Being never had condescended to instruct the race of man. It might properly have been expected, that a rational being, so circumstanced, would have sedulously enquired into a subject of such vast importance ; that he would not have suffered himself to have been diverted from the investigation by the pursuits of wealth, or honour, or any temporal concern ; much less by notions taken up without attention arguments admitted without examination, or prejudices imbibed in early youth, from the profane ridicule, or impious jestings of sensual and immoral men. Some difficulties will undoubtedly remain, and it would be a miracle, greater than any we are instructed to believe, if there remained none. If a being with but five scanty inlets of knowledge, separated but yesterday from his mother earth, and to-day sinking again into her bosom, could fathom the depths of the wisdom and knowledge of HIM, *which is, and which was, and which is to come*, THE LORD GOD ALMIGHTY !" (aa)

E 2

Before

(aa) Preface (p. 9 and 13) to the Theological Tracts, in six volumes octavo, collected by Richard Watfon, D. D. bishop of Landaff.

You steal Religion from the unguarded heart,
And in the fee-faw undulating play,
The moral chorus dies in words away.

120

Thence careless faunt'ring in Vacuna's vale,
Tune to your listless lyre some Crazy Tale : (f)
Dash for applause, nor seek a poet's name,
Content with scribbling and ambiguous fame ;

From

Before I close this note, I cannot help reminding, not informing, *every* reader, that even Tacitus (the favourite author of many free thinkers, though I know not why) has borne testimony to the existence and last sufferings of JESUS CHRIST, under the procurator Pontius Pilate, in the reign of Tiberius. "Auctor nominis ejus CHRISTUS, qui Tiberio imperitante, per procuratorem Pontium Pilatum, supplicio affectus erat."* Yet we are *assured*, with an effrontery without a parallel, that CHRIST, or *Chris-en* is only a cabalistical name of *the Sun*. So is the name of Cæsar, of Socrates, or of Plato. Are we not *ashamed* of listening to such writers as Mr. Volney, who address us so unworthily ? Yet this is the manner in which Mr. Volney, and such as Mr. Volney, treat the whole human race, men and women, learned and unlearned. The *general* character of all these writers may be expressed in language at once awful and true : "Non est qui judicat vere ; confidunt in nihilo, loquuntur vanitates ; conceperunt laborem, pepererunt iniquitatem."

(f) See Crazy Tales, &c. and the whole school of La Fontaine.

* Annal. L. 15. sect. 44.

From laws of metre free, (which idly serve 125
 To curb strong genius and its swelling nerve),
 In verse half veil'd raise titillating lust,
 Like girls that deck with flowers Priapus' bust. (g)

Go

(g) See ANGELICA KAUFFMAN's elegant print; but it is to be remembered that the subject is purely classical. N. B. A friend of mine would *in/sist* upon my perusing a long disquisition in quarto, ON THE WORSHIP OF PRIAPUS, (printed in 1786) with numerous and most disgusting plates. It has not been published, but distributed liberally, † without any injunction of secrecy, to the *emeriti* in speculative Priapism, as one would think. As I hope the treatise may be forgotten I shall not name the author, ‡ but observe, that all the ordure and filth, all the antique pictures, and all the representations of the generative organs, in their most odious

† i. e. by the *Dilettanti* Society. The solemnity with which the *Dilettanti* meet and present their *valuable* works to the chosen few, and the inscription in the blank leaf of each book, are rather ludicrous. The President (of the day) is invested with a Roman Toga in a sort of consular pomp. Before the vote for printing Mr. ———'s *Priapus* had passed, I should have said with Roman sternness, had I been present, "I licitor, colliga manus." §—This Roman farce would (and perhaps may) form the subject of a legitimate Satire. (1796). The *Dilettanti* Society best know *what emblem*, modelled in wax, is laid upon their table at their *solemn* meetings.

" Gracè

Discumbunt; nec velari PICTURA jubetur:

Forfitan expectes, ut Gaditana canoro

Incipiat prurire choro."

Juv.

‡ The author afterwards named himself, and was very angry with me without any reason. I only did my duty to the publick.
 —See P. of L. Dial. 2. v. 57. (Added Aug. 1797.)

§ Liv. Lib. 1. c. 26.

Go turn to Madan, and in Gospel truth,
 And Thelyphthorick (*b*) lore instruct our youth : 130
 Some plain positions lay, as simply thus ;
 Marriage (*i*) consists in—*actu cōitūs* :

Laymen

odious and degrading protrusion, have been raked together and *copulated* (for no other idea seems to be in the mind of the author) and *copulated*, I say, with a new species of blasphemy. Such are, what I would call, the records of the stews and bordellos of Grecian and Roman antiquity, exhibited for the recreation of antiquaries, and the obscene revellings of Greek scholars in their private studies. Surely this is to dwell mentally in lust and darkness in the loathsome and polluted chamber at Capreæ. Essays on Landscape and Gardening may, I hope, purify the mind : and as the author is conversant with Greek writers, and is now at a certain time of life, I recommend to him a sentence from an author who perhaps is not in his catalogue, though Mr. ——— would be thought a philosopher :

Σοφία πρῶτον αὐτῇ ἐστίν, ἐπειτα σιγήσειν.

(*b*) See a book entitled *Thelyphthora*, or *The Causes of Female Ruin* : in 3 vols. 8vo.—Mr. Madan says, “ The crime of adultery increases among us, insomuch that one would think many of the *British* ladies, either never read their Bibles at all, or else *only that* edition of it, which was printed by the Company of Stationers in the time of Charles the First, wherein they printed the *seventh* Commandment without the word *not*.” *Thelyphth.* Vol. 1. p. 69. 2d edit.

(*i*) These expressions, and some that follow, are taken verbatim from the book itself ; (chap. 1 and 3. 2d edit.) and yet there are persons who think that such treatises should be answered seriously.

N. B. I^c

Laymen may have ten wives; poor priests(ii) but one:
 Then growl at British laws in furly tone,
 That "loving man must grind with loving wife 135
 In *mola asinaria*, during life,"(iii)
 And give with Thickness (k) useful *Hints for Health*,
 For publick good, though not for private wealth;
 Like him, to shun the cold embrace of death,
 Inhale in virgin arms ambrosial breath. 140

Or

N. B. If in this and in a very few other places, I have been obliged to introduce expressions *rather strong*, I beg pardon, which will be granted by readers who reflect: for it is impossible to give an effectual exposure of the unwarrantable and scandalous licence of some writers without it. The following excellent words will explain my meaning: "The *ancient satirists* often used great "liberty in their expressions; but their freedom no more resembles "this licentiousness, than the nakedness of an Indian does that "of a common prostitute." HUME's Hist. of Eng. viii. p. 33. (Si sic omnia!)

(ii) See Thelypth. vol. i. p. 117. 2d edit.

(iii) "As things are with *us*, the poor man must grind in *mola asinaria* during life." Thelypth. vol. i. p. 176. 2d edit.

(k) Mr. THICKNESS, in his "Valetudinarian's Bath Guide," dedicated to the Earl of SHELBURNE, now Marquis of LANS-
 DOWNE, has these words, "I myself am now turned of sixty,
 "and in general, though I have lived in various climates, and suf-
 "fered severely in body and mind, yet having always *partaken of the*
 "*breath of young women whenever they lay in my way*, I feel none of
 "those infirmities which so often strike my eyes and ears in this
 "great city, in men much younger than myself." Chap. the
 fifth; to which Mr. T. has put his own name, and he is rather
 a voluminous author. But, alas! what says a witty Italian:
 "*Bella femina che ride, vuol dir, borsa che piange.*"

Or from the Alps extend to Norway's rocks,
 With Switzer-Russico-Kamtschatcan Coxe ; (n)
 Then turn full-fraught from bleak Siberia's shore,
 And leave us just as knowing as before.
 Or bound with Barrington in charming spell, 145
 Of Irish (o) trouts with gizzard stomachs tell ;

While

(n) The Rev. WILLIAM COXE, M. A. F. R. S. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. This author is a gentleman of learning, ability and information ; but he is too prolix and too voluminous. " Composuit octo Volumina, ineptis magis quam ineleganter."† A writer of Travels should tell us what *he* has seen or heard *himself*, and not *abridge histories* of former times, and insert them in his book, or croud it with biographical memoirs of *deceased* great men. Travels lose their name by *this* method of composition, and the publick complain with justice of the noble art of book-making. Mr. Coxe is a writer of great respectability, but my fear of his works passing into an example, has extorted this notice from me. I look upon it as a duty to the publick, and to the Commonwealth of Literature. (1794.)

(o) This alludes to a very ingenious account transmitted to the Royal Society in the year 1774, of a strange fish called the *Gillaroo Trout*, with the *gizzard-like stomach*. " The first time" (says the honourable Mr. BARRINGTON) " I ever happened to hear of " this singular fish, was from an Irish Judge, who being on the " Connaught Circuit, at Ballynrobe, in the county of Mayo, expressed his incredulity with regard to their existence ; but was " obliged to pay the common *Irish* wager of a *rump* of beef, and " a dozen of claret, on three or four being produced the next day " from a neighbouring lake."

The

† Sueton. Claud. Sect. 41.

While o'er the bulk of these *transacted* deeds
Prim Blagden pants, and damns (*p*) them as he reads.

AUTHOR.

The honourable and ingenious Mr. B. next proceeds to inform the Royal Society, that these *gizzard-stomachs* are often served up at table in Ireland, (which account this R. S. swallows with as much ease as it would the trout itself;) but supposing that some might be inclined to doubt, he adds, "I could *corroborate* this fact, were it necessary, by *the testimony of an Irish Archbishop*." From an Irish Archbishop, by an easy transition, Mr. Barrington introduces an English fishmonger, and declares, with great solemnity, "I have shewn the stomach to Mr. Everett of Clare Market, a *very intelligent fishmonger*, who declares, that though "he has *cut up* thousands of trouts and salmons, he never observed "any thing similar in the inside!" See (what are called) Philosophical Transactions, 1774, page 116. Euge, bene, recte. I cannot help saying to Mr. B. on this occasion,

Propera *stomachum* laxare faginis,
Et tua servatum confume in *fæcula* rhombum.

JUV. S. iv. v. 69.

The reader will observe the rhetorical beauties in this short extract. Mr. B. darts from Ireland to England with incredible swiftness, from Ballynrobe to Clare Market; then come in long array, incredulous Irish judges, and rumps of beef, with dozens of claret, not tempered, I would swear, with water from any trout stream. Next appear *Irish Archbishops* and INTELLIGENT *English Fishmongers*, (an epithet, by the bye, he denies the Archbishop) and all this waste of beautiful language and deep research is expended to convince the R. S. of the existence of gizzard-stomach'd trouts. Yet this R. S. not only receives
all

AUTHOR.

Hear me yet once : (oh might these labours end,
And I to peace and privacy descend !) 150

Must

all this nonsensical ichthyological farrago, but *selects* it for publication BY THEIR COUNCIL.

Of Mr. Daines Barrington's talents and erudition I could speak, and have often spoken, with great pleasure. But when so very learned a man will write, and a Royal Philosophical Society will publish such stuff, for the edification of Europe, I think it proper to select this (from myriads of late similar pieces of stuff) for publick notice. Men of real learning and abilities (and such I acknowledge Mr. Barrington) may henceforth be rendered cautious how they *commit* themselves and the societies to which they belong. The R. S. has been, and might again be, of national utility and honour; it has my best wishes, and *therefore* I have written this note. (1794.)

All learned Societies must *now* look to their *original* principles, and consider well *the characters of the candidates* who are offered for their choice, as associates. If they will not, the busts of Newton and of Boyle should be veiled. (1797).

(p) It is by no means intimated that DOCTOR (I beg pardon) SIR CHARLES Blagden (the Secretary to the R. S. 1794.) is given to profane swearing when he is tired on such occasions, but such works damn themselves. It cannot be otherwise, till THE COUNCIL will exert some discrimination, and refuse to shelter themselves under their foolish declaration of not answering,

Must I, like Chatterton, (*q*) that varlet bright, (*r*)
 Rouse some new Rowley (*s*) from a steeple's height?
 Like Hardwicke, (*t*) shelves with gossip volumes clog,
 Of *Baby Charles*, and *Jemmy's slave and dog*;

Of

answering, *as a body*, for the works they publish. Every society must be answerable for its own sense or nonsense, "AS A BODY," unless they choose to inscribe, in large gold letters, over their meeting room, "CORPUS SINE PECTORE!" (1794.)

(*q*) I draw my humble information of Chatterton from his life in the *New Biographia Britannica*, though I cannot compliment Dr. Gregory on such a meagre performance. They, who have time, may read Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Bryant, Dr. Milles, Mr. Thomas Warton, and all the tribe of major and of minor criticks (*of single and of double pinks*, as Mr. Sheridan says in *his* CRITICK) on this *important* subject: but I have read something about *vitz summa brevis*, &c. &c. and confine myself to the general view of this controversy in Mr. Mathias's candid and comprehensive Essay. (1794.)

(*r*) "I am the veriest varlet that e'er chew'd," says Falstaff, in *Henry IV. Part I. Act 2.*—Mr. HORACE WALPOLE, now Lord Orford, did not however seem to think it necessary that this *varlet* CHATTERTON should *chew at all*. See the *Starvation Act*, dated at STRAWBERRY HILL. Vide Gregory's *Life*, as above. (1796.)

(*s*) As to this strange subject, the worst that can be said of it is, "*magno conatu magnas nugas*;" but they are trifles rather pleasant and instructive. I am sure Dr. Milles proved a pleasant subject for that *chef d'œuvre*, the *Archæological Epistle*, written by Mr. Mason.

Of Lorkin's (v) diligence for lords' arrears, 155
 With trumpery notes of long forgotten peers?

Shall I new anecdotes from darkness draw,
 That Strawb'ry Horace on the Hill (w) ne'er saw,
 With *wire-wave* (x) *hot-press'd* paper's glossy glare
 Blind all the wise, and make the stupid stare; 160
 Or

(t) See the Miscellaneous State Papers, published in 1773, by the late Lord HARDWICKE, in 2 vols. 4to. Letters from "Baby Charles's dear Dad and Gossip, James the First, and his slave" and dog, Steenie Buckingham," &c. &c. There are however some curious and valuable papers in the collection. The noble editor was a man of learning.

(v) Mr. LORKIN doth use miraculous diligence about your "Lordship's arrears." State Papers, vol. i. p. 631. N. B. It often requires *miraculous* diligence, even in these days, to get at one's arrears. See Mr. Pitt and the Lords of the Treasury, if you can get a fight of them. I never could.

(w) The Hon. Horace Walpole, now Lord Orford: the owner of the Gothick mansion called Strawberry Hill near Twickenham. (1796.)

(x) All books of all kinds are now advertised to be printed on a *wire-wave paper* and *hot pressed*, with *cuts*, down to the *Philosophical Transactions*, (the uniformity of which work is destroyed by this folly unworthy of such a Society) and Major RENNELL's
 learned

Or on imperial foolscap with vignettes
Engrave, like Staunton, my Chinese Gazettes?

Or

learned Memoir on Hindostan ; as if the intention were, that they should be looked at, and not read. As to the fury for prints and cuts, I would observe, that the folly and rapacity for gain in some booksellers, have degraded many works of established fame, and subjected some learned editors to unmerited ridicule. I feel for the injury and injustice which a gentleman, I mean Mr. CHRISTIAN, Professor of the Laws of England at Cambridge, and Editor of Blackstone's Commentaries with valuable notes and illustrations, and who has well deserved from his profession, suffered on this occasion. It was a transaction shameful and unjustifiable.

As to the wire-weavers or drawers of paper and hot-pressers, I must say to the publick, in the indignant words of Apuleius, " Quousque frustra pascetis ignigenos istos ?" (a) Surely this foolery must soon cease.

I wish every author who prints and publishes *his own* works on a *wire-wove* paper, *glazed* and *hot pressed*, would imitate the honesty of the late Sir William Chambers, Knight of the Polar Star, who says, in a letter to Voltaire, which accompanied his wonderful book on Oriental Gardening ; " It contains" (says the knight) " *besides a great deal of nonsense, two very pretty prints* by Bartolozzi." *Europ. Mag.* for Sept. 1793.—While this note was printing, I was informed that COKE UPON LYTTLETON WITH HARGRAVE'S NOTES, is advertizing to be published on a *wire-wove paper* and *hot pressed*. This folly, by such a proceeding, must surely sign its own death-warrant. I wish however, that some of our Statutes at Large could be a little wire-drawn and hot pressed by a Committee of Parliamentary Printers and Compositors. (1794.)

(a) Apuleii Metamorph. L. 7. pag. 157. Ed. Bipont. 1788.

Or must I, as a wit with learned air,
 Like Doctor Dewlap, (y) to Tom Payne's (z) repair,
 Meet Cyril Jackson (a) and mild Cracherode, (b)
 'Mid literary gods myself a god? 166

There

(y) Put for any portly Divine, "*né pour la digestion*," as La Bruyère would say. The reader will supply one to his fancy. But he must not imagine, that I mean mere London Divines, frequenters of routs, plays, operas, Bond-street, and Kensington Gardens, or chattering in booksellers shops, as the representatives of the British Clergy, who, as a class of men, are in general distinguished for literature and philosophy, and for manners correspondent to their profession. (1794.)

(z) Not that infamous wretch *Tom Paine* the Democrat, whom we all execrate, and who is now, with or without a head in France, I hope in the late fashion of that country (in 1794;)—but one of the best and honestest men living, the very respectable Mr. Thomas Payne, Senior, to whom as a bookseller, learning is under considerable obligations. I mention this Trypho Emeritus with great satisfaction.

(a) The present Dean of Christ-church, Oxford, exemplary for his diligence and learning "*in our University*," as the Dean *loves* to talk." (1794.)

(b) The Reverend CLAYTON CRACHERODE, M. A. Student of Christ-church, Oxford, and one of the Trustees of the British Museum. A rich, learned, and most amiable man (to use the words of the son of Sirach) "*furnished with ability, living peaceably in his habitation*." His library is allowed to be the choicest in old Greek and Latin authors, of any private collection in this country.

There make folks wonder at th' extent of genius
 In the Greek Aldus or the Dutch Frobenius,
 And then, to edify their learned souls,
 Quote *pleasaunt* sayings from *The Shippe of Foles*. 170
 Hold! cries Tom Payne, that *margin* let me measure,
 And rate the separate value of each treasure.
 Eager they gaze : Well, Sirs, the feat is done ;
 " Cracherode's *Poëta Principes* (cc) have won :"
 In silent exultation down he fits, 175
 With well be-Chaucer'd Winkyn-Wordian wits.
 Or shall I thence by mock-appointment stop,
 And joke with Bryant at his Elmsly's shop ?
 And hear it whisper'd, while I'm wondrous pliant,
 'Twas DOCTOR *Dewlap* spoke to *Mister* BRYANT. (d)

OCTAVIUS.

(cc) The famous edition, by H. Stephens, of the principal Greek poets, called *Poeta Græci Principes*. All literary men, from the little Reverend Bibliopolist DR. GOSSET, well known at sales, to the humblest collector, understand this farce of *margin-measuring*, and the profit of it. See also P. of L. Dialogue 4.

(d) When I name Mr. Bryant, it is a sufficient eulogy. But the reader is referred to his character in the Second Dialogue of this Poem.

OCTAVIUS.

How just was he, who in this sapient age, 181
 When learning's varied cares the mind engage,
 Stood up self-taught, and in mankind's defence
 Pray'd for Professors of plain common sense.
 But say, what think you of the tragic Stage? (*dd*)

AUTHOR,

No: you'll excuse me there, I know this age. 186
 What?

(*dd*) As to the modern Comedies of the day by Mr. Reynolds, and the *rapid* School, they are below criticism. Farce and O'Keefe have seized upon the stage. "The players and I, thank heaven, are no friends." (1797.) I wish our present writers would consider with attention the emphatick words of the Duke of Buckingham in his Essay on Poetry.

"But to write Plays! why, 'tis a bold pretence
 "To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence;
 "Nay more; for they must look within, to find
 "Those secret turns of nature in the mind:" &c. &c. &c.

The author of *The Heiress* remembered this. It is the production of a man of fashion, delicacy, wit, and judgment.

What? from the French (*e*) Aristotelian school,
 Must I plan Tragedies by line and rule?
 To the high Gods address my first appeal,
 Then bid the press my hidden worth reveal ; 190
 While round my temples many a tendril plays
 Of owlish ivy with the Mævian bays :
 And close in mournful pomp the tragick rear,
 Though Jephson (*cc*) scarce can gain the publick ear?

O C T A V I U S.

Still there are works which lead to sure renown,
 In the lay habit, or the sacred gown ; 196
 Will stamp your credit at an easy price,
 Learn'd and ingenious, (*d*) or a Vir Clariss :

F

Take

(*e*) There are some deep criticks who read Aristotle in French,
 and quote him in Greek.—I know not what to say *now*: the
 French have proscribed Corneille, Racine, &c.

(*cc*) Jephson :—Author of Braganza, The Count of Narbonne,
 &c.—My wish is,

Grande munus

Cecropio REPETAT cothurno. ||

But no more dull “ Roman Portraits” in 4to.

|| Hor. Lib. 2. Od. 1. v. 11.

Take Markham's Armorie, (e) John Taylor's Scul-
ler, (f)

Or Sir Giles Goosescap, (g) or proverbial Fuller ; 200

With

(d) Any person who communicates *even a single note*, however filly or whimsical, to the modern editors of Shakspeare, is stiled the *learned and ingenious* Mr. two stars** : the title of *Vir Clarissimus* is appropriated to the Commentators on the Greek and Roman clafficks, and often with the same propriety.

(e) The names of some few books of that vast system of *Coglionerie*, or "Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions," which is called forth to illustrate our old dramattick writers. It is high time that the reader of *sense* should see what may be called in the old language, "THE UNTRUSSING OF THESE HUMOROUS CRITICKS," namely, the Commentators on Shakspeare, from George Steevens, Esq. downwards.

"Ces propos, diras tu, sont bons dans la Satire,

"Pour égayer d'abord un lecteur qui veut rire:

"Mais il faut les prouver. En forme. J'y consens.

"Repons mois donc, Docteur, et mets toi sur les bancs.

"QU'EST CE QU'UN COMMENTATEUR?" §

What is a Shakspearean Commentator? a specimen of the notes will best explain the name, dignity and import. I shall therefore begin. The extracts will be as plenty (and as valuable) as blackberries; though I do not give my reasons upon compulsion. Sir John Falstaff's advice is good.

The first chapter of Markham's Booke of Armorie is intituled, "The difference between Charles and Gentleman;" and it ends thus: "From the offspring of *Gentlemanly* Japhet came Abraham
"ham,

§ Boileau, Sat. 8.

With Upton, Fabell, Dodypoll the nice,
Of Gibbe our cat, (*b*) white Devils, or (*bb*) Old Vice;

F 2

Then

"ham, Moses, Aaron and the Prophets, &c. &c.; also the King
"of the right line of Mary, of whom that only *absolute Gentle-*
"*man* Jesus was born, gentleman by his mother Mary, *Princesse*
"of coat armour, &c."—Reader, Mr. Steevens and Doctor
Farmer will tell you "*all this is so*:" and you will find it
QUOTED too, Hen. V. vol. ix. p. 441. edit. 1793; though you
may begin with a staring doubt.

(*f*) John Taylor thus dedicates his *Sculler*; "To the whole
"Kennel of Antichrist's Hounds, Priests, Friars, Monks, and
"Jesuits, Mastiffs, Mongrels, Islands, and Bloodhounds, Bob-
"tail'd Tykes, &c. &c. &c.

(*g*) Old plays intitled, "Sir Giles Goosecap, Banks's Bay Horse
"in a trance, Pierce Pennylefs's Supplication to the Devil,
"Webster's White Devil, The Merry Devil of Edmonton, &c.
"&c. &c." in short, toute la *diablerie dramatique*.

(*b*) Of Gibbe our Cat.—Falstaff says, "I am as melancholy as
"a GIBBE CAT." H. IV. p. 1. a. 1. sc. 2. On this the Com-
mentators are right pleasant. Dr. Johnson begins, "A Gibbe cat
means, *I know not why*, an *old* cat." Dr. Percy informs us next,
that a Gib-cat in Northamptonshire, means a *He*-cat, which in
some parts of England is called a *ram*-cat, and in Shropshire, a
tup-cat. Then follow other wise criticks, and last of all appears
Mr. Thomas Warton, who brings a train of *authorities* on this
important question, shewing *how* Gib is short for Gilbert, and
Tib for Tibert; *how* Jack is appropriated to a horse, and Tom
to a pigeon: *how* Chaucer in his Romaunt de la Rose, mentions
Gibbe our Cat, to which Tib was synonymous, as it is at this
day; *how* we read in "Gammar Gurton's Needle," (which is a
right

Then lead your readers many a precious dance ;
 Cap'ring with Banks's Bay Horse in a Trance :

The

right pleasant, witty and merry comedy, written by Mr. S. Master of Arts) viz. " Hath no man stolen her ducks, or gelded GIBBE her cat ?" Upon which Mr. Warton very *gravely* observes, " the composure of a cat, is almost characteristick, and *I know not* (see Dr. Johnson's words above) whether there is not a *superior solemnity in the gravity* of a HE-CAT." Mr. Steevens says, " A Gib Cat is a cat *qualified for the seraglio*, for all animals *so* mutilated become *drowsy or melancholy*." Mr. Warton and Mr. Steevens have left it a matter of doubt whether *their own drowsiness and gravity*, and that of their *brother-commentators*, was in consequence of &c. &c. &c. (See Abul-Pharagi's great Babylonish chapter, " De Semiramide, Sapientibus ejus et Eunuchis, &c.") To be sure they do sympathize with Gammar Gurton, and her poor unfortunate Gibbe-Cat. For my own part, I neither can, nor (if I could) would I decide this momentous question ; and will only add, (without being in the least melancholy or drowsy myself) in the words of an author who imparted a manly vigour to the Roman Muse, " *Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas.*"

(bb) OLD VICE was a personage very frequent in our ancient comedies. I beg leave to present my reader with a *part*, (and a very short part) of Mr. Upton's account of him. " Old Vice " was a droll character in our old plays, accoutred with a long " coat, a cap, a pair of asses ears, and a dagger of lath. This " buffoon character was used to *make fun with the devil*, and " he had several trite expressions, as, " I'll be with you in a " trice—ah hah, boy, are you there ? &c." and this was great " entertainment to the audience to see their *old enemy* so belaboured

The Housewife's Jewel read with care exact, 205
 Wit from old Books of Cookery (i) extract :
 Thoughts to stew'd prunes and kissing comfits suit,
 Or the potatoe, (k) vigour stirring root :

And

"boured in effigy. Vice seems to be an abbreviation of *Vice-*
 "devil; as *Vice-roy*, *Vice-doge*, &c. and THEREFORE called *very*
 "properly THE VICE. He makes very free with his master, like
 "most other Vice-roys or Prime-ministers, so THAT he is the
 "devil's *Vice* or Prime-minister. And (adds Mr. Upton) *this* it
 "is which *makes him so saucy*." Extract from Mr. Upton's note
 on Rich. III. act. iii. sc. 1. N. B. I make no doubt but the reader
 will observe the beautiful compliment to monarchy and aristocracy
 most *logically* deduced. This personage has been much patroniz-
 ed of late in France, where every species of VICE, old or new,
 is exercised and used "without any abbreviation," to speak with
 Mr. Upton.

(i) Books of Cookery.—I am afraid that these extracts will
 prove what Decker, in his *Gul's Hornbook*, calls, "*The sinful*
Suburbs of Cookery." Mr. Collins, (in his POTATOE-note, at
 the end of *Troilus and Cressida*) extracts without a blush, from
 the Good Housewife's Jewel, a receipt with all the ingredients
 AT FULL LENGTH, "*To make a tart that is a COURAGE to a*
man or woman." And this is but a specimen.

Non more probo; cum carmina *lumbum*
Intrant, et tremulo scalpuntur ubi intima versu. §

§ Perf. Sat. 1. v. 20.

And then returning from that antique waste, 209
Be hail'd by Parr, (1) THE GUIDE OF PUBLICK TASTE.

AUTHOR.

(k) The commentators on Shakspeare are peculiarly, and even zealously studious in *minutely* explaining and declaring all the various modes and receipts, which the age of the *Virgin Queen* afforded, or recommended for the service of the Queen of Love and soft desire. Whole pages are absolutely *filled* with venereal provocatives, with the power of *kissing* comfits, *stewed* prunes, the virtues of *potatoes*, eringo root, &c. &c. Must these comments be filed the "*Pauca suo Gallo quæ vel legat ipsa Lycoris?*" † I sometimes doubt what book I have in my hand. These *fair* editors "give all they can, nor let us dream the rest." Mr. Steevens in his advertisement to the edition of Shakspeare in 1778, seems to have had his scruples on the subject of these pious *prunes*, and virtuous bulbs; "Such (says he) as would be acquainted with the *propriety* of Falstaff's allusion to *stewed* prunes, should *not be disgusted* at a multitude of instances, &c. &c. &c." Some folks are very sagacious, and cry out first; but it will not do.

After a very long note on *stewed prunes*, by Mr. Steevens, vol. v. p. 375. edit. 1778, and vol. viii. p. 529, Edit. 1793, (which see and read,) *The Reverend Doctor Farmer* adds, very properly, "that Mr. Steevens has *so fully* discussed the subject "of *stewed prunes*, that one can add nothing but *the price*;" (Right:—*Hoc defuit unum FABRICIO*: ||) and *therefore*, adds the *Reverend Doctor*, in a *piece* called Banks's Bay Horse in a Trance, 1595, "we have a stock of wenches set up with "their *stewed prunes*, NINE for a tester." At other times
these

† Virg. Ecl. 10. v. 2.
George Steevens, Esquire.

|| Juv. Sat. 4. *Fabricius, i. e.*

A U T H O R.

What?—must I enter the dramatick course;
 Burst through the countless squadrons foot and horse?

All

these subjects are explained in the learned languages, *for the use* of scholars, as in vol. iv. p. 211. edit. 1778, and in vol. iv. p. 80, edit. 1793, by Mr. Steevens. “*Urticæ marinæ omnes*” “*pruritus* quendam, movent, et acrimonia sua VENEREM *sopitam*” “*et extinctam excitant.*” Johnson Hist. Nat. de Exang. Ap. p. 56. I protest I sometimes think these reverend or irreverend commentators are about to change sexes, or have done so, and set up for (what Milton in his Apology for Smectymnus calls) “Old Prelateffes with all their young *Corinthian* Laity.” I wonder we have never yet had *The Beauties* of Mr. Steevens, of *The Reverend* Doctor Farmer, of Mr. Collins, (the potatoe-critick) &c. &c. as a convenient manual for young or old men, who would be young. Mr. Collins has given the publick four pages in 8vo. small print, on the astonishing virtues of POTATOES, (*a tempest of provocation*) printed by themselves at the end of *Troilus and Cressida*. This *useful* note would have been placed with better grace at the end of “*Love’s Labour Lost.*”

It is indeed matter of great and offensive scandal to *obtrude* such refuse and filth upon THIS NATION, and upon ALL the countries in the East and West who read Shakspeare’s works. It is highly injurious to make Shakspeare the vehicle of so much *obscene trash*, raked together from old plays, old cookery books, and trumpery novels. But, I am told, the poet must be illustrated. In these particulars, Mr. Steevens, Dr. Farmer,

Mr.

All that for Maffinger and Beaumont fight,
But leave their authors in a wretched plight;

From

Mr. Collins, and Mr. (I know not whom) may as well *illustrate* the latter part of the fourth book of Lucretius. The corruptions of our nature are the most mortifying comment. They need neither incitement nor *illustration*.

Whoever considers, seriously or politically, the dominion of lust and lewdness, and the wide-wasting desolation and irreverfible-mifery which they throw among the defenceless and much-suffering sex, left to destitution, and difeafe, and poverty, and defpair, and contempt, and barren sorrow; will be cautious how he *adds even one* unnecessary or heedless *incitement* to this overbearing fury. A man of fenfe, if not of morality, in remarking on all fuch passages as I have noted, and many others, would content himfelf with faying, "This or that paffage contains an indecent allufion not uncommon in the novels or plays of the time;" or at leaft would be fatisfied with a fingle instance to fhew it. Whatever is more than this, cometh from a fource which is not good. At prefent, there really fhould be *an expurgatory index* TO THE BEST edition, (and in many refpects it is the beft) of Shakspeare, before it is put into the hands of ladies and the younger part of the readers of Shakspeare. I believe there is not one *reflecting* fcholar in this learned kingdom, who will not join in this and in the following criticifms on the prefent fubject, whether the criticifms are fevere, jocular, or indignant.

Carminaque Aonidum, JUSTAMQUE probaverat IRAM! †

(1) The Reverend Doctor Parr, in his dedication of "Tracts
" of Warburton and a Warburtonian, &c." (reprinted in 1789)

note

† Ovid. Metam. L. 6. v. 2.

From Capell steal, yet never own the theft, 215
And

note 8. p. 150, has most kindly pointed out to such undiscerning persons as myself, that "*Malone, Reed, Farmer, and Tyrwhitt, have come forward as THE GUIDES OF THE PUBLICK TASTE.*" To be sure he has added, "*Mr. Steevens, the two Wartons, BURKE, and in his critical capacity, Dr. JOHNSON.*" But even in this latter part I must remark a strange coalition. With the names of *Burke* and *Johnson* who can place a third modern in the same rank? Of Mr. Steevens's classical erudition and ingenuity much might be said: yet all which he has acknowledged as *his own* writing, consists of notes on Shakspeare. Every one must regret that the History of English Poetry was left unfinished by its lamented and deeply-learned author: and as to his brother Joseph's pleasant Common-Place Book on Pope, it was always amusing to me. But when the title of *Guides of the Publick Taste* is given to Malone, Reed, Farmer, (and Tyrwhitt,) who are note-makers alone by profession, I find myself constrained to look into my English Dictionary for the meaning of the words, guide and taste.

Indeed I have often wondered how so deeply learned a scholar as Mr. TYRWHITT ever suffered himself to be enrolled with these note-makers on Shakspeare. But the *Leader* of them has a tongue to flatter and wheedle. Homer explains it best: Παρρησιῇ τ' ἐκλεΐε νοον πικρὰ περ φρονεσντων. In this manner the name of SAMUEL JOHNSON was inseparably associated with that of GEORGE STEEVENS.

I have selected this passage from Dr. Parr's splendid dedication of these Warburtonian Tracts, in which a man, in the vigour of his faculties and strength, has not thought it unbecoming his character to attack, like a puny whipster, the established dignity
of

And then desert (*m*) him, of his store bereft:

Oh

of departed excellence; and with unbridled licence of language has endeavoured to invade the retreat and the repose of a most learned and venerable prelate, † now *in full age and hoary holiness*. I speak with feeling of such a conduct, and I speak with the feelings of a man; for what is a mere scholar and a quoter of Greek, when he forgets the man? I trust Dr. Parr has severely felt the unmeaning vanity and silly cruelty of calling forth again to publick notice these tracts which their authors long wished to give up to oblivion. Leland, and the great and truly good and liberal Jortin, might have been as ably defended at another time and in another place.

I cannot be repaid for such indecent conduct by the amusement I receive, (to use Dr. Parr's own words) "*from the lucky and lucid intervals between the paroxysms of (Dr. Parr's) polemick phrenzy; from all the laughable and all the loathsome singularities which float upon the surface of his (Dr. Parr's) diction; nor can I hang with fondness and admiration over the crowded, yet clear and luminous, galaxies of imagery diffused through (Dr. Parr's) works; p. 151.*" &c. &c. But if I should quote any more of such words, the reader would take the Doctor's Greek for English and his English for Greek, and be apt to cry out with honest old Doyley, in the farce of *Who's the Dupe?* (which I am not, but the Doctor may know who is,) "I'll be curs'd if this is English." Indeed I have no more time or place to allot in this *First* Dialogue of my Poem to Dr. Parr.—I refer my reader to the *Third* Dialogue in which the Doctor makes a more publick and distinguished entry.

(*m*) There are men now in great vogue who will feel the force of these two lines. (1794.)

† Dr. HURD, Bishop of Worcester.

Oh injur'd Patron of our noblest bard!
 Capell, (*n*) receive this tribute of regard,
 And may this honest verse to life and light
 Call forth thy name, and vindicate thy right. 220

Must

(*n*) Mr. CAPELL, the Editor, I call him *the Patron* ‡ of SHAKSPEARE. This gentleman was of a singular turn of mind, perhaps a little too minute, but of a curiosity unbounded and insatiable. They who are acquainted with his critical writings on Shakspeare, and his accurate researches into this species of antiquity, and who have considered and estimated *his* edition of the poet, will not scruple with me to pronounce him, The Father of all *legitimate* Commentary on Shakspeare. To this gentleman's intimacy, and to the knowledge of his most learned investigations, were admitted men whom I forbear to name. But mark the consequence. *His* edition was condemned, or I should rather say, *damned* by those, who in the poet's own words,

“ To his *unguarded* nest, like *weasel* criticks,
 Came *sneaking*, and so suck'd his princely eggs.” ||

And when the SCHOOL of SHAKSPEARE in 3 vols. 4to was published (alas! after his death) we were told forsooth that we had nothing to learn on the subject—I am pleased however, to see that Mr. Capell's Preface is admitted into the new edition of Shakspeare, in FIFTEEN volumes. It will not be too much to hope for an edition in *Fifty* volumes quarto, printed on a *wire* *wove* paper, glazed, and hot pressed.

‡ The ὁ Προστατευων.

|| Hen. V. Act. 1. Sc. 2.

Must I for SHAKSPEARE no compassion feel,
Almost eat up by commentating (o) zeal?

On

(o) I hope the reader will not be displeased with a short observation on this subject.—SHAKSPEARE was born in the year 1564, and died on the 23d of April in 1616, on his birth-day. It was not until full *seven years after his death*, that his plays were *first* collected and published together in folio, in the year 1623, by two of his principal friends in the company of comedians, Hemminge and Condell. They likewise corrected a *second* edition in 1632. It may seem strange to us, but it is true, that *no other* edition of his works was attempted till *eighty-two years* after that time, when in the year 1714 a *third* edition was published by Mr. Rowe with very few, if any corrections. Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Capell, Johnson, Steevens, and Malone, have since that time given new editions. Mr. Steevens, in the year 1766, published a particular edition in four volumes in 8vo. of all the plays which were printed in 4to in Shakspeare's life time, or before the Restoration. It is printed verbatim from the old copies, and is curious and valuable.

Mr. Steevens asserts unequivocally, that "*no proof* can be given that the poet *superintended the publication of any one of these himself*." Pref. vol. i. p. 14. If this be true, as I believe, what can any editor arrogate to himself concerning the *genuine* text of this great poet? I am not speaking of *conjectural* criticism, and of an accurate revision of the punctuation, which is of real consequence, but of the actual *words* themselves, as written by Shakspeare. The original players, Hemminge and Condell, were in possession of the only MSS. which were extant at the very time when the plays were first acted; and it is probable that the play-house manuscript copy was the only one to which they could refer;

On Avon's banks I heard ACTÆON (*p*) mourn,
 By fell **Black Letter Dogs** in pieces torn;
 Dogs that from Gothick kennels eager start, 225
 All well broke-in by Coney-catching (*q*) Art,

So

refer; and no MSS. whatsoever existed after that time. Shakspeare appears wholly to have neglected or despised reputation in succeeding ages. It is for this age to amuse itself with schools and galleries, and without blame, in my opinion.

(*p*) Videre CANES; primusque Melampus,
 Pamphagus, et Dorceus, velox cum fratre Lycisca,
 Ichnobatesque sagax, et villis Asbolus atris,
 Nebrophonosque valens, et trux cum Lælapæ Theron,
 Labros et Agriodos, et acutæ vocis Hylæctor,
 Quosque referre mora est. Ea turba CUPIDINE PRÆDÆ,
 Quà via difficilis, *quàque est via nulla*, sequuntur.
 Heu famulos fuit IPSE suos; clamare libebat,
 ACTÆON EGO sum; DOMINUM cognoscite VESTRUM:
Vellet abesse quidem—sed ADEST. Ovid. Metam. lib. 3.

N. B. It is conceived that this *canine* metamorphosis of the Commentators on Shakspeare, will be received in a pleasant point of view without offence; for I must speak it to the credit of our English **black letter dogs** that, upon the whole, there is more harmony among them, (a few cases excepted) than among the dogs that worried Greek and Roman authors in former times. I surely may be excused for this *caninity*, if Mr. Bryant himself has been allowed to declare, without censure, that ΚΥΝΕΣ signify 'Ος 'Ισπεῖς: though certainly *the Hierarchy* are infinitely indebted to him for the discovery. Bryant's Mythol. vol. i. p. 329, &c.

So tender to the Paphian notes they move,
And seem as they were only born for (qq) love.

Hark, Johnson (r) smacks his lash ; loud sounds
 Mounted in rear see Steevens *Whipper-in*, [the din :
 Rich

(q) The singularity of this term "Coney-catching," (which is the only reason of my introducing it) called for my attention ; as no treatises or farces, or whatever they may be, are more appealed to by the commentators, than "Greene's *Art of Coney-Catching* ; Greene's *Ground work of Coney-Catching* ; Greene's "Disputation between a He Coney-Catcher and a She Coney-Catcher." As my poor library will not afford these *valuable* books, I profess myself still ignorant of this ancient art of Coney-Catching, and therefore am by no means fit for a commentator ; yet the reader may perhaps think me fit for writing a note or two upon these "SNAPPERS UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES."* I do not agree with Mr. Steevens that *Coney-catching* means the *art of picking pockets* ; (see his note on the words "Silly Cheat," vol. iv. p. 368, ed. 1778.)—except there is any pleasant allusion, by anticipation, to some late editions of Shakspeare. My poor pockets cannot keep up with these rising demands upon them. SIX POUNDS FIFTEEN SHILLINGS!! for the last edition of Shakspeare, and without any binding ! I cry you mercy, my good Master Steevens ; think of us *poor* poets.

(qq) "They of love and love's disport
Treat LARGELY, of their mutual guilt the seal."

Milt. P. L.

See the comments on Shakspeare, as above : *passim* through the whole edition.

* Winter's Tale, a. 4. sc. 1.

Rich with the spoils of learning's Black domain,
 And Guide supreme o'er all the tainted plain. 232
 Lo ! first *Melampus* (s) Farmer deftly springs,
 (Walter de Mapes (t) his fire) the welkin rings :

Stout

(r) SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D. The reader must know enough of this *Huntsman*, his green velvet cap, and brown brafs buttoned coat, and his churlish chiding of every hound that came near him, &c. &c. at least it is not Jemmy Boswell's fault if he does not.—Johnson and Boswell ; *αὐτὸν καὶ Θεραπεύοντα!* But *now* we must all regret the loss of the chearful, the pleasant, the inimitable Biographer of his illustrious friend.

Dr. Johnson's comments on Shakspeare are never fullied and contaminated with *minute* explications of indecent passages.

He bears no token of those fable streams,

But mounts far off among the swans of Thames. §

In whatever Dr. Johnson undertook, it was his determined purpose to rectify the heart, to purify the passions, to give "ardour to virtue and confidence to truth."

(s) *Melampus* signifies a dog with black feet. He is supposed to have run over the town and county of *Leicester*, but never could be persuaded to give any account of it. ‡—This dog scented out

§ Pope Dunc. L. 2. v. 297.

‡ I lament that Dr. Farmer never published his intended HISTORY of LEICESTER. I lament it, but I do not reprobate the Doctor, as he behaved in a gentlemanly manner when he declined prosecuting that work, which is a real loss to the antiquary and the lover of topography.

Stout Gloucester (*u*) mark in *Pamphagus* (*v*) advance,
 Who never stood aghast in speechless trance; 236
 The sage *Ichnobates* (*w*) see Tyrwhitt limp;
 Malone *Hylactor* (*x*) bounds, a clear-voic'd imp;

Asbolus

out the *Learning* of Shakspeare with true and original sagacity, and absolutely *unkennelled* it. This is his proper praise. Mr. Steevens says, "Could a *perfect* and *decisive* edition of Shakspeare " be produced, it were to be expected ONLY (though we fear " in vain) from the hand of DR. FARMER, whose MORE SERIOUS " AVOCATIONS forbid HIM to undertake what, &c. &c." See the Advertisement by Mr. Steevens to Shakspeare, Edit. 1793, p. II. Such gravity of compliments between two editors, reminds me of what Shakspeare calls, "THE ENCOUNTER of TWO DOG " APES." (1794.)

(*t*) Walter de Mapes was the jovial archdeacon of Oxford, the Anacreon of the eleventh century. "A decent priest where " monkies were the gods,§" and author of the *divine* ode, beginning :

" Mihi sit propositum in tabernâ mori;
 Vinum sit appositum morientis ori;
 Ut dicant, cum venerint angelorum chori,
 Deus sit propitius huic Potatori!" &c.

(*u*) Stout Gloucester.—Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester.—See Gray's Bard; "Stout Gloucester stood aghast in speechless trance." Stanza 1.

(*v*) *Pamphagus*—signifies a dog of a most voracious appetite, who snaps at and devours every thing digestible or indigestible.

They

Aſbolus (z) Hawkins, a grim ſhaggy hound, 239
 In muſick growls, and beats the buſhes round; (a)
 Then

They who are acquainted with the Divine Legation, &c. &c. well know the nature of Warburton's literary appetite, and the danger of hunting in the ſame field with him. With all his eccentricities this was a noble dog, and there is not one of the true breed left, worthy of the progenitor, though there are a few mongrels.

(w) Ichnobates means a dog who *tracks* out the game before him. No one was more diligent than this dog, yet he frequently went upon a wrong ſcent; but would never ſuffer the huntſman to call him off, eſpecially in the neighbourhood of *Canterbury* and *Briſtol*. If I were again to metamorphoſe theſe hounds into men, I ſhould lament the application of Mr. Tyrwhitt's learning and ſagacity. “*Illum pro literato plerique laudandum duxerunt, quum ille, næniis quibuſdam anilibus occupatus, inter Miſeſias Punicas Apuleii fui et ludicra literaria conſeneſceret.*” (Vid. *Julium Capitolinum in Vita Clodii Albini ad Conſtantium Auguſtum*;) I will however ſay, as to my own part, “*Illum pro literato laudandum ſemper duxi,*” but with a reſerve as to the application of his learning. I wiſh this Ichnobates had been “*utilium ſagax rerum.*”

(x) *Hylaſtor* means a dog with a clear and ſtrong voice. One would think that *this dog* was one of Canidia's breed, which called from the ſepulchre the actual remains of the dead to enchant and ſtupify the living. This dog has been ſcratching up the earth about *Doctors Commons*, and has torn up all *the Wills* of the actors who lived in Shakspeare's time, and carried them in his mouth to the printer of a late edition of that author.—But when I ſpeak of

Then Porson view *Nebrophonos* (*b*) the shrewd, (*c*)
Yet foaming with th' Archdeacon's (*d*) critick blood;

See

rational men, it passes the bounds of all sagacity to divine, by what species of refined absurdity *the Wills and Testaments of Actors* could be raked up and published to *illustrate* Shakspeare. (See Malone's Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 186. &c. &c. &c. and in the 2d vol. of the edit. of Shakspeare, in 1793.) A critick for such an ingenious invention should be presented with the *altum Saganae calien-drum*, which would not easily fall from his head.—But Mr. Malone has redeemed this piece of folly by many valuable literary excellencies.

(*z*) *Asbolus* signifies a dog of a swarthy complexion.

(*a*) Beats the bushes round.—Descriptive of Sir John Hawkins's History of Musick; in which however there is much original and valuable information, as in all his other works, so unjustly censured in my opinion. Sir John's principal fault was *digression* from his subject; but if you excuse that, you are well repaid by the information you receive.

(*b*) *Nebrophonos* signifies a dog that slays the fawns and deer, and so in truth it is;

Archdeacons, rats, and such small deer,
Have been Dick's food for many a year.

And, as Lear says, "I'll take a word with this same LEARNED "THEBAN!" my learned *Master* Richard Porson: but he loves *no titles!* It would be better if he did.

(*c*)—Mr. Malone says, the word *shrewd* means "acute, or intelligent;" Mr. Steevens says, it is "bitter or severe." Shaksf. Ed. 1793, vol. vi. p. 430. Reader, you may chuse, or rather combine the terms.

(*d*) The reader may be surpris'd to find any theological writings in this part; but Mr. Steevens's ingenuity has contriv'd to press

Mr.

See *Dorceus* (*dd*) Whiter o'er the learned soil,
Brisk, though at fault, with new associates toil;

In

Mr. Professor Porson's letters to Mr. Archdeacon Travis into the service of Shakspeare; and by such ingenuity *who* or *what* may not be pressed into it? This is quite a sufficient excuse for me, or rather a full justification of my allusion to them. See *Tempest*, vol. iii. p. 68. Steev. Edit. 1793. Mr. Steevens styles Mr. P. "an excellent scholar and a perspicacious critick;" in which I most cordially and most sincerely agree. But, if I am rightly informed, he thanks neither Mr. Steevens, nor me, nor Dr. Parr, nor Dr. Burney the schoolmaster, nor any other Doctor or Mister in this country, for any opinion they may entertain or express of him or his works.—He neither gives nor takes. I find the Archdeacon has re-published his work, and in my opinion has very wisely declined being *led* any more by *DICK and the foul fiend* "through fire, and through flame and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire, and having knives laid under his pillow." But the Archdeacon has had the weakness to print his work on a *wire-wove paper* and *hot-pressed*. Had I been the Archdeacon, I should have been contented with the *hot-pressing* by Mr. Porson, hot indeed, *hissing hot*! This controversy has no good end. Learning is good, and theology is good; but there is something better, *Η Αγαπη*. There is also a writer who says, *Καταναυχᾶται ελεος κρισεως*. Is it not so, Mr. Professor?

(*dd*) *Dorceus*, signifies, in my opinion, a dog of a sharp sight, apt to see what nobody else can in a large field. Some derive it from *δορκας*, capra, quasi per saltum, which I reject.—See Mr.

In *Theron's* (e) form, mark Ritson next contend, 245
 Fierce, meagre, pale, no commentator's (f) friend ;
 Tom Warton last, *Agriodos* (g) acute,
 With *Labras* Percy (h) barks in close pursuit :

Hot

Whiter's Commentaries on Shakspeare, on a *new* principle, &c. published in 1794. This is certainly a very learned and sagacious dog. He is out of the actual chace ; but might, with great propriety, join the pack on a future day : or in plain words, when a new edition of Shakspeare is printed, there should be a selection of notes from his book. His criticism on the second Eclogue of the Poems ascribed to Rowley, (truly or falsely) in point of ingenuity and illustrative learning has never been surpassed. "Cuiusque veterum fortiter opposuerim."

(e) *Theron* signifies a dog of innate ferocity.

(f) Poor Tom Warton could have told a piteous tale, how *his* historick "body was punched full of deadly holes" by this literary Richard III'd. Dr. Percy could make a lamentation or two in some ancient ditty, in a *fit* or canto. Mr. Malone probably has felt a gripe rather strong. The antiquaries—but they have *spoken for themselves*. The Antiquarian Society is amiable and harmless, and from what I have seen, their publications resemble the subjects of them ; ΝΕΚΥΩΝ ΑΜΕΝΗΝΑ καρύνα. Who could wish to disturb such repose ?

(g) *Agriodos* signifies a dog with a sharp tooth.—I always regret the loss of THOMAS WARTON : in his various writings he is amusing, instructive, pleasant, learned, and poetical. I
 never

Hot was the chace ; I left it out of breath ;
 I wish'd not *to be in* at SHAKSPEARE's death. 250

OCTAVIUS.

never received information so agreeably from any modern writer. His edition of Milton's Smaller Poems, (an exquisite specimen of classical commentary, and worthy of his former observations on Spenser) leaves it a matter of unceasing regret, that he never published the Paradise Lost and Regained. The want of the last volume of the History of English Poetry, must for ever be lamented. I despair of any artist able to finish such a work, with so few imperfections, and with such various erudition.

Tom Warton had rather a kindly affection for the jovial memory of Archdeacon Walter de Mapes of the 11th century, mentioned for his drinking ode in a former note. Mr. W. tells us, (with a warm panegyrick) in his 2d Dissert. to the Hist. of E. P. that this divine Anacreon wrote also a Latin ode in favour of married priests, concluding with these *spirited* lines :

Ecce *pro Clericis* multum allegavi ;
 Nec non *pro Presbyteris* multum comprobavi ;
 Pater noster pro me, quoniam peccavi,
 Dicat quisque Presbyter cum sua SUAVI !

I quote this for *my own* sake, quoniam peccavi, and am inclined to hope that every "*Presbyter cum sua Suavi*," will be as kind to the author of this poem ON THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE. Requiescat !

(*b*) *Labros* signifies a dog that *opens*, continually.—But I forget ; Si quis dixerit EPISCOPUM *aliquâ infirmitate* laborare, anathema esto.—And thus I take my leave of the WHOLE **black-letter** KENNEL, with all their wit, and all their follies, and all their merry humours ; and they may both now and hereafter
 unawed,

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(*b*) *Labros* signifies a dog that *opens*, continually.—But I forget ; Si quis dixerit EPISCOPUM *aliquâ infirmitate* laborare, anathema esto.—And thus I take my leave of the WHOLE **black-letter** KENNEL, with all their wit, and all their follies, and all their merry humours ; and they may both now and hereafter
 nnawed,

OCTAVIUS.

Here yet awhile (*i*) these honest labours close,
And leave indignant Genius to repose. 252

unawed by their great *Huntsman* who is no more, and most probably unmolested by me, continue to bark and growl, and snap, and quarrel, and teaze one another, till there remains not a critical offal for which they may contend. *Et velut absentem certatim ACTÆONA clament.**

Finally, as to this famous Edition of Shakspeare by George Steevens, Esq. and the whole **black-letter** *Kennel*, I must pronounce its great Eulogium, as it is beautifully conceived and expressed in the words of a master of the most finished Latinity of the Augustan age. “*HIC LIBER est conglutinatus ex tam*”
“*multis libris, quot unus pinguis Cocus Oves, boves, fues, grues,*”
“*anseris, passeris, coquere, aut unus fumosus Calefactor cen-*”
“*tum magna hypocausta ex illis calefacere possit !!!*” Epist.
Obscurorum Virorum!

(*i*) “*HÆC SAT ERIT, Divæ, vestrum cecinisse Poetam.*” So said Virgil, † and so says my friend OCTAVIUS, to whose judgment I submit, and write this note in conclusion for the present, that I may offer and recommend to the consideration of all Poets, Orators, and Writers, sacred and profane, a sentence from SWIFT, which I could wish to see engraven in letters of gold, as an everlasting admonition. It is this: “To say the truth, no part of knowledge seems to be *in fewer hands*, than “that of discerning **WHEN TO HAVE DONE.**” (1794.)

* Ovid. Met. Lib. 3. † Virg. Ecl. 10. v. 70.

THE
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

DIALOGUE THE SECOND.

Εὐ' ἀθλητὸς καὶ ἀνθρατὸς ὀξυῖ χαλκῷ,
Δινοῦ κατὰ μεσσόν, ἀγοὶ δὲ με Παλλὰς Ἀθηνῆ
Χειρὸς ἔλυσ', αὐτὰρ βίλων ἀπιδυκοὶ ἐρωήν.

Hom. Il. 4. v. 540.

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

DIAGNOSE THE SECOND.

P R E F A C E

TO THE SECOND DIALOGUE (†)

OF THE

PURSUI TS OF LITERATURE.

Two years have passed since I published “ The first
“ Part of the Pursuits of Literature.” I now offer a
continuation of it to the attention of those persons who
may feel themselves interested in such researches; the
subjects of which are, *in their event*, important to us
all. What I observed of the First Part, I observe of
this, and the following Parts, “ that no imitation is in-
tended of any former writer or of any former poem.”
That it will attract *some* attention in *some* places, I am
confident; but it will be idle to make any conjecture as
to the author. He is, and will be, concealed upon
motives

† First printed in May, 1794.

motives very different from the apprehension of any private resentment. I dissuade every person from flippant and random application of any supposed name; it is as unjust as it is absurd. “Flebit et insignis totâ cantabitur urbe,†” was said of old. I do not say this, but I recommend to every gentleman and lady of eminent sagacity and curiosity to remember, that there is a darkness which may be felt.

As to the subject of SATIRE in general, I will add a few words, as they are not wholly unimportant, and as they explain my own ideas. All reprehension of vice, or of folly, or of any moral depravity, must cease at once, if it is required of the author of that reprehension, that he be *blameless* himself in the strict, or indeed in any, sense of that word. But if the enumeration of evils, wickedness, folly, extravagance, abuse of knowledge in theory or in practice, and a censure of such actions and of such opinions, be considered as the production of a mind bad, reprehensible, and unquiet in itself, I fear, that few philosophers are exempted from the charge. In my opinion, the Philosopher himself is a Satirist, speaking to the world at large, without a specifick reference to any nation. The Satirist, (in the common acceptation of the word) is a writer in poetry or in prose, who addresses himself to a peculiar part of the world, and generally to his own countrymen, calling them to a view of their faults, follies, or vices, which are destructive of society, of government, of good manners, or of good literature. The philosophick Satirist effects his purpose by appealing to man and his nature; the modern poet supposing

† Hor. Lib. 2. S. 1. v. 45.

supposing and acknowledging the truth of these original principles, argues virtually from them, but directs his attention to existing persons, circumstances, opinions, and books, in his own times. He illustrates his doctrine by that forcible appeal, assisted by learning, wit and ridicule; with an honest endeavour to uphold the common cause of wisdom, of truth, and of virtue; without which criticism is malignity, and satire is scandal.

Yet, however excellent, the work of any Satirist is transitory as to its immediate subject. But as it is a view of life *designed* (a) to be presented to other times, as well as those in which it is written, the necessity of an author's furnishing *Notes to this own composition* (b) is evident, to clear up for himself such difficulties as the lapse of time, (and indeed of a very little time) would unavoidably create. This is a privilege and a liberty which was denied to the ancients, which Dryden rejected, and Pope partially adopted.

After these few observations, (which I thought necessary or I would not have written them) I offer this continuation
of

(a) I refer the reader to Dean Swift's dedication to Prince Posterity.

(b) "*The notes I wish to be very large* in what relates to the persons concerned: for I have long observed that, twenty miles from London, nobody understands hints, initial letters, or town facts and passages, and in a few years not even those who live in London." Swift's Letter to Pope. July 16, 1728. Pope's Works, Vol. ix. p. 117. Warburton's edition, 8vo. N. B. Dr. Joseph Warton observes in his edition of Pope, vol. 4. p. 323. that, this observation of Swift "is a mortifying reflection to the writers of Satire, and daily topicks of censure." I have taken particular care in my poem to prevent *this mortification*.

of the poem to my readers, not without the spirit of a writer who has endeavoured well. I will also, upon reflection, add the words of A MAN, not to be named on such an occasion. " I do not look to be asked, wherefore I wrote this book; it being no difficulty to answer, that I did it to those ends, which the best men propose to themselves when they write."

THE

THE
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

DIALOGUE THE SECOND. (*)

Αντιρροσας

Και φασγανῶν ζωστέρα, καὶ ξίφος πατρὸς
Κρημνῶν ἐνερθεὶς αἰγυλῇ ροιζομένων,
Πάλιν (δοκευῶ)

Lycophron. Cassandra. v. 1321.

AUTHOR.

ALL hail to Cestria, and her mitred lord! (a)
And may the Muse in lasting strains record
That lawn'd Endymion of a happier age;
Who, wild with rapture and empirick rage,

On

(*) First published in May, 1796.

(a) John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester in the last century, wrote a celebrated " Discourse concerning the possibility of a passage to the moon." Upon my word, Philosophy is a very pleasant thing, and has various uses; one of the best is, it makes us laugh sometimes.

On bold aspiring pinion could presume 5
 To journey through the vast ethereal gloom ;
 Who tir'd of earth and dreams of gowned rest,
 Sunk in the elysium of his Cynthia's breast !

But ah, for *us* those wizard wonders cease :
 In war, death, pestilence, or dang'rous peace, 10
 Condemn'd to groan in this disorder'd hour,
 Victors and victims of th' unhallow'd pow'r,
 That bids the western world or rouse or weep,
 O'erwhelm'd beneath the formidable deep.

OCTAVIUS.

Of France (*aa*) enough : go bend before that tomb,
 Where other palms and other laurels bloom, 16
 Where .

(*aa*) I can mention no lines so expressive of the state of France,
 (1796) as the following *adapted* from Boileau.

“ Dechirans à l’envi leur propre Republique,
 Lions contre Lions, parens contre parens,
 Combâtent follement POUR LE CHOIX DES TYRANS† !”

To some persons the following sublime picture, as drawn by
 the

† Boil. Sat. 8. v. 132.

Where Maro sleeps ; or in the Sabine shade, 15
 Or in severe Aquinum's inmost glade,
 Fast by Volterra's (a) dark Etrurian grove,
 With Boileau's (b) art, and Dryden's rapture rove.
 Be wise betimes, and in resistless prose 20
 Leave Burke ALONE to thunder on our foes :

Let

the master hand of that mighty poet Lycophron, will have its force, under the same allusion.

Καταιδὲι γαίαν ορχηστῆς Ἀρης,
 Στρομβῶ τον αἱματηρὸν ἐξαρχῶν νομον.
 Ἀπασα δὲ χθὼν πνεύματων δῆμιενή
 Κεῖται, πεφρικαν δ', ὥστε λήϊα γυαί,
 Λογχαῖς ἀποστιλβόντες. Οἰμῶγῃ δὲ μοι
 Εἰ ὥσι πυργῶν ἐξ ἀκρῶν ἰθαλλεται,
 Πρὸς αἰθερὸς κυρθεα πνευμὸς ἰδρας,
 Γῶν γυναικῶν, καὶ καταρράγαις πεπλῶν,
 Ἀλλῇ ἐπ' ἄλλῃ συμφορὰν δεδεγμένων.

(a) Juvenal was born at Aquinum, and Persius at Volterra, in Italy.

(b) Boileau.—The most perfect of all modern writers in true taste and judgment. His sagacity was unerring ; he combined every ancient excellence, and appears original even in the adoption of acknowledged thoughts and allusions. He is the just and adequate representative of Horace, Juvenal, and Persius

† Lycophron. Cassandra v. 249.

Let Wakefield (c) rant, and pallid Thelwall bawl,
 Lords of misrule, in Anarchy's wild hall;
 Such prophets as ere long Horne Tooke may save,
 And hide and feed *by fifties* (d) in a cave. 25

You

Perfius united, without one indecent blemish; and for my own part I have always considered him as *the most finished gentleman* that ever wrote. I have spoken more at large of this poet in the Introductory Letter to the P. of L.

(c) Wakefield. Whenever I think of the name of *Gilbert Wakefield*, and look at *the list* of his works, (for I would not undertake to read them *all*), I feel alternate sorrow and indignation. His learning and sagacity are indeed sufficient to entitle him to some patronage, and to the removal of every want. But his spirit is so restless, his temper is so overbearing and tyrannical, (I speak *from the consideration of his works alone*) his contempt for others is so great, and his personal vanity so conspicuous, that even Literature begins to be weary of him. But when I turn to his religious and political opinions, I find all the virulence and asperity of the reformer; all the insolence and even impudence of the assertors of equality; a want of decent, or even of common respect to dignified characters; and a mind (naturally designed for better exertions, and cultivated in the groves of an university) hostile and implacable to every establishment, and with a strong tendency even to † sanguinary persecution.

† See* (if it is worth while) Gilbert Wakefield's pamphlet entitled "Remarks on the General Orders given by the Duke of York to his army, July 7, 1794, respecting the Decree of the
 " French

You read perchance a minister in books, (*f*)
 And know an honest statesman by his looks ;
 Think in debates the spirit may be seen,
 In Thurlow just, in Wedderburne, serene ; 30

H

In

persecution. I speak of him as a publick man ; I have no contempt of his attainments. But I will never suffer him, or any other man, who obtrudes himself and his political principles and measures upon the publick, to pass me without notice ; or as the poet strongly expresses it,

Glomerare sub antro

Fumiferam noctem, commixtis igne tenebris, (*a*)

without the reprehension he deserves. (1796.)

(*d*) By *fifties*. "Obadiah took the prophets, and hid them by fifty in a cave, and fed them with bread and water." Kings, B. 1. ch. 18. v. 4. In the provisions of that most important, and I wish

"French Convention, to give no quarter to the British and Hannoverians, 1794." I only mention this or any of Mr. Wakefield's writings for their spirit and tendency, as the compositions are worth little notice. I shall not at present wander through his *Silva Critica*, "Ubi passim palantes Error recto de tramite pellit." (*b*) His ravages on Virgil and Horace, in his late editions of them, are often as shocking to taste as to truth. Bentley's hook (I beg pardon for coupling the names) was nothing to the levelling axe of Gil. Wakefield. If Mr. Wakefield does not write with greater care and ability than he has hitherto shewn, neither men, nor gods, nor columns will permit his works to be extant very long.

(*a*) Virg. *Æn.* 8. v. 254. (*b*) Hor. *L.* 2. Sat. 3. v. 48.

In Grenville, firmness; majesty, in Pitt;
 And in Dundas, the courage to submit.
 Proud of your keen discernment you retire,
 Smit with the fame of Rollo's bard (g) and squire,
 You print (poor man!) your satire and your song,
 Correct as Gifford, or as Cowper, strong. 36

A U T H O R.

Yes: to my country's justice I appeal,
 Nor dread the press, the guillotine, nor wheel,
 Nor

with I could say, perpetual act, (passed in 1795) for preventing seditious assemblies, &c. &c. &c. it is specified, that none of these prophets, or lecturers, or diviners in democracy, shall meet in greater numbers than *by fifty* in a cave, or elsewhere: and considering the inflammatory nature of their disorders, it is devoutly to be wished, that they may be kept upon the same cooling diet.

(f) I allude to the profound knowledge which busy men acquire of the most secret designs of the British, or even of foreign cabinets,—from the news-papers. Nothing is so pleasant as to hear men assert without the least hesitation what they *know* of the intention of Ministers. I really envy the satisfaction they feel, when they communicate their discoveries to such unenlightened and ignorant men as myself.

Nor fulsome praise, nor coldness of neglect,
 Nor all that poets meet, but scarce expect; 40
 Yet though *the question* I shall never fear,
 A rhyming culprit's bold confession hear.

Memory I have, not Middleton (*i*) has more;
 Plays I could frame, like Ireland, (*k*) by the score;
 Could sing of gardens, yet well pleas'd to see 45
 Walpole (*l*) and Nature may, for once, agree;
 Could give with Darwin, to the hec'tick kind,
 Receipts in verse to shift the north-east wind-*(m)*;

H 2

With

(*g*) Dr. Lawrence; Author or Editor of the *Rolliad*, *Probationary Odes*, &c.

(*i*) The famous witness on Mr. Hastings's trial, the disciple of Themistocles.

(*k*) The publisher of the newly-found manuscripts in Shakespeare's own hand-writing. The reader will find more on this subject in the course of this Second Dialogue.

(*l*) Read (it well deserves the attention) that quaint, but most curious and learned, writer's excellent Essay on *Modern Gardening*, at the end of his *Lives of the Painters*.

(*m*) See Dr. Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*, and a long and pleasant note, in which the Doctor thinks it very feasible to

manage

With Price (*n*) and Knight grounds *by neglect* improve,
 And banish use, for naked Nature's love, 50
 Lakes, forests, rivers, in one landscape drawn,
 My park, a county, and a heath, my lawn ;
 With Knight, man's civil progress (*o*) could rehearse,
 Put Hume, or Smith, or Tacitus *in verse*,

And,

manage the winds, (and every thing else I believe) at *his* pleasure, by a little philosophy. I never read any thing so comfortable in my life. Martinus Scriblerus will be, after all, a legitimate natural philosopher. It appears to me, that Dr. Darwin's ingenious understanding is peculiarly adapted to solve the following problem in natural philosophy: " WHETHER, the hybernal frigidity of the " Antipodes, passing in an orthogonal line through the homogeneous " solidity of the center, might warm the superficial connexity of our " heels by a soft antiperistasis?" I have given a translation of this great and useful problem, (as the French Philosopher Pantagruel is not quite so intelligible in the original,) that Dr. Darwin may discuss it at large in the next edition of his *Zoonomia*, which is much to be desired. I refer the reader to the " *Crème Philosophique des Questions Encyclopedique*," at the end of Rabelais, Book 5. The true cream of their modern Encyclopedie is to be found in the French Revolution, 1789, &c.

(*n*) Price and Knight.—See the various treatises, all curious and in some degree pleasant, on the subject of landscape, and the art of laying out grounds. Knight and Price, *versus* Mason and Brown, REPTON, Moderator. I have no doubt of the decision at the bar of taste; but I certainly would not bring the cause

And, while Silenus and his votaries nod, 55
 Quaff Paphian grosnefs from my crystal (p) God.
 Or

cause in the court at Guildhall. With *the giants* on the jury, and Lord Kenyon for the judge, there certainly would be a verdict for the Brogdignag Gardeners, Knight and Price.

(o) See and *read* (if possible) what Mr. R. P. Knight calls a Didactic Poem, "The PROGRESS of Civil Society, in six books, 4to." I protest I speak impartially, when I assert that Mr. Knight seems to have no other idea of poetry, than that of lines and syllables put into a measure with, now and then, some little attention to grammar. I mean when he writes verses *himself*. For if he conceives, that the versification of Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws, Tacitus on the Germans, Smith on the Wealth of Nations, Robertson's Introduction to his History of Charles V. Stuart on the View of Society in Europe, and such works, is *poetry*, there is no help for him, he must be suffered to *rhyme on*. "Dogmatizer en vers, et rimer par chapitres." (a) It is impossible to criticize or examine the whole in a note, but I will give a specimen of such observations as I should make, if I were to go through the whole of this tedious piece of work. Mr. K. is very fond of beginning all his books *with doubt*, like a true philosopher; he always uses the words "*Whether* this, or *whether* that—or *whether* the other,"—is the case; never deciding the point, nor giving even a *doubtful* solution of *doubtful doubts*, as Mr. Hume kindly used to do. But *whether* Mr. K. understands himself, even in the very beginning of his poem, may be a doubt; but *whether* his readers understand him,

(a) Boileau, Sat. 8. v. 116.

Or I could scribble (q) for historick fame,
Like Gillies, feeble, formal, dull, and tame; (qq)

Then

him, is no doubt at all. He begins thus; Book *the first*; Verse *the first*. (I take the verses at the very beginning, to shew my impartiality.)

“ *Whether primordial motion sprang to life*

From the wild war of elemental strife,

In *central chains* the mass inert confin’d,

And sublimated matter into mind;

Or *whether* one great, all pervading soul, &c.

Or _____

Whether, in Fate’s eternal fetters bound

Mechanick Nature goes her endless round, &c. &c.

In all this mist and darkness which he flings round him, he certainly is little better than Punch in the puppet shew, “ Hazy weather, master Noah:” for I am certain that neither Punch, nor Mr. Knight can look through this preparation of the poetical sky for the metaphysical deluge which ensues, when he is to

“ Trace out the slender *social links* that bind

“ In *order’s* chain, the *chaos* of mankind, &c. &c.”

Obe jam satis—But then I am told there are so many pretty and intelligible passages (I grant it, *Horum simplicitas miserabilis!*) in this and *other* poem (I must mean the Landscape;) and the ladies say it is so charming to wish to be buried *under an oak*, and so romantick.

see p. 153—I wish from my soul that all the democracy and infidelity in the kingdom were buried under the great guardian oak of England, and the spirit of Mr. Knight confined in the stem of it.—

He might cry out as lustily as Polydorus, and all the conjurers of the Dilettanti might assist at the disenchantment if they pleased.—

N. B. I am infinitely indebted to Mr. Richard Payne Knight for the

Then tir'd of truth, like COXE, to fables stray,
 And vie with Croxall in my notes on Gay. (r) 60
 I could,

the *honour* he has been pleased to confer on my note in the First Dialogue of this Poem on the Pursuits of Literature; see p. 17, &c. of his Preface to his Progress of Civil Society.—“*If Mr. Knight's bed be a bed of tortures, he has made it for himself.*”* I did not name him, as the author of the Essay “ON THE WORSHIP OF PRIAPUS,” but he has *now* named himself. I am glad however that he has some sense of shame left, by endeavouring to *explain away* one of the most unbecoming and indecent treatises which ever disgraced the pen of a man who would be thought a scholar and a philosopher; and I persevere in that opinion, and could be tempted to copy even my former note.† Mr. K. had better have kept to his *Principia*, Α, Β, Γ, Δ, ς, ζ, η, θ. (See his Greek alphabet.) I hope he will do better in future; and spare me more trouble. I am as tired of him as he can be of me. As Mr. Knight is a Member of Parliament, I must fairly tell him, that if he is appointed Chairman of any polite poetical Committee, and any more “*reports PROGRESS*, and asks leave to sit again,” the motion will be *negatived by the whole house*. (1796.)

(p) “*Vitreo bibit ille Priapo.*” Juv. Sat. 2. v. 95. See Mr. Knight's Essay on the Worship of Priapus, and my note on it in the First Dialogue of this Poem.

* I quote JUNIUS in English, as I would Tacitus or Livy in Latin. I consider him as a legitimate English classic.

† See the First Dialogue of the P. of L.—I have been told that FIVE GUINEAS is the price of *The Essay on Priapus*, if a copy is at any time to be sold.

I could, like Seward, if for scraps you call,
 Turn publick bagman, (s) train'd in Walpole's stall;
 Or

(q) Soon after Mr. Gibbon had published the second and third volumes of his Roman History, the late Duke of Cumberland accidentally met him, and intending to pay him a great compliment, said; "How do you do, Mr. Gibbon? I see you are always *at it*, the old way, *scribble, scribble, scribble*."—There are various judges of historical writing, from Quintilian to the late Duke of Cumberland.—Dr. GILLIES wrote the History of Greece, &c. in a manner quite different from Mr. Gibbon. But, according to Pliny's good-humoured observation; "Historia quoquo modo scripta delectat." (1796.)

(qq) The epithets in the verse are designed to characterize *the writings* of Dr. Gillies. There is some learning, great diligence, attention and application; but no marks of genius or of strength in his compositions. Sed tamen in pretio. And I wish them to be so, as the Doctor is a man of good intentions, a passable scholar, an indefatigable reader, and of most respectable character. I speak of nothing but his writings.

(r) Fables by John Gay, *illustrated with notes* by WILLIAM COXE, M. A. F. R. S. F. S. A. Rector of Bemerton, Prebendary of Sarum, Domestick Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, Member of the Imperial Oeconomical Society of St. Petersburg, and of the Royal Society of Sciences at Copenhagen, Chaplain to H. G. the Duke of Marlborough; &c. &c. &c.!!! (1796.) What will Mr. Coxe write next? To be sure Addison did gravely comment on Chevy Chase. I am not inclined to make any other comparison. (1796.)

(s) See (for they are very entertaining, but *very dear*) Mr. Seward's Anecdotes of distinguished persons, &c. in four volumes.

Or to Cythæron, from the Treasury, move,
 And like Sir James Bland Burgefs, (*t*) murmur love;
 Or with Fitzpatrick, mark the space between 65
 A tainted strumpet and a spotless Queen; (*tt*)

Could

volumes. I prefer Mr. Seward to every compiler of anecdotes, except the Hon. Mr. Horace Walpole, now Lord Orford. *A visiting library* is very convenient and pleasant to one's friends. (1796.)—I hope Mr. S. may hereafter present the publick with similar works, but in single volumes.

(*t*) I allude to Sir James Bland Burgefs's Poem, entitled, "The Birth and Triumph of Love;" accompanied by the prettiest little designs of the Amoretti alati by one of the fairest, most ingenious, and most illustrious hands (*a*) in the kingdom. Sir James, late Under Secretary of State, is very properly, (as all Under Secretaries of State, or Chief Secretaries in the Treasury, should be,) attentive to his character, and is particularly afraid of the smallest Cupid *without a muzzle*. Sir James says, "That boy and that boy's deeds shall not pollute my measure." St. 1. Now when I consider what Virgil and Tasso have said and sung of "that boy and that boy's deeds," it is a little prudish in Sir James Bland Burgefs, Baronet and Poet, on such a subject to have such fears. A poet may be a little playful. But Sir James Bland Burgefs is right after all; there certainly should be none but the most virtuous persons about Secretaries of State, and in the precincts of the Treasury, though now and then a straggler of another description will be found, notwithstanding the unremitting diligence and undiverted attention of George Rose, Esq.

(*tt*) A line taken from the Political Eclogue, intitled "*The Lyars*;" the most finished of all the productions of the Authors of the

Rolliad.

(*a*) H. R. H. the Princess Elizabeth.

Could furnish feasts for each Parnassian prig,
 A Florence goose, three ducklings, and one (v) pig;
 With Spartan Pye (x) lull England to repose,

Or

Rolliad. Publick report has assigned this classical but too free composition to the keen, sarcastick pen of General Fitzpatrick. "Such is the Bard whose distich *some* commend," &c. I may be mistaken as to the Author, but I have selected this eclogue to reprobate the licentious spirit which pervades the whole of it. The Art of Political Lying indeed was not invented by Lord North, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, General Fitzpatrick, or any modern Statesman. It is an ancient and approved art by John Bull.

(v) A Florence goose, &c.—See a publication, entitled, "An Ode on an Eton Boy, *Three Sonnets*, and *One Epigram*:" by William Parsons, Esq. This gentleman is the fairest of all Mr. Gray's Criticks: he even allows the superiority of his genius, and gives *his own* verses in Mr. Gray's measure. The *obliquity* of the principles and of the understanding is sometimes unaccountable.

(x) *Spartan Pye*.—Mr. Pye, the present poet Laureat, with the best intentions at this momentous period, if not with the very best poetry, translated the verses of Tyrtæus the Spartan. They were designed to produce animation throughout the kingdom, and among *the Militia* in particular. Several of the *Reviewing* Generals (I do not mean the Monthly or Critical) were much impressed with their *weight* and importance, and at a board of General Officers, an experiment was agreed upon, which unfortunately failed. They were read aloud at Warley Common, and at Barham Downs by the Adjutants at the head of five different regiments, at each camp, and much was expected.

Or frighten children with Lenora's (y) woes : 70

I could—

OCTAVIUS.

Do what?—where will your vaunting reach?
Is this a prelude to your parting speech?

AUTHOR.

pected. But before they were half finished, all the front ranks, and as many of the others as were within hearing or verfe-shot, dropped their arms suddenly, and were *all found fast asleep!* Marquis Townshend, who never approved of the scheme, said, with his usual pleasantry, that the first of all poets observed, that “ Sleep is the brother of Death.” (1796).—

N. B. Certain kinds of *poetry* and writing (to which I have been too much accustomed) may be added to the number of the *γπνε αγωγα*, Sporificks, which great medical writers affirm to be, *accustomed noises*, motions, &c. &c. in short the *πασι τα ξυνηθεα*. The acute physician ARETÆUS thus speaks;—*γπνε αγωγα απασι τα ξυνηθεα. Ναυτικω μεν η εν ακατω κατακλισις, και εν θαλασση περιφορα, και αιγιαλων ηχος, και κυματων κτυπος, ανεμων τε βομβος—κτλ.* Aretæi *De Morbis Acutis* Cap. i. p. 75. Edit. Boerhaave 1731. The whole passage is uncommonly eloquent and sensible. My medical readers, will thank me for pointing it out. Aretæus is, perhaps, the first descriptive painter in his art. Such accomplished scholars as the venerable Dr. Heberden, Dr. Glynn, Sir George Baker, Dr. Turton, Dr. Milman, Dr. Littlehales, Dr. Vivian, and a few others, (*Apollineo nomina digna choro*) will confirm my opinion.

(y) A tale from the German, translated by the Laureat, H. J. Pye, Esq. by J. T. Stanly, Esq. M. P. &c. &c. &c. &c.

a fort

AUTHOR.

Spare, spare ; till time subdues my hapless rage
 With blast autumnal, or the damp of age.
 What poet will refuse to drink, or sing, 75
 Since Helicon is now an Irish spring ?
 All thirst alike ; which made Sam Johnson think,
 That no man visits, where he cannot drink. (yy)
 Why should I faint, when all with patience hear,
 And Laureat Pye *sings* more than twice a year ? (yyy)

OCTAVIUS.

a sort of Blue-Beard story for the nursery. I am ashamed to think, that the publick curiosity (I will not say, taste) should have been occupied with such Diablerie Tudesque. (1796.) But I should be unwilling not to do justice to the elegant and fascinating pencil of Lady Di. Beauclerc who has honoured and decorated the subject. But the painter and the musician are often employed in illustrating silly subjects and silly words. Still it will be most true, *mutatis mutandis*, of both these divine arts ;

Il cantar, che nell' anima si sente !

Il più ne sente l'alma il men l'orecchio.

(yy) Dr. Johnson's character of the Irish hospitality, in one of his letters or among the Boswelliana, I forget which. It is not wholly inapplicable to some of our own countrymen. " Few young men visit, where they cannot drink." 'Tis a pity.

(yyy) " They scarce can bear their Laureat *twice a year*." So said Pope. In these times we can bear our harmless fluttering birth-day odes, better than the French Dithyrambicks in the orgies of democracy.—Mr. Pye is a man of learning, and some little fancy ; but I wish his poetry had more force.

OCTAVIUS.

Truce with the Laureat.

AUTHOR.

'Tis but what I think;
For once I hop'd to see the title sink, 82
While piety and virtue grac'd the throne,
And genius in lamented Warton shone :
Aye, while Britannia cries from shore to shore, 85
AUGUSTUS reigns ; MÆCENAS IS NO MORE.
Pitt views alike, from Holwood's fullen brow,
(As near-observing (z) friendship dares avow)

The

(z) I must own, that unless the Province of encouraging Letters, which should belong to the great, is administered with wisdom and discretion, it is more desirable that there were no encouragement at all. In confirmation however of my opinion of the minister, I refer the reader to a pamphlet published in 1795, entitled, " Friendly Remarks on Mr. Pitt's Administration, by a Near Observer." It is written by a good scholar, a man of fortune, of an upright mind, of an independent spirit, and the principles of a gentleman. It has been ascribed to M. Montagu, Esq. late M. P. and

The fount of Pindus or Bœotia's bog,

With

and it is, I believe, acknowledged by him. He boldly tells the Minister of his fault, namely, an improvident and *systematick contempt and neglect of all ability and literary talents*. "They had no poet, and they died." I would by no means apply to Mr. Pitt what Spenser said of the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, once Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, because it would neither be true nor just. But the Muse of satire may, with more respect and delicacy, win an easier way to the region of his sensibility in the words of a Roman poet:

FELIX CURARUM! *cui non Heliconia cordi
Serta, nec imbelles Parnassi e vertice laurus;
Sed viget ingenium, et magnos accinctus in usus,
Fert animus quascunque vices!*

These are the virtues of a minister in times of change, and of general convulsion. History indeed may say of Mr. Pitt in the words of Tacitus, H. 4. S. 5. "INGENIUM ILLUSTRÉ altioribus studiis juvenis admodum dedit, non, ut plerique, ut nomine magnifico segne otium velaret, *sed quo firmior adversus fortuita REMPUBLICAM CAPESSERET.*"—I might proceed and describe him "*Opum * contemptor, recti pervicax, constans adversus metus;*" but I cannot pursue him through the integral character of Helvidius Priscus, because I conceive POWER, and not
FAME,

* Though Mr. P. *despises money*, yet I wish he would give *more attention to economy*, private as well as publick, than he has hitherto done. He is deserving of much censure in this respect. He seems to have forgotten what Mr. Burke once thundered in the ears of one of his predecessors, (Lord North) in the H. of C. "*Magnum est VECTIGAL Parsimonia.*" (1797.)

With nothing of Mæcenas, but his frog. (a) 90

OCTAVIUS.

Mere spleen (b): Pitt sure is liberal, though by stealth.

AUTHOR.

FAME, to be the principle of this mighty Minister of Great Britain.

(a) In the time of Augustus, during the administration of Mæcenas, that Minister's seal bearing the figure of A FROG, was annexed to all *money-bills*. I mention this anecdote as curious, and perhaps not generally known. It is recorded in Pliny's Natural History, Book 37. ch. 1. "*Mæcenatis RANA, ob collationem pecuniarum, in magno terrore erat.*" I also refer the reader to the Duke of Marlborough's Gems, vol. 2. engraved privately, and the elegant Latin descriptions of them by the Rev. Dr. Cole, late Fellow of King's College in Cambridge.—Nothing is so like as one Minister to another in this respect; but it is difficult to refrain from remarking, that *Frogs* were one of the plagues of Egypt.

(b) Octavius is wrong. I am neither a personal nor a political enemy to Mr. Pitt. I think him a powerful and efficient Minister, eminently adorned with natural gifts and endowments, and solemnly marked out and elected to his great office. He has talents to conduct, to persuade, and to *command*. He is a scholar; *I know* him to be such, and a ripe and good one. The low passion of avarice has no root in his mind; but the sin,
by

A U T H O R.

Yes, and he spares a nation's inborn wealth ;

Another

by which the angels fell, rages in him without measure and without controul. To tell a minister that pride was not made for *Him* or for any man, because he has nothing which he has not received, would be to argue a gross ignorance of our fallen nature. He has no servility in him. Firm, constant, and unbending, he has the principles of a man, who knows and feels what is demanded of him by his country. He comes into the House of Commons, not to bow, but to do the business of the State, and he does it. There is not a subject presented to him, even casually, in which his ability is not conspicuous. He treats it as if it had been the subject of his continued (a) meditation. In the conduct of the French war, he, his colleagues, and his allies have been all found wanting ; but in the principle just, if not steady.

I will add, that in respect to *personal individual gratification*, I regard Mr. Pitt as THE MOST FORTUNATE MAN upon record. Called by the circumstances of the times beyond human controul, and by events not in the wildest range of expectation, he was placed, almost without his seeking it, in the highest publick station. He passed at once to the innermost of the temple without treading the vestibule. In the bloom and vigour of his
faculties

(a) In this respect Mr. Pitt always reminded me of Themistocles, as recorded by the great historian. “ ΟΙΚΕΙΑ ΖΗΛΟΣΕΙ, ΦΥΣΙΣ ΜΕΝ ΔΥΝΑΜΕΙ, ΜΕΛΕΤΗΣ ΔΕ ΕΡΑΧΥΤΗΤΙ, ΚΡΑΤΙΣΤΟΣ ΔΗ ΨΤΟΣ ΑΥΤΟΣ ΧΕΔΙΑΖΕΙΝ ΤΑ ΔΕΟΝΤΑ.” Thucyd. Lib. 1. Sect. 138.

Another Adam (c) in œconomy,
 For all, but Burke, (d) escape his searching eye,
 Stiff from old Turgot, (e) and his rigid school, 95
 He never deviates from this wholesome rule ;

“ Left

faculties (for he bore the blossom and the fruit at once) and in the prime of life, when every thing can charm, that which can charm the most, POWER, was voluntarily offered to him, confirmed, continued, and established by his King and by his country. His faults, his follies, and his blemishes, (for he has all) might be *easily* removed, but I think he will not remove them. He felt at once, as many men have done before him, the highest ability in himself ; and he found, what is denied to most men of genius, a full and *adequate* exertion of it in high office. My hope and earnest prayer is, that the termination of his political labours, and the result of this just and tremendous war with the Republick of France, may be finally to establish “ Glory to God in the highest, and on “ earth peace.”—Is this the language of an enemy ? I respect, nay, I would defend him : I wish him a long continuance in office ; but I *never* can entertain a PERSONAL regard or affection for MR. PITT. (1796.)

(c) Adam Smith, the great writer on wealth and finance, from whom Mr. Pitt learned his art.

(d) This is not mentioned as a censure on Mr. Pitt for his liberality, for I think the whole of his pension merited by Mr. Burke, though I wish it had never been accepted.—On this subject, I may say, that in “ Mr. Burke’s Letter on the Duke of Bedford’s attack on him in the House of Lords,” I perceive genius, ability, dignity,

" Left to themselves all find their level price,
" Potatoes, verſes, turnips, Greek, and rice."

OCTAVIUS.

Strange times indeed to banter on finance;
Pray, if you call him frugal, think of France. 100

AUTHOR.

Well, I'll be brief; with France he *muſt* contend;
There I will own, and feel myſelf his friend,
And ſing with Burke's or Maro's borrow'd fire,
" Arms and the man," till anarchy (*f*) expire.

Sedition's

dignity, imagination, and fights more than youthful poets ever dreamed, and ſometimes the philoſophy of Plato, and the wit of Lucian. But what I eſteem moſt of all, I hear again the *warning* voice of ONE who ſaw the *apocalypſe*, and FIRST cried aloud in England, and to all the inhabitants of Europe. I cannot deſcribe the whole compoſition better than in the words of that Poet, who would have been proud to record the workmanſhip of EDMUND BURKE. Brontes, Steropes, and Pyracmon, it will be allowed, have all had their ſhare in the fabrication of this *informatum fulmen*.

" Tres

Sedition's crew is bound ; the gloomy band 105
In chains of penal silence musing stand,

Or

" Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosa
Addiderant, rutili tres ignis et alitis austri ;
Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque metumque
Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras." (a) (1796.)

(c) Mr. Turgot, ci-devant Controller General of French Finance : the founder of the modern *Oeconomick* School.—Modern State Oeconomy seems to consist in spending or squandering the greatest possible sums in the least possible time.

(f) " Till anarchy expire."—In the just and inevitable, but most fatal and most tremendous war in which we are engaged, and in which all Europe has bled, and yet bleeds in every vein and artery, the first object we look for is, *a stability of peace*. But no stability can as yet be found in all the convulsive labours of the sanguinary nation. That modern Gallick *Julia* has done nothing but conceive one mis-shapen lump after another, in the feculency of her political womb ; conception upon conception, abortion upon abortion : and what can we say,

" Cum tot abortivis fecundam Julia vulvam
Solveret, et patruo fimiles effunderet offas." (b)

We must, I fear, yet wait a season ; (May 1796) (c) and whatever we have paid, or must still pay, must be considered as the *arrivage*,
the

(a) Virg. *Æn.* 8. v. 429.

(b) Juv. *Sat.* 2. v. 32.

(c) We must say *the same now*, Dec. 31, 1796.—We have a little more hope *now*, Aug. 1797.—It has *now* again vanished (November 1797).—I can say nothing at present. (Feb. 1798.)

Of doom'd in classick (g) impotence to rave
 Their ceaseless round, within the smouldring cave,
 The dark Vulcanian chamber, whence they strove
 To forge and hurl the bolts of Stygian Jove. 110

OCTAVIUS.

the great price of delivery and redemption from slavery, revolution, French anarchy, and the dissolution of social order; when the earth is bursting asunder, and hell yawning from beneath; or in language, which Edmund Burke alone could reproduce in English,

Αναπληρωματικὸς ἐν Καδρῶν γινε, αὐτὸς τὴ γυμνασιῶν Ταττάρου.

And what wonder? It is Longinus who speaks of Homer. (a)
 (1796.)

(g) Since the passing of the Bills (in 1795) against treason, seditious meetings, assemblies, lectures, harangues, &c. John Thelwall read during the Lent season, 1796, what he termed *Classical Lectures*; and most kindly and affectionately pointed out *the defects* of all the ancient governments of Greece, Rome, *Old France*, &c. &c. and *the causes* of rebellion, insurrection, regeneration of governments, terrorism, massacres, and revolutionary murders; without *the least hint* or application to England and its constitution. Shewing *how* the Gracchi were great men, and so by implication, the Bedfords, the Lauderdale, &c.—I must own, I fear nothing from such lectures. (1796.)

(h) John Hatfield, Esq. the very learned, polite, and respectable Clerk of the House of Commons. (1796.)—This accomplished gentleman has lately resigned his office, with that propriety and

(a) Long. de Subl. Sect. 9.

OCTAVIUS.

Nay, if you thus proceed, I'll read the bill,
 In Hatfell's (*b*) clerkly tone, clear, loud, and shrill,
 And Jekyll's (*i*) comment too.

AUTHOR.

and discernment of time, and circumstance, and of the " ætatis
 " infidie," which have uniformly distinguished his very useful
 and honourable life in publick office. *Quando ullum invenient
 parem !*

THE ILLUSTRIOUS SPEAKER OF THE H. OF C. the Right
 Hon. HENRY ADDINGTON, (neither inferior nor second to any
 statesman in that House in temperate eloquence, accuracy of
 knowledge, and soundness of understanding) announced Mr. Hat-
 fell's intended resignation in a manner which did honour to
 the sincerity of his friendship, and to his sense of the loss of
 so able a servant of the publick. The House was unanimous in
 their applause. Mr. PITT seconded the Speaker, and pronounced
 also his testimony. But it is sufficient to say, Mr. PITT spoke,
 when that Right Hon. Minister thinks proper to assume the lan-
 guage of commendation.—Mr. H. has given a most judicious
 work (*b*) to the publick, which all senators will do well to
 consult frequently. Mr. Hatfell will excuse me for *adapting* to
 him *in this respect* a few words from Quintilian. " Monumenta
 " rerum posteris quærentibus tradidit. Frequentabunt ejus do-
 " num optimi juvenes, et veram viam, velut ex oraculo, pe-
 " tent.

(*b*) Precedents of Proceedings in the H. of C. with observations,
 4 volumes 4to.

A U T H O R.

Pray, heav'n, forbear :

Come then, I'll breathe at large ethereal air, 115
 Far from the bar, the senate, and the court,
 And in Avonian fields with Steevens sport,
 (Whom late, from Hampstead journeying (*k*) to his
 Aurora oft for Cephalus (*l*) mistook, [book,
 What

"tent. Hos ille formabit ut vetus gubernator, littora et portus, et quid secundis flatibus, quid adversis, ratis poscat, docebit, et communi ductus officio et amore quodam operis." Quintil. Lib. 12. c. xi. f. 1.—Mr. Hatfield will not suspect the hand which has paid this tribute to his character and his merits. (August 1797.)

(*i*) There is too much of pertness and self sufficiency in Mr. Joseph Jekyll's remarks: and I do not apprehend that his witticisms will ever shake a minister like the Rt. Hon. William Pitt.

Magno discrimine *Causam*

Protegere affectas? te consule, dic tibi, quis sis,
 Orator vehemens, an Curtius, an Matho: buccæ
 Noscenda est *mensura* tuæ.

Juv. Sat. xi. v. 32.

(*k*) He used to leave his Tusculum, the seat of Steevens and of wisdom, at Hampstead, between four and five o'clock every morning, to revise the proof sheets of the last edition of Shakespeare, 1793, in 15 vol. 8vo. at his friend Reed's chambers. I heard of nothing else at the time.

What time he brush'd her dews with hasty pace,
 To meet (*m*) the Printer's dev'let face to face :) 120
 With dogs (*n*) black letter'd in the Stratford Course,
 Mouth-match'd like bells, yet of unequal force, (*nn*)
 For well I mark'd them all (*o*) with curious heed.

OCTA-

(*I*) "Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam.

Sappho to Phaon.

I will own, I was always apprehensive for the safety and classical purity of *the Attick Boy*, so very soon in the morning, on Primrose hill, "earth's freshest softest lap," but notwithstanding these early freaks, *the youth* is still safe, as I hear. (1796.)

(*m*) "To meet—*the Sun* upon the upland lawn."

Gray's Elegy.

(*n*) See the first Dialogue of the Pursuits of Literature.

(*nn*) "My love shall hear the musick of my hounds,
 "And gallant chiding; match'd in mouth like bells,
 "Each under each," &c.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

(*o*) I termed the commentators on Shakspeare out of mere pleasantry, "black-letter dogs."—But if among these scholars, or in *any other description of the learned*, there should be found A MAN, who, with the grace of exterior accomplishment, or the fulsome semblance of it; with the gifts of fortune, and the rank of a gentleman; with a strong devotion to literature without remission and almost without example; with acuteness of mind and extensive classical erudition; who, I say, should so far forget himself, as to practise arts which would disgrace the meanest
 retainer

OCTAVIUS.

Not all : you pass'd the grave laborious (p) Reed,

Friend

retainer of learning :—*If* SUCH A MAN should be found, with fair professions and obliging attentions, simular of friendship, but at the bottom false, hollow, designing and malicious ; who jealous of every little advancement or lucky discovery, *even of a professional* artist, should strive to depress the efforts of struggling laborious merit, or to blast the rival ingenuity of his learned contemporaries ; who should inflict a wound with more than Parthian dexterity, and yet be studious of frequenting the company of men of character to countenance his own ; and finally, who should collect and scatter around him the *virus lunare*, the vaporous drops that hang in any region of infection, that the objects of their influence might feel the blast of an enchanter, and know not whence it comes : *If*, I say, SUCH A MAN should be found, I shall not name him, and it is not for him to lay bare his own conscience by a foolish, appropriating indiscretion. I have only sketched out at present such a character *in prose* ; and all I shall say further is, may He, *if* SUCH A MAN exist, strive to wipe out such actions by more than literary contrition ; and deeply feel and know that he has lived, throughout the course of a life not inconsiderable in its duration, under a fatal error and a wretched abuse of time, learning, talents, and accomplishments.—This character is left *on record*, like any of La Bruyere's, *without even the shadow of a name*. It shall ever remain *unappropriated by me*. (1796.)

Friend to most traders in researches quaint, 125
 Layman or priest, the sinner or the saint ;
 Farmer he loves, and Steevens will receive :
 Though not *Mie(pp)Maſterre(q)* Ireland by your leave.
 He laughs to ſee our new Salmoneus ſtand,
 His mimick thunder rattling o'er the Strand, 130
 On fiery courſers from Olympia's plain,
 Toffing the torch, in ſov'reign ſplendor vain,
Command

If any perſon ſhould aſk why ſuch a character was drawn, I re-
 ply in the words of Pope :

“ Aſk you the provocation that I had ?
 The ſtrong antipathy of good to BAD.”

(p) Ifaac Reed, Eſq. editor of Dodſley's old plays, lately re-
 published ; a gentleman of learning, information, and ingenuity,
 and greatly reſpected. I mention him with very particular pleaſure.
 (1796.)

(pp) Alluding to the uniform and conſtant *reduplication* of the
 old ſpelling of every word in Mr. Ireland's *new* volume by Shak-
 ſpeare. *Maſterre* for *maſter*, *bye* for *by*, *brotherre* for *brother*,
 &c. &c.

(q) The poſſeſſor and editor of the MSS. aſſerted to be Shak-
 ſpeare's ; from whoſe *officina* in Norfolk-ſtreet, iſſued the tragedy
 of Vortigern, claiming to be the compoſition of Shakspeare, acted
 in March 1799, at Drury-lane Theatre, and received in ſuch a
flattering manner. (a)

(a) i. e. *d—mn'd* by Box, Pit, and Gallery.

Command the world's prostration from afar,
 " SHAKSPEARE and JOVE" grav'd on the burning car
 In letter'd radiance ?

A U T H O R.

Soft a while ; 'tis wrong : 135

Can strains like these to manuscripts belong ?
 To notes, bonds, deeds, receipts, fac-similes,
 And all that lawyers feign for proper fees ?
 Monks and Attorneys may engage Malone :
 Annus, (r) or Ireland (s) 'tis to me all one. 140
 Give me the soul that breathes in Shakspeare's page,
 Strength from within, the unresisted rage,
 The thought that stretch'd beyond creation's bound,
 And in the flaming walls no barrier found,

The

(r) Annus was a monk of Viterbo in the 15th century, and celebrated for many forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions. See his *Seventeen Books of Antiquities*. It may be proper to observe, that mere vanity was his motive ; he never solicited any *subscription* for his ancients.

(s) See all the farrago, of which Mr. Ireland possesses the *originals*, numerous beyond belief ; I will not attempt to describe them.
 (1796.)

The pen he dipt in mind ; (ss)—I'll hush to rest
The little tumults of a critick's breast. 146

What though no Vatican unbars the door,
No Palatine to Ireland yields its store,
Treasures he has, and many a prouder tome
Than kings to Granta gave, or Bodley's dome. 150
Pages, on which the eye of Shakspeare (t) por'd,
The notes he made, the readings he restor'd,
The very gibes he scribbled, and the joke
That from the laughing bard on margins broke.
But where's the dark array, the vesture plain, 155
With many a mould'ring venerable stain ?
All fled : a wonder opens to our view ;
The shield is scower'd, and the books are new : (x)
In

(ss) Της Φυσικῆς γραμματικῆς ἢ, τον καλαμὸν ἀποτρέχων εἰς Νυν. Suidas
de Vet. Auḗt.

(t) Mr. Ireland asserts that he has *the very library of Shakspeare*,
with his signature, his notes, and remarks, &c. in the margin of
the books, all in *his own hand-writing*.

(x) Mr. Ireland has not thought proper to preserve the books of
Shakspeare's Library in their original and curious old black binding,
(as

In her own hues great Nature best is seen, 159
 So Ireland spoke; and made the black—*One Green.*

Eternal verdure bloom in Shakspeare's grove!
 Where led by light from heav'n, he oft would rove
 In solitude and sacred silence blest;
 And in the musings of his mighty breast,
 All as he scann'd the volume of the past, 165
 O'er Greece and Rome one wishful glance would cast;
 Mourn not, pleas'd Nature cried, their sounds unknown,
 My universal language is your own.

OCTAVIUS.

Enough for me great Shakspeare's words to hear,
 Though but in common with the vulgar ear, 170
 Without one note, or horn-book in my head,
 Ritson's coarse trash, or lumber of the dead.

Can

(as could have been wished;) but, like the nurse employed by Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus, he has scowered them well, and made them *all new*; and with singular felicity has *re-bound them ALL in GREEN morocco!!!*—N. B. I have written this whole passage in the Poem and the Notes, to *perpetuate the memory* of this extraordinary event in literary history, which seems to be passing into oblivion.—I cannot think that any subject relating to Shakspeare should be wholly disregarded. (1796.)

Can flippant wit, and book-learn'd confidence,
Alone give right to science, taste and sense?

Is modest worth by idle boasting shewn? 175

Then, nor till then, will I approve Malone: (y)

See

(y) See Mr. Malone's Enquiry into the authenticity of Mr. Ireland's Shakspeare MSS. &c. which he calls (not improperly) a Vindication of Shakspeare. The subject is indeed rather *overlaid* by the learned critick, but there is much sagacity and ingenuity in the treatment of it, and I think it is satisfactory and proves the point. Still Mr. Malone is too confident and presumptuous, and not always attentive to that politeness of character, which at least all amateur criticks should maintain. I think Mr. Ireland will now hardly say of these manuscripts and *original* plays of Shakspeare,

Nunc non è manibus illis,

Nunc non è tumulto fortunatâque favillâ,

Nascentur violæ? ||

No, Mr. Ireland, neither *violets* nor GUINEAS.—“Go to bed, Basil; good night, go to bed.” (See the Spanish Barber).

I have just read two pamphlets on this subject, the first by Mr. Ireland's son, and the second by Mr. Ireland himself. The shameless effrontery of THE BOY, in avowing himself the author of these manuscripts, is only equalled by the *tender sollicitude* of THE FATHER for *their* credit and authenticity. Mr. Ireland senior originally rested the whole with his son who, as he constantly affirmed, gave the collection to him, plays, receipts, drawings,

See on the critick, " in his pride of place,"

Laborious

drawings, deeds, " white, black and grey, and all the trumpery ;" but declined naming the person from whom he received them. Mr. Ireland senior now presents us with the testimony of the Rev. Dr. Parr, Sir Isaac Heard, Mr. Pinkerton, Mr. Laureat Pye, Mr. Boswell, &c. who all signed a paper (very *wisely* to be sure) that they were convinced of the authenticity of the papers. What can that prove ?—The boy's tale is simple ; he absolutely asserts that he forged the whole collection, and gave the papers to his father, to please at once and to deceive him, and the world. A very dutiful and very modest lad ! Do we believe the boy ? If we do, the business is at an end. The Father again and again asserts, that *he* is ignorant of the person or the place from whence they came, and refers to his son's information. Now he disbelieves his own son, and defends the authenticity of the papers. *Utrum Horum ?*

In short, *between them both*, Father and Son, there appears to me, what the Greeks call a *Στοργή*, a sort of natural parental affection for these manuscripts, which is very strange, and which I cannot explain, but which quite satisfies me as to the nature of their *originality*. Mr. Malone's learning and politeness have not much to do with the business *as a matter of fact* ; and the whole question now turns upon this momentous point : " whether Mr. Ireland or Mr. Malone is THE GREATEST SCHOLAR ?(c)" This is what the logicians call the *Reductio ad Absurdum* ; and there the question may sleep, and Shakspeare too. (January 3, 1797.)

(c) See Mr. Ireland's farewell pamphlet on Mr. Malone's *Scholarship*. (July 1797.)

Laborious Chalmers drops his leaden mace. (yy)
 In the wild squabbles of a wordy war,
 Let rabid (z) Porson tell, or grievedly Parr, (a) 180
 Coombe, Travis, Ireland, or whate'er the name,
 The breeding of mere criticks is the same :

From

(yy) See "The Apology for the Believers in—(Mr. Ireland's) Shakspeare Papers."

"So forced from wind-guns lead itself can fly,

"And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly through the sky."*

Mr. Chalmers is a well-informed, very useful, and well-meaning writer, but too "laborious, heavy and busy" in his works. It was but a waste of erudition to throw it away on this composition. He always has my thanks for his political information; but I wish he had more spirit and a more animated manner; for he is a gentleman of great learning and respectability.

(z) Mr. Professor Porson's Letters to Archdeacon Travis are conspicuous for their erudition, acuteness, accuracy, virulence, bitterness, and invective.

(a) I allude to Dr. Parr's Controversy with Dr. Coombe, critick and man-midwife, about Horace. It seems Dr. Parr was angry that he did not assist the little critical man-midwife at the labour, "*rite maturos aperire partus*." Dr. Parr is more fond of a Cæsarian operation in criticism. See more in a future note to the Third Dialogue of this Poem.

* Dunciad.

From royal Phalaris let your views extend
To Bristol's wizard stripling, and his end.

Hear Catcott (*b*) cry, in chearless life's decline, 185
Thus Rowley once, and Chatterton were mine.
He saw *his* Bard by Milles's pond'rous length (*bb*)
O'erlaid, revive in splendor, fame, and strength,
For Bryant (*c*) came; the Muses all return,
And light their lamps at Rowley's fruitful urn; 190

While

(*b*) When I *first* published the first part of this poem (in 1794) I had only casually glanced on the subject of Rowley. See P. of L. Part I. but since that time having had some leisure and more curiosity, I have perused many of the learned treatises upon it. I neither have, nor will have, any thing to do with the decision of such a controversy as this, which is even now scarcely at rest; but having the feelings of a gentleman, I was struck, as I was reading, with the cruel treatment of poor Mr. Catcott of Bristol, the sneers upon the *pewterer*, and the illiberal reflections on a plain, curious, honest, and inoffensive man, without whose zeal and solicitude, I speak (from the printed accounts) these singular poems would never have appeared. He seemed to say with justice,

Oro, miserere laborum
Tantum, miserere animi non digna ferentis.*

(*bb*) The edition of Rowley's Poems by the Rev. Dr. Milles.

* Virg. *Æn.* 2. v. 143.

While Cam receiv'd the Bard with all his train,
Though Isis turn'd her current in disdain.

The

(c) No man of literature can pass by the name of Mr. BRYANT without gratitude and reverence. He is a gentleman of attainments peculiar to himself, and of classical erudition without an equal in Europe. His whole life has been spent in laborious researches, and the most curious investigations. He has a youthful fancy, and a playful wit : with the mind, and occasionally with the pen, of a poet ; and with an ease and simplicity of style aiming only at perspicuity, and, as I think, attaining it. He has contended in various fields of controversy with various success ; but always with a zeal for truth and a soberness of enquiry. In speaking of Mr. Bryant, I have no necessity, as I too often have, to qualify my commendations. He has lived to see his eightieth winter (and may he yet long live) with the esteem of the wise and good ; in honourable retirement from the cares of life ; with a gentleness of manners, and a readiness and willingness of literary communication seldom found. He is admired and sought after by the young who are entering on a course of study ; and revered, and often followed, by those who have completed it. Above all, he has gone forth in the strength imparted unto him, in defence of the holy law made and given by God ; he has put on the panoply from above, and having enlarged his mind and sanctified his studies, he may expect with humble confidence the consummation of his reward.

NOMEN IN EXEMPLUM SERO SERVABIMUS ÆVO.* (1796.)

* Milton ad Patrem v. 201.

K

The Boy whom once patrician pens adorn'd,
 First meanly flatter'd ; (cc) then as meanly scorn'd,
 Drooping he (dd) rais'd, and lent his little aid,
 The gleanings of a hard and humble trade. 196
 Innocuous man : yet what may truth avail !
 Blameless his life, and simple as his tale ;
 Each rude enquirer's sneering taunt he feels,
 Contempt or insult dogs him at his heels ; 200
 No kind support subscribing fondness pours,
 For him no wealth descends in fost'ring show'rs ;
 Yet be this truth to future times reveal'd,
 " The wound a Varro gave, IAPIS heal'd." (a)

Go

(cc) Alluding to the letters written by the Hon. Horace Walpole (now Lord Orford) to Thomas Chatterton, printed in some magazines or newspapers. I remember to have seen them, but I cannot point out at present the time or date of them. I think they were written from Strawberry Hill, but I am not sure.

(dd) i. e. Mr. Catcott.

(a) See Bishop Atterbury's comment on *the DILECTUS IAPIS* of Virgil.—I shall add, ΙΑΤΡΙΚΩΤΑΤΟΣ, φιλοδαρος και αδωροδοκτης, φιλοπαιχος, γενναιος, νεων διορθωτης, ιστιος, δικαιος, ευσεβης, ΕΙΣ ΑΚΡΟΝ ΤΗΣ ΠΑΙΔΕΙΑΣ εληλακως.

Go now, for moths, and rolls, and parchments search;
 Ranfack the chest, the clofet, or the church; 206
 Brave all the joint associates of A. S.
 The jest insipid, and the idle gueſs;
 Bind, copy, comment, manuſcript and print,
 Take from good-natur'd friends ſome uſeful hint, 210
 From Bewick's (*d*) magick wood throw borrow'd rays
 O'er many a page in gorgeous Bulmer's blaze;
 Alas, for thee! nor profit, hope, nor fame,
 Contempt your lot, and ſolitary ſhame.

Go rather and indulge DRAMATICK rage; 215
 All love a publick or a private ſtage:
 Our nobles now, *as players*, will be ſeen,
 A Duke's chaſte daughter or a Margravine;

Fled

(*d*) Mr. Bewick, the great reſtorer of the long loſt art of engraving upon wood. I need only mention his figures of the quadrupeds, and his plates to Bulmer's edition of Goldſmith's poems. Mr. Bulmer is the ingenious printer of Boydell's magnificent edition of Shakspeare; A WORK which, having been uniformly conducted on liberal principles, and intended for the honour of the country, ſhould be patroniſed by the Engliſh nation.

Fled is the soft reserve and nicer sense,
 Those primal guards of love and innocence ; 220
 Unzon'd the nymphs, like Highland Charlotte clad.

AUTHOR.

Why not *all* bare? less shame's in being mad. (e)

OCTAVIUS.

Soft: and o'er female failings lightly pass ;
 And may Aglaia (f) lead them to their glass,
 Connubial

(e) The *dress* of the present period has warranted the caricatures of the day, particularly one, which is called "The dress of ladies as it will be." I write in A. D. Seventeen Hundred and Ninety Six. Juvenal, who wrote about the year Ninety-Six, said on a similar subject, "Nudus agas; minus est infamia turpis." Sat. 2. v. 71. But strange to say, he was speaking of the dress of *men*.

(f) Aglaia is the name of one of the Graces; she dictated to Mr. Pope the following lines:

Let not *each beauty* EVERY WHERE be spied,
 Where half the skill is *decently* to hide.†

The ladies should remember that the imagination is a busy power.

† Moral Epistles: Ep. 4. v. 53.

Connubial glories rising o'er their head, 225
 As life's domestick happier stage they tread;
 There may they look, well pleas'd themselves to find
 The guardians, comforts, teachers of mankind.

A U T H O R.

I listen with delight : that strain again ;
 I'll bless the sex.

O C T A V I U S.

Now pass to titled men. 230
 Mark, as Thalia calls in graceful air,
 The soft patrician of St. James's square ; (g)
 Her *nuptial* (b) voice at Blenheim Marlborough heard,
 While lyrick Carlisle purrs (i) o'er love transferr'd.
 Nay

(g) His Grace the Duke of Leeds, a good scholar, one of the very best bred men in the kingdom, and the most polite ; a great patron of the drama and its concerns.

(b) *A Private Theatre* often proves a convenient chapel of ease to *Hymen*.—*Families of rank, distinction, and fortune, will at last be convinced, what is the natural and inevitable conclusion of boys*
 and

Nay Thurlow once, ('tis said) could sing or swear,
 Like *Polypheme*, "I cannot, cannot bear;" (k) 236
 For

and girls making love to one another upon any stage, publick or private, particularly *in a private theatre*. If it terminates in *marriage*, the Fathers and Mothers should not be surpris'd or angry. If the end of it, is intrigue; if the girls are debauched, and the boys come into life with the manners and morals of Players, the parents may be sorry; but it is their own work.

(i) *Purrs*.—Dr. Johnson says, "to *purr* is to *murmur* as a cat or leopard *in pleasure*." I have heard that Lord Carlisle ("Quel d'amor travagliato SACRIPANTE,") is writing an opera entitled, "*Angelica e MEDORO*." Angelica is supposed to be rather *advanced in life*; and I think her *grand-daughter* is brought on the stage.—ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΟΙ. (1796.)—The Opera, as it is conjectured, is to be dedicated to THE RIGHT HONOURABLE Lady Jersey, in memory and in imitation of the gallant and accomplished Medoro, as recorded by Ariosto:

"Della Comodità che quì m'è data,

Io povero Medor, &c.

Ariosto adds, of the noble Earl, or Count,

"Era scritto in *Arabico*, che IL CONTE

Intendea così ben come *Latino*."

O. F. Cant. 23. f. 108.

N. B. If my romantick memory does not deceive me, Sacripante was *jilted* by Angelica. See Ariosto. But subjects of the highest importance are pressing on me so fast, that I am obliged to dismiss Lord Carlisle, Lady Jersey, &c. &c. and all the *youths* who are dying for places or for love, in the words of the poet,

Nè

For ah ! presumptuous *Acis* (*kk*) wrests the prize,
And ravishes (*l*) the nymph before his eyes :

Such

Nè sono a Ferrau, nè à *Sacripante*,
(O fia *CARLIGLIO*) per donar più rima ;
Da lor mi leva il Principe d' *Anglante*, &c.

O. F. Cant. 12. s. 96.

(*k*) " Torture, fury, rage, despair,
" I cannot, cannot bear."

Air (by *Polypheme*) in the *Serenata* of *Acis* and *Galatea*.

(*kk*) Presumptuous *Acis*. (i. e. Mr. Pitt.)—I allude to a circumstance not generally known ; but which, as I have never seen any publick notice of it, these lines are meant to record. About *two* years ago the *Serenata*§ of *ACIS AND GALATEA* (with some violation, I believe, of the fable, and not a little of the harmony and of the melody) was performed in Downing Street to a private company. The part of *Acis* by Mr. *PITT*, *Polypheme* by *LORD THURLOW*, and *Galatea*, by *LORD LOUGHBOROUGH*. *Mezzi Soprani*,

LORD

§ Mr. *PITT* patronizes *musical* performances on the principle of the gods according to Plato ; but with Apollo, Dionufus is not forgotten. " Οι θεοι οικτειραντες ανθρωπων (some MS. insert πολιτικων) επιπον πεφυκος γενος, τας Μυσας και Απολλωνα και Διονυσον ξυνεορταστας, εδοσαν." Plat. de Legibus. l. 2. § In Mr. Pitt's *musical* ministry, the famous terms of the *Εκλυσις* and the *Εκβολη* of Bacchius and Aristides are familiar and much used by this great modern artist. The *Ψαλμος Αντιφθογγος* (see Athenæus L. 14. p. 635.) between Mr. Pitt and Lord Thurlow was much admired by the Cabinet about the year 1794.

§ Plat. Op. Ed. Serrani Tom 2. p. 653.

Such feats his honour little Pepper (*m*) saw,
In all the pride of musick and of law. 240

AUTHOR.

LORD KENYON and PEPPER ARDEN, with a sort of *Messa Bassa* by EDMUND BURKE; the other *vocal* parts by a select Committee of both Houses *à due cori*. I was not present at the entertainment myself, but was informed, that Mr. Pitt, in the execution of the *difficult passages*, did not sufficiently attend to his *appoggiaturas*, which indeed he seldom does; that the *baritono* of Lord Thurlow was quite Polyphemish, and fully sustained; but that it was impossible to do justice to Lord Loughborough's *diminuendo*, when—
he died away in the arms of Acis. (1796.)

N. B. Bishop Hurd would say this note is allegorical, or *Eleusian*: the late Mr. Gibbon and Lord Sheffield would as stoutly deny it. For my own part I think there is much eloquent musick in these *metaphors*; which record the political conversion of LORD LOUGHBOROUGH to Mr. Pitt's party.—*Ah! le Grand Opera!!!* (1796.)

(*l*) The Nymph, i. e. Galatea, i. e. Lord Loughborough. This was more than a *Sabine* feat in my opinion. Who's afraid? not Mr. Pitt.

(*m*) Little Pepper, i. e. Sir Richard Pepper Arden, Kt. Master of the Rolls. His *legal* abilities have certainly been under rated, but I have done ample justice to his *musical* powers.

† All the *Catholics* know (and we have enough of them to tell us, as the Marquis and Marchioness of Buckingham know to *their own* and *their company's cost*) that the *Messa Bassa* is a *silent mass* whispered by the priest during a musical performance. (1796.)

AUTHOR.

If truth and joke, though pleasingly combine,
What credit will attend the motley line?
Where is your trust?

OCTAVIUS.

To this discerning land
I trust, and laugh : there are who understand.
If from state farces, when the House is up, 245
Some seek the green room, and with Kemble sup,
(For who on *modest* merit shuts the door ?)
Leeds says, so gentle Lælius did before ;
Lælius, in whom each graceful act could please,
In Wisdom mild, and dignified in ease, 250
With Terence oft the publick cares would shun.

AUTHOR.

TERENCE and Kemble—the dispute is done.
I ever mark'd (deem not the thought severe)
What bounds divide the actor from the peer :

Confound

Confound them, I'll believe a faint, a rogue ; 255
 Andrews writes farce, a Duke the epilogue ;
 Burke may the right of property invade ;
 Steevens contract the Commentator's trade ;
 To Erskine, Kenyon seem a classick wit ;
 Or Paine apologize for holy writ ; 260
 THE DRAMATIST (*n*) himself and fame belie,
 And leave the stage for truth and honesty ;
 St. Helens quit his diplomattick pomp ;
 Siddons be comick ; Jordan sink the Romp ;
 Ireland prove Shakspeare ; Bentley be Malone ;
 Thelwall dread preaching, or high treason, Stone ;
 Who hates not Merry, Jerningham may love ; 267
 And Gifford Della Crusca's self approve.

O C T A V I U S.

Merry and Crusca !—Gifford's right : beware ;
 The very ground is his and Bavian air. 270

AUTHOR.

(*n*) See a Poem entitled, " The Political Dramatist of the House
 " of Commons in 1795 : a Satire, 2d Ed. with a Postscript con-
 " taining Remarks on the Declaration of the Whig Club on the
 " 23d of January 1796." This Poem is recommended to the
 publick on those *publick* principles, which I consider as of the
 highest importance to these kingdoms.

A U T H O R.

No : I'll not seek the tracts his arrows fire
 With light that marks, but marks not to expire ;
 The climes he roams, where'er his footsteps sped,
 I pass with caution, or but lightly tread,
 Or pleas'd with flow'rs his fancy best can strew,
 I sit, and think I read my Pope anew. (l) 276

Yet grant the stage is *noble* ; I believe
 Greek is plebeian, with Lord (n) Belgrave's leave ;
 Though

(l) The author of the *Baviad* and the *Mæviad*. Mr. Gifford is the most *correct* poetical writer I have read, since the days of Pope. Upon the whole, I give the preference to the *Baviad*, after much consideration, though both the Poems may be studied with pleasure and advantage.—I have not the honour of Mr. Gifford's acquaintance ; and indeed, from the nature of my retirement, I probably may never see him. (1796.)

(n) Lord Belgrave ; a learned and accomplished young nobleman of the present time. At his first entrance into the House of Commons in all the honest enthusiasm of his heart, in academick freshness and classick vigour, he quoted a passage from Demosthenes *in Greek*. This subjected him to the idle and impotent ridicule of the *Dramatist of the House of Commons*, whose *schoolboy* memory on that occasion happened to be more accurate. Lord Belgrave had
 done

Though now some high imperial criticks chafe,
To think not Æchylus himself is safe. 280

Go to his text: revise, digest, compare,
With Porson's shrewdness, or with Valknaer's care:
Say, is the learned page once out of sight?
Some Scotch Greek swindling printer (o) steals your
right.

But
done no more than I have often heard from Mr. Fox himself, who
loves and understands Greek. As to the long and illustrious train
of our young nobility and gentry, distinguished for their loyal con-
duct and attachment to their country, I will say with some spirit
and animation;

Dii patrii, quorum semper sub numine *Troja* est,
Non tamen omnino Teucros delere paratis,
Cum tales animos Juvenum, et tam certa tulistis
Pectora!§

(m) "They swear, not Addison himself is safe." Pope.

(o) I allude to a transaction which seems to be unwarrantable.
Mr. Porson, the Greek Professor at Cambridge, lent his manuscript
corrections and conjectures on the text of Æschylus, to a friend in
Scotland; for he once had, and I hope still has, an intention of
publishing that Tragedian, though it may now be suspended. His
corrected text fell into the hands of the Scotch printer Fowles, and
without the Professor's leave, or even knowledge, he published a
magnificent edition of Æschylus from it, without notes. I believe
my statement is tolerably correct. I am sure I would not misre-
present any fact whatever, nor have I ever done so intentionally;
and

§ Virg. *Æn.* 9. v. 247.

But mark, the sea-birds found the note of doom,
 And venom'd insects (*p*) cluster round the tomb, 286
 The Grecian billows foam along the strand,
 In angry murmurs deaf'ning all the land ;
 Ranging for vengeance from his native shore,
 ARCHILOCHUS is rous'd, to sleep no more. 299

and I would retract any mistake with the utmost willingness. I hope however that Mr. Porson will not be discouraged, but continue his labours on the Greek Lexicon of *Photius*, as the learned world are in eager expectation of a work so long, and hitherto so vainly, desired. But, in my opinion, the lovers of literature would be infinitely more obliged to him, or to any other illustrious critick, for a new edition of the *Greek Bibliotheca of Photius*, which abounds with the most curious and valuable Excerpta of Writers, whose integral works are lost for ever. At present it is troublesome even to read the remains of the laborious erudition of the Patriarch of Byzantium. (1796.)

(*p*) The tomb of Archilochus was placed on the sea shore, (I think in the island of Paros,) and the poets feigned that in the cavities of the stone, worn away by the waves, a swarm of wasps was concealed, ready to avenge the least insult that could be offered to it,

END OF THE SECOND DIALOGUE.

THE
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

DIALOGUE THE THIRD.

Εκλαγξαν δ' αὖ οἷστοι ἀπ' ὤμων χρομένοιο,
Αὐτὸν κινήθετος. ὃ δ' ἦν Νυκτὶ εὐκλῆς.
Ἐξέτ' ἐπειτ' ἀπανεύθε νέων, μετὰ δ' ἰὸν ἔηκε,
Διὶν δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ' ἀργυρέοιο βίοιο.
Οὐρήας μὲν πρῶτον ἐπώχετο, καὶ ΚΥΝΑΣ ἀργῆς,
Αὐτὰρ ἐπειτ' ΑΥΤΟΙΣΙ βέλους ἐχεύεσκες ἀφίεις
Βαλλ'· αἶεϊ δὲ πυραὶ νεκρῶν καίοντο θαμνίσαι.

Hom. Π. 1.

P R E F A C E

TO THE THIRD DIALOGUE (a)

OF THE

PURSUI TS OF L I T E R A T U R E.

Τὰντα πάνθ' ὑπὲρ ὧν, ὑπὲρ τῆς Ἀληθείας, ὑπὲρ τῆς ἡμετέρας
Πολίτειας, καὶ τῶν Νόμων, καὶ τῆς Σωτηρίας, καὶ τῆς Εὐσέβειας, καὶ
τῆς Δοξῆς, καὶ τῆς Ελευθερίας, ὑπὲρ τῶν κοινῇ πᾶσι Συμφερόντων,
ΑΚΡΙΒΟΛΟΓΟΥΜΑΙ ΚΑΙ ΔΙΕΞΕΡΧΟΜΑΙ. (b)

I PRESENT the Third Part of this Poem to the publick,
at the same time that I offer the Second: though I had
intended to delay it. But some subjects are of an im-
portance serious and urgent, not to be deferred. Where-
ever the freedom of the press exists, (and WITH US may
that freedom be perpetual!) I must assert *that* L I T E R A -
T U R E, *well or ill conducted*, IS THE GREAT ENGINE by
L *which,*

(a) First printed in May 1796.

(b) Demosthenes.

which, I am fully persuaded, all CIVILIZED states must ultimately be supported or overthrown.

It is not enough to say, a book is bulky or voluminous, and therefore can have no effect upon the mass of the people, because that opinion is not true. Such a book can not only be abridged and dispersed abroad, but a man like Thomas Paine, with a rude, wicked, and daring manner of thinking, and with vulgar but impressive language, may blend the substance of the opinions with his own, and in a short popular tract make them familiar and intelligible to every apprehension. Thus are men *fooled* out of their understanding, *fooled* out of their security, and *fooled* out of their happiness: and when they have lost every blessing *beyond recovery*, they look round at each other in a stupid despair, clashing their chains and unable to shake them off, and ask, "*How* has all this been brought about?"

I am not an enemy to the liberty of discussion, and the toleration of opinions; I am for NO literary proscription. But I think it is plainly our *interest*, as well as our duty, (*while we yet may*) to strive to support THAT CONSTITUTION IN CHURCH AND STATE, which has hitherto been able to build us up, and to give us an inheritance, or rather the pre-eminence, among all those who have been strengthened by policy, or sanctified by revelation. What I would contend for also, is this; that among all who are worthy to be called scholars or legislators, criticism, observation, and watchfulness are peculiarly necessary; that men may hear of their common danger, and be admonished to put a few plain questions to themselves; "WHAT are we going to resign or give up, and *why*?"
WHAT

WHAT are we going to adopt, and *wherefore?*" I repeat it, NOW, in this our day, while the bitterness of *political death* is passing upon almost every other nation in Europe.

When we are opening the *avenues* to *Political Reform*, and to the consequent inevitable dissolution of our own government, is it possible that we can for a moment forget the tremendous Republic? Over every state, and island, and promontory in Europe she sits tyrant or arbitress.

ΑΠΑΥΓΑΣΑΙ ΟΙΟΣ ΕΦΕΔΡΟΣ

Θυρεός ἐξ ὑπατὸς σκοπῆς ἔχει, ὅς κε σὶ ῥίμα
ΒΥΣΣΟΘΕΝ ἐξεύσσει! (c).

From every other state, but England, the sceptre has fallen by the arms, or the principles, or the treachery of France. What she can effect by war and invasion, that she most readily and most willingly accomplishes. But she has other means, not less terrible, nor less certain. The subterranean wind of this fierce democracy has force enough to overthrow, or to transport, hills and rocks *torn from Pelorus*, (d) and by this explosion they too often have

L 2

perished.

(c) Callim. Hymn. ad Delum, 125. The imagery of this Hymn is peculiarly splendid and awful. The whole may be perused with much pleasure. The sentiments and expressions have often a sublime piety.

Τείχεα μὲν καὶ λᾶες ὑπαι ῥίπης γε πεσοῖεν
Στῆμνονι Βορέας· Θεὸς δ' αἰὶ ἀστυφαλίας!
Δηλε φίλη, τοιοῦς σε βοηθοὺς ἀμφιέει.

v. 25.

(d) "L'alpestro monte, ond' è tronco Peloro."

Dant. Purg. C. 14.

Whence Milton took his celebrated expressions, P. L. b. 1. 232

perished. In the agony of these reflections language will labour, and the images of nature and all her elements in conflict and convulsion will present themselves.

When indeed I consider this great, powerful, and yet opulent kingdom, with all its bearings and dependencies, I know not which to reprobate most, the folly or the wickedness of its internal enemies, and of the desperate French faction in the heart of its metropolis. When I think on these things, and at the same time reflect, that the eyes of the whole nation were *originally* opened by ONE MAN, and the systems of internal destruction and of irreversible misery, which awaited *us*, were displayed and confounded by HIS powers, I pardon and forget his eccentricities, and even his partiality for the Romish faith and its professors, and the heat and violence which too frequently and too fatally attend upon the uncontrolled Genius of EDMUND BURKE. Sometimes indeed, (it is when my heart burns within me) I pour out my thoughts by myself in contemplation of MY COUNTRY, which I love with ardour unabated, and of *its* GREAT CITIZEN, whom I approach with reverence, in the words of the poet ;

Quæ cum magna modis multis miranda videtur
Gentibus humanis Regio, visendaque fertur,
Rebus opima bonis, multâ munita virûm vi,
NIL tamen HOC habuisse VIRO PRÆCLARIBUS in se,
Nec sanctum magis et mirum carumque videtur (e).

But

(e) "Animo vidit, ingenio complexus est, eloquentiâ illuminavit." These are the words of Paternus concerning Cicero. How natural to transfer them to EDMUND BURKE ! (1796.) The words of one of the Fathers of the Church were verified by the zeal, writings, speeches, and exertions of this great man.

Αρκεῖ Εἶς Ἀνθρώπος ζῆλῳ πεπυρωμένος ὈΔΟΚΑΗΡΟΝ διορθώσασθαι Δῆμον.
Chrysoſt. Ἀνθρ. α.

But still on such a subject, of such a man, and at such a time, I would speak with precision, and admire with circumspection. Let us call to mind for a moment the few years just past, and the transactions, the traces of which are felt and visible. I would pass over them rapidly, but I could wish the view to be impressive. We have been delivered from a state of much *internal* terror and impending anarchy, and from the confusion of a new political chaos, where all was brute and disorderly. Our constitution, our liberties, and our *rights*, (I fear not to name the word, we have and enjoy them all, RIGHTS publick and private) all these have been preserved and confirmed. Every rank in society, the peasant, the lawyer, the mechanic, the farmer, the tradesman, the private gentleman, have all felt and acknowledged, and obeyed the paramount call of their country. Peace is within our walls, and it is their work. In the higher orders of the state, and in the Sovereign, we have seen a gracious behaviour, a common interest, an equal exertion, and a regular, defined, limited power. Of such a conduct security is the natural production; it blossoms into fruit. But with this, though man might be happy, he will not always, or indeed long, be satisfied. He will reach at perfection absolute and unqualified. He forgets, that *theoretical perfection* in government and *practical oppression* are closely allied. He will be more than man, and he becomes less. In the years 1788 and 89, the visionary prospect from the shore of France opened on the eyes of our modern Reformers. England looked upon these Reformers, and the government neglected them. Societies, in the very face of an insulted legislature, boldly multiplied, and magnified, and

and consolidated each other. All grew up in silence. There was no publick apprehensions among the well-affected, no distrust. We laughed at metaphysical distinctions, and idle terms of scholastick art, and revolutionary dinners, and republican toasts. It was an hour of general and of unaccountable indifference. The great chain of posts, and a species of *telegraphick* communication had been established unperceived. The English Revolution in 1688 was held up to seeming approbation and reverence, but in reality to secret or rather to open contempt; and the Revolution in France 1788, was the Revolution which they intended to realize and to celebrate. The Reformers strove to buy golden opinions of their fellow citizens, and to wear them in the newest gloss. The external decoration deceived the eye. The painted sepulchre was prepared and whited without, the vault and receptacle of all our ancient liberties, and rights and securities, and properties, and common comforts. Still we beheld all this, but went our way, and forgot what manner of men these Reformers were. At this very hour, when the publick mind was darkened that it could not discern, when in every quarter of the heaven appeared vapour, and mist, and cloud, and exhalation:

La piova maladetta, fredda, e greve,
 (Regola e qualità strana era, e nuova)
 Grandine grossa, e acqua tinta, e neve,
 Per l'aer tenebroso si reversa; (a)

at this very hour the morning horizon began suddenly to redden. It was the dawn. Then indeed, " First in his
 east

(a) Dante Inf. C. 6. From what other Poet, ancient or modern, could I draw forth such expressions?

east the glorious lamp was seen, Regent of Day!" This luminary was EDMUND BURKE. Light broke upon them all. The features of misrule and malignity, of tyranny and oppression, the fabled spectres and hostile powers figured by poets and orators, were realized in the spirits of turbulence, dissatisfaction, sedition, rebellion, and democracy. But they were seen to be dispersed. The rays of the orb were direct, collected, and concentrated: they had power to illuminate and to consume. But the course of this orb, though marked, was short. It is set; never to return.*

Ευδεις!—αλλ' ο Σειο λαλασμενοι εσμεν, Αχιλλευ!
Ου μιν Σε ζωοντος ακηδεις, οδε θανοντος. (b)

But I must proceed.—I confess that I am not such a desperate lover of what is brought to me for abstract political truth, as never to make an enquiry into the characters of the proposers of it, their personal views, and the men and measures with which they are connected. I feel myself a member of regulated society, and I would maintain an established order. I acknowledge myself a subject of a mild and equitable government, (though under a most severe temporary pressure) and I would preserve that government which gives US ALL protection. And when I adopt the great rule, that “we should love our neighbour as ourselves,” I have not yet made such advances in the theory of political justice and in the new wisdom, as coolly to assert, that “this maxim, though possessing “considerable merit as a popular principle, is not strictly “modelled

• (August 1797.)

(b) Hom. Il. 23, v. 69.

"modelled with philosophical *precision*." (a) I have not yet learned to treat the Revelation of GOD, or the institutions of my country, with contumely. I have no romantick ideas of virtues without motives, and of actions without regulations. I believe it to be a matter of general safety, that crimes should be *discerned*, as well as repressed, by legal sanctions; and that the nature of justice, and of injustice, should be declared, taught, and enforced, by law, by religion, and by education. Experience has instructed me, and reason and reflection have confirmed me in the belief, that Conscience may be erroneous; that it is a monitor which needs advice, and a guide which often calls for superior direction. I look upon justice as the foundation (b) and support, but not *as the whole* of human duty; and I cannot, in insulting language, resolve the sum and substance of all government and civil society into "Laws proclaimed by Heralds, and expounded by Curates." (c)

Yet

(a) See an enquiry into Political Justice, by William Godwin, 2d Edit. 8vo. vol. 1. page 127.

(b) Δίκα πολίων ἀσφαλὲς ΒΑΘΡΟΝ. [Pindar.] But who calls a *foundation*, a building?—The whole passage of the poet has such strength and grace, when applied to Great Britain, that I will present it to our Grecian patriots. "Οἶκον ἄμερον ἀστοῖσι ξένοισι δὲ θρασυόντα, γινώσκουσι τὰν ἐλθίαν Κορινθόν, προθύρον Ποσειδάωνος, ἀλγασκόμενον. Ἐν τᾷ γὰρ Εὐνομία ναιεῖ, κασιγνήται τι, Δίκα πολίων ἀσφαλὲς καθρὼν, καὶ ὁμοτροπὸς Εἰρήνη, ταμίαι ἀνδράσι πλῆντι, χρυσταὶ παῖδες εὐδαίμων Θεμιστοῦ, ἀλεξέειν, ὕβριν κοροῦ ματέρα θρασυμύθον. Ἐν δὲ Μοῖσ' ἀδύπνοος, ἐν δ' Ἀρης νεῶν ἡλιαῖς αἰχμᾶσιν ἀνδρῶν. Pind. Olymp. O. 13.

(c) See Godwin on Justice as above, vol. 2. p. 299.

Hec Ego non credam Venusinâ digna lucernâ?

Hec Ego non agitem?

Juv. Sat. 1. v. 51.

Yet do I not speak *professionally*. I have no *personal* interference in the church, the law, or the state. But I speak again and again, with earnestness and with sincerity, from the mingled affections of regard, fear, and hope *for us*, (and I trust, we are the great majority) who *yet* remain firm, constant, and unshaken by such writers as these. I speak to all, who have the courage, and learning, and ability to repress them, not by force, (God forbid!) but by reasoning, and by appeals to the understanding, and the social relations of their fellow creatures. I speak to all who can rescue them from the cold unfeeling tyranny of modern metaphysics, as exhibited in the new systems of government and manners, (religion they have none); and from nonsense which must at last be found impracticable, when every estate and condition of man has been overthrown for their pleasure and experiments; that these new arbiters, or creators, of human destiny may introduce a government without principles, laws without mercy, and morality without a motive.

The main point of rest to every empire is the principle on which voluntary and habitual obedience is paid to established authority. Half a century is insufficient for any *new power or constitution* to find its level. It is indeed matter of great patience, as well as of deepest concern, to reasonable men, to observe what is *still* carrying on in this country in defiance of every evil which has been felt, and will long continue to be felt, from the introduction of new principles among other nations. For the sentence of final destruction seems to be now executing on the various governments of Europe.

“ Yes,

" Yes, I must weep for you, ye rival vales,
 Arno and Andalusia ! but for thee
 More largely, and with filial tears must weep,
 O Albion, O my country ! *Musi thou join,*
In vain dis sever'd from the rest ?—"

I trust not in vain. (a) *Still the last dispensation of mercy is offered TO THIS ISLAND: and it is only to be deserved and continued to us by firmness, temperance and piety, and by perseverance in the constitution sacred and civil which now is; without daring to attempt any present innovation*

(a) Historical facts of ancient times are wholly inadequate to the illustration of the present great events, but some passages are not unworthy of attention. In the 256th year of Rome, when the Latins declared for Tarquin, the *Conscript Fathers* were not terrified, though all their *Allies*, the Rutuli, the Volsci, and other powers deserted them. *The Senate* was still bold, though Rome had rebellious subjects in the heart of the metropolis, and the State and Constitution were preserved. There were men who, like the Tookes and Thelwalls of our days, taught the people, "μη φιλοχωρειν εν πολει μηδενης αυτοις αγαθου μεταδιδουση," and enforced all the popular arguments of revolt and sedition. I refer to the fifth Book of the Roman Antiquities of Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Sect. 63, which is curious and instructive. But one sentence of this neglected Historian is so singularly applicable to our own immediate circumstances (August 1787) that it may not be improper to insert it. It is from the 62d Section of the 5th Book. "Ουδεν οι Ρωμαιοι ταπεινωθεντες, ο παθειν ειμος ην της μεγαντε πολεμον αναρουμενους, και ΠΑΣΑΣ ΑΠΕΓΝΩΚΟΤΑΣ ΣΥΜΜΑΧΙΚΑΣ ΕΛΠΙΔΑΣ, αλλα ταις οικειαις δυναμεσι πιστευσαντες μοναις, πολλω προθυμότεροι προς τον Αγωνα εγινοντο, ως δια την αναγκην ανδρες αγαθοι παρα της κινδυνος εσομενοι, και εαν κατ'α νεν κραξωσι, ταις ιδιαις αρεταις κατορθωσαντες τον πολεμον, υδεν κοινοσταμενθι της δοξης."

Dion. Halicarn. Rom. Hist. I. 5. S. 60.

Innovation in theory or in practice. It is indeed by looking calmly, (not as slaves or bigots, but as wise men,) upon those imperfections, which human institutions never can prevent, or wholly remove, that we may *yet* hope, under Providence, to preserve for ourselves and our posterity the blessings of cultivated society, in this awful and general convulsion of Europe. They are best secured to us by our present form of government and laws, which being just in their principle, temperate in their effects, impartial in their application, and merciful in their execution, have the sanction of time, of wisdom, and of experience. In whatever shape *French Philosophy* may approach, however recommended or dignified, or disguised, by scholars, or by ignorant and seditious men, in Greek, in Latin, in French, or in English, I would resist and repel it. Whenever the machine appears before the walls, I shall never regard it as the gift of Minerva, but call aloud to try the temper and the substance of it, *ferro Argolicas fœdare latebras*, to distrust the present, and to reject the offer. Let the enemy be dragged forth to light and shewn *as he is*, and I will yet trust that the kingdom and the citadel may stand.

The THIRD PART of this poem opens with a playful subject, and it is treated as such. But as the poem advances, I must (to use a prophet's expression) "shew my dark speech upon the harp," and must, now and then perchance, strike the strings somewhat *loudly*, and descend into a more severe and a more solemn harmony. But what I esteem to be necessary, that I will declare; and what I feel it to be my duty to represent, that I will have the boldness to publish. Through the whole course of my life, in every trying circumstance, and in every wayward event,

event, publick and private, I have held fast the concise and strong admonition of the poet :

TU NE CEDE MALIS ; *sed contra audentior ito,*
Quam tua te Fortuna sinet.

My learning and researches, such as they are, I submit to scholars ; my opinions, my labour, and my services, in the integrity of affection, I offer TO MY COUNTRY ; my errors and defects I leave to publick reprehension, in a respectful silence. Whether men will hear, or whether they will not hear, is not strictly my personal concern ; but my intention *no man taketh from me.*

THE
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

DIALOGUE THE THIRD. (a)

Ματαιολογῶν Φῆμα προσεπτάτο Ἑλλάδα᾽ ἡρώπολον, σοφὰς ἐπιφθόων
τεχνῆας οὐκ εἶδος. (b)

OCTAVIUS.

WHAT then, shall none remain, to whom belongs
The care of Attick bards and Dorian songs? (c)
Shall England boast no more, in order'd clans,
Her owls from Athens and her Delian swans?

Is

(a) First printed in May 1796.

(b) Athenæi Deipnosophist: L. 14. p. 617. Ed. Casaub.

(c) The subject of Greek Literature is resumed. See the conclusion of the Second Dialogue.

Is no memorial left of ancient fame,
No dirge funereal, nor *one Grecian game?*

5

A U T H O R.

There is : lo, learned Clerks in fable stole,
Graceful in years, pant eager for the goal. (a)
Old Norb'ry (b) starts, and with the *seventh-form* (c) boys
In weeds of Greek the church-yard's peace annoys, 10
With classick Weston, (cc) Charley Coote, and Tew, (d)
In dismal dance about the mournful yew.

But

(a) I allude to the rage for translating Gray's Elegy into Greek verse, by so many combatants for the prize, of whom more in the following notes.

(b) The Reverend Doctor Norbury, late one of the assistants and now one of the fellows (*or old boys*) at Eton, published the first Greek translation of the Elegy.

(c) In Eton School there are but six forms for the boys.—These Reverend Divines, it seems, have only taken *one step* since they left school.

(cc) The Rev. Mr. Stephen Weston is a man of much ingenuity, great classical knowledge, and skilled in various languages.

But first in notes Sicilian (e) plac'd on high,
Bates sounds the soft preluding symphony ;

And

(d) Monsieur PELTIER (Editor of the *Tableau de Paris*, &c.) favoured me with the following record and extract, which I give in his own French terms, as they are very significant and forcible.

“ PLACE DE LA TRADUCTION.

“ JEAN NORBURY, Docteur en Théologie, Chanoine et Associé à Eton. *Agè soixante et huit ans.*

“ ETIENNE WESTON, Bachelier en Théologie, Abbé, Voyageur, Versificateur, *et devant Recteur.* *Agè cinquante ans.*

“ CHARLES COOTE,* Docteur en Théologie, Doien Irlandois. *Agè cinquante et deux ans, selon le registre.*

“ EDOUARD TEW, Bachelier en Théologie, Chanoine et Associé à Eton. *Agè cinquante et sept ans.*

GUILLOTINE'S à la Grecque, 25 Floreal Quintidi, 1796.

Extrait du Registre de la Guillotine Littéraire.”

N. B. *Ils sont montés sur l'échaffaut avec assez de courage ; à dix heures et un quart du matin leurs têtes sont tombées.*

Extrait du Rapport fait AU CONSEIL DES ANCIENS, par l'Exécuteur de la haute justice littéraire.

* P. S. J'ai reçue une lettre très obligeante de la part de Monsieur Peltier, dont j'ai la plus haute considération, qui m'a informé, qu'il y a une petite méprise dans le Registre au sujet de Monsieur le DOCTEUR COOTE, Traducteur celebre. Qu'il n'étoit pas Doien Irlandois & par conséquent, grand theologien, mais Docteur en Droit Civil en Angleterre, très instruit dans la grammaire Grecque.

Monsieur

And in sad cadence, as the bands condense, 15
The curfew tolls the knell of *parting* SENSE.

Nares

(c) Notes Sicilian—JOAH BATES, ESQ. as an old Etonian, and once Fellow and Tutor of King's College, Cambridge, was so obliging as to offer himself as *Musical Conductor* on the occasion.—Some persons may think, that the “notes Sicilian” allude to the *Ἀρχεὶ Σικελικαὶ τῷ πένθεος, ἀρχεὶ Μουσῶν* : † but they are no musicians, if they think so. Mr. Bates's judgment naturally led him to adopt the *Siciliana* for this famous solemnity, as it is a movement slower and more marked than the *Giga*. While the *Siciliana* was playing, the combatants, before they entered the lists, approached the Critick's throne, moving in a sort of measured step. The Rev. MR. NARES, (editor of the *British Critick*, and in my estimation, and I believe in that of every member of *Lincoln's Inn*, a gentleman of worth, learning, and ability, and to whom not the slightest disrespect is here intended) was appointed the judge or *Βραβεύς* on the occasion, and beheld them without emotion, though the fight was luxuriant in the extreme.

O'er their warm cheeks, and rising bosoms move
The bloom of *young* desire, and purple light of love.‡

Monfieur Peltier avec le zele le plus edifiant pour la verité, et avec beaucoup d'onction, m'a prié de corriger le registre et la posie là dessus; et m'a informé, que Monsieur NARES Auteur très aimable en son genre, et editeur de l'ouvrage periodique, (*The British Critick*) la voulût aussi avec beaucoup d'empressement. Malheureusement c'est impossible; et j'ai repondû tres franchement: “ Mon cher Peltier, quand une fois la tête doctorale est tombée; eh! que faire?” (Nov. 1797.)

† Moschi Epit. in Bion. v. 1. § Gray's Progress of Poetry.

Nares (*f*) holds the prize, and stops the Dorick din;
 Elmsley (*g*) without, and Rivington within;
 The volumes are arrang'd in order meet,
 And all their ears *erect* these accents greet : 20

M

“ Hail,

—Had the combatants been political personages, I would have described the whole game, and the characters; and their speeches in the poem. But I learned early from Cervantes the necessity of limitation and propriety in fiction; though this is a mere record of a *matter of fact*.

(*f*) I always admired the solemn irony, with which the Reviewers in *The British Critick* treated this *Græcian game* among the old boys. It appeared to me as if I saw their exercises *looked over* at Eton by Dr. Davies, who said, “ Norbury, you have done “ *pretty well* ;” — “ Tew, you had a few faults, but a *little more* “ *spirit* than Norbury ;” — “ Weston, you have translated with “ some elegance, but you have *no authority for your genitive abso-* “ *lute*.” — “ Master Coote, I think you have one false quantity, but “ it is a doubtful syllable, and I shall *pass it this time*.” It is something odd, that a Westminster man, (I mean Mr. Nares,) should be the Judge of these old Eton boys.

(*g*) Elmsley † and Rivington, two London booksellers, one famed for shrewdness, and the other for orthodoxy. Very proper assessors

TQ

† I know not why I should withhold the *Testimonia Doctorum* to Mr. Elmsley. To begin ;—“ Mr. *Elmsley*, whose zeal for his “ Author can never be sufficiently commended,” &c.—See Mr.

" Hail, my fond masters of the Grecian lyre !
 " Hear a Reviewer's verse yourselves inspire :
 " These books are yours, (oh, heed my *tuneful* voice)
 " Take'em, or (i) damn'em, as best suits your choice;
 " For

TO THE CRITICK. Mr. Elmsley was stationed at the door to keep the peace among the combatants, who were rather noisy and troublesome from their number. Afterwards Mr. Elmsley took his seat with THE CRITICK. The place of the meeting was the celebrated Musical Room in Hanover Square. See a subsequent note.

(i) *Damn'em*.—" This (word) is to be understood in a *very sober and decent* sense." See Bishop Warburton's note on one of the concluding lines of Pope's *Story of Sir Balaam*, Moral Ep. 3. v. 401. Pope's Works, edit. Warb. 8vo. vol. 3. p. 269. "*The devil and* the

Mr. Bryant's Letter to Mr. Richardson at the end. Hear Mr. Gibbon: "*Je trouve dans le Libraire Elmsley, un Conseiller sage, instruit, et discret.*" Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Deyverdun. Letters, vol. 2. 4to. p. 306. Again: "I was *proud and happy*, if I could prevail on *Elmsley*, to enliven the dulness of the evening." Ib. p. 653. Book-sellers of reputation have been always mentioned with respect; The *Sofii* by Horace, and *Trypho* by Quintilian: Mr. TONSON is recorded by a man of talents, § Mr. BECKETT by Sterne, Mr. ELMSLEY by Mr. Bryant and Mr. Gibbon, and finally by his humble servant, the Author of the Pursuits of Literature.

§ George Steevens, Esq. editor of Shakspeare in his Preface to the Poet's works.

" For some are new, some foolish, and some old,
 " Some pert in calf, and some *in sheets* are bold.

" Twelve British Criticks, new or little read ;
 " Horsley's chaste sermon, (*k*) and his copper head ;
 " Letters
 the king divide the prize ;" *which line* the bishop with the utmost gravity declares to be " a satire only on *such* ministers of state, " which history informs us have been found, who aided *the devil* in " his temptations, in order to, &c. &c." See the remainder of the note. This it is to be a commentator on a mere badinage!!!— There certainly are books which may make a Reviewer or a Divine swear a little. I readily excuse Mr. Nares (as I do Mr. Grubb in the farce) for being a little *hasty* in his expressions. Longinus (who gives *excellent* directions, in his treatise on the sublime, for swearing to the best advantage) observes, " ἔστιν ἡ τοῦ ὀπώσθαι τινα ὁμοίαι μὲν, τοῦ δὲ τυ, καὶ πως, καὶ ἐφ' ὧν κείραν, καὶ τινος ἔνεκα." De Subl. S. 16. The substance of which may be this ; " *Swearing* considered in itself, and without reference to the matter and the manner, is by no means an accomplishment, or a source of the sublime, and should *never* be introduced, but in the proper place and occasion, and then only upon the most urgent motives and for the strongest reasons." From all which it appears, that discipline and instruction in this *art* are necessary, before a man can swear as a gentleman, a scholar, an orator, or a man of fashion. Therefore, no man should ever swear *at random* in conversation. See the Rev. Dr. Longinus's Sermon, as above, in toto ; to which the Rev. Mr. Nares certainly paid due attention.

“ Letters from Alciphron (*l*) to cool love’s flame,
 “ And prove Greek whores and English just the same;
 “ The

(*k*) See his Sermon before the Magdalens, (in 4to) on April 22, 1795. I wish the Bishop had put an appendix (as the fashion is) to explain a little of it, though in some places it is *very intelligible*. —For instance, in the following passage, page 6. “ Numberless
 “ and *ravishing* are the *beauties* which the *mortal EYE* beholds, in
 “ the *various* works of creation and of art. *Elegant* and of *endless*
 “ *variety* the entertainments which are *provided* for the *EAR*: *whether*
 “ *it* delight to listen to the *sober* narratives of history, or the
 “ *wild* fictions of romance; *whether* it hearken to the *grave* lessons
 “ of the moralist, to the *abstruse* demonstrations of science, the
 “ *round* periods of eloquence, the *sprightly flourishes* of rhetoric,
 “ the *smooth* numbers and *bold* flights of poetry, or catch the *en-*
 “ *chanting* sounds of harmony; *that* poetry, which *sings* of (some-
 “ thing;) *that* harmony which *fans* (one thing) and *wafts* (ano-
 “ ther) &c. &c.” And as if the Bishop had not been *plain enough*,
 he begins again; “ *Infinite* is the multitude of *pleasurable* forms
 “ which” do, as before observed. The reader will allow, he
 never before met with so much recondite truth, diversified with
 such *beautiful* and *discriminating* epithets. The Bishop might as
 well have said: “ What a charming place LONDON is! what
 “ *varieties* and *entertainments* are provided for the *eye* and *ear*.—
 “ *First*, there’s the House of Lords, then Westminster Abbey, then
 “ the Opera House and the Play House. There’s Doctor Gillies
 “ who provides *sober history*, and Mrs. Smith, *wild romance*;
 “ there’s Mr. Pitt with his *round* eloquence, and Mr. Erskine ab-
 “ solutely *fainting* in *sprightly flourishes*; there are Scotchmen
 “ teaching

“ The Hymns, that Taylor, (m) England’s gentile priest,
 “ Sung spousal at fair Pſychè’s marriage feaſt ; 32
 “ The

“ teaching *grave* morality and Greek ; Dr. Hutton with *abſtruſe*
 “ demonſtrations *how* all things made themſelves ; there is Mr.
 “ Jerningham with his *ſmooth* numbers, and Doctor Taſker with
 “ his *bold* flights ; Madame Banti at the Opera, and the little
 “ children at the Foundling : there are, &c. &c. &c.”—All
 this might do well enough at a polite devotional lounge, at
 ſome fashionable warm chapel from a popular preacher ; but I am
 really aſhamed that BISHOP HORSLEY ſhould condeſcend to write,
 or pronounce ex cathedra ſuch trivial ſchool-boy declamation *about*
nothing at all, and then *publiſh* it. Men in high ſtation and of high
 talents (like Biſhop Horſley) ſhould be careful, how they leſſen
 themſelves by their own words ; and if Biſhop Horſley *goes on* in
 this ſtyle, and as he has done in ſeveral of his *later productions*,
 whatever his politicks may be, he certainly never will incur the
 danger of The Second Philippick.

(l) Alciphron’s Epiſtles ; in which are deſcribed the domeſtick
 manners, the *Courtezans* and the Paraſites of Greece ; Tranſlated
 from the Greek.

— (m) Thomas Taylor, tranſlator of Plotinus, parts of Plato, the
 fable of Cupid and Pſyche from Apuleius, Hymns, &c. the would-
 be reſtorer of unintelligible myſticism and ſuperſtitious pagan non-
 ſenſe. All that Iamblichus revealed to Ædeſius.—Mr. Taylor, in
 onjunction

- " The alphabet in Greek by R. P. Knight ; (n)
" Some rules for *men* to think and study right ;
" An Eton Foolscap, with the game of goose 35
" Printed by Pote, types large and cover loose ;
" An Education Sermon, rather long,
" By Doctor Parr, all in the vulgar tongue ;
" Last, Horsley's master-piece, (nn) and merry plans,
" *To accent right the goods of courtezans.* 40

" Nor

in conjunction with Dr. Darwin, might solve the following problem: " *WHETHER a Platonick idea, hovering to the right on the orifice of chaos, might drive away the squadrons of democratical atoms?* Rabelais, at the end of book 5. *Questions Philosophiques*. For my own part I am not disposed to go any further, as Lycophron, *Cassand.* v. 14, expresses it, *Λοζων ες διεξοδης εττων.*

(n) An analytical Essay on the *Greek Alphabet*, by R. P. Knight —P. may stand for *Payne* or *Priapus* Knight, in allusion to his Essay on the Worship of Priapus.

(nn) See a Treatise on the Prosodies of the Greek and Latin Languages, dedicated to Lord Thurlow by (Bishop Horsley.) I allude to *the Bishop's pleasant comment*, p. 47, so universally admired, on the Attick Law, *Εταιρα χρυσια ει φορειν, δημοσια εστω.* My gallantry forbids me to use any accents at all upon these ladies, especially since *the Bishop* has shewn-me, how dangerous it is to meddle with them.

In

“ Nor books alone attend the CONQUEROR *Bard*,
 “ Him shall await a more sublime reward :
 “ Not the coarse joy a Grecian once could feel,
 “ Apples (o) for sauce, or parsley for his veal,

“ Or

In this short passage there are four personages virtually concerned ; Alexander *Aphrodisiensis*, Aristotle, Venus, and Bishop † Horsley!!!! I assure his Lordship, I have as great an affection, as human infirmity can allow, for an Oxyton, a Paroxyton, or even a Pro-paroxyton ! Ladies never before knew the *political* importance of an accent.—While I am upon this Episcopal and Cyprian subject, I may observe that Proclus has a singular remark in his *Chrestomathia*, as preserved by Photius ; (Biblioth. P. 984, Ed. 1653.) *Μηδὲ τὰ Κυπρία Προπαροξύτων ἐπὶ ἀφροδαί τα ποιήματα.*”

(o) Apples, &c.—There is *now* an affectation in *modern young gentlemen*, as soon as they have left school or college, particularly in young lawyers and boy-members of parliament, of *forgetting their Greek*, if they ever knew any. I shall therefore without ceremony remind them of the ancient rewards in the Grecian games, which consisted of some *apples* consecrated to Apollo in the Pythian, of a chaplet of *parsley* in the Nemæan, of an *olive* garland in the Olympick games, and of a wreath of *pine-leaves* in the Isthmian solemnity.

† I shall express my opinion of Bishop Horsley, *as a writer*, in the words of Erasmus ; “ *Ex libris deprehendi hominem esse ardentis ingenii, variæ lectionis, et multæ memoriæ, alicubi tamen majore copia quam delectu, ac dictione tumultuosa magis quam composita.*” *Erasm. Ep. 1248.*

" Or beverage drawn from spruce or mountain pines,
 " With oil from Pifa's olive, when he dines ; 46
 " No ode to praise the binding of his books : (p)
 " No print from Sheffield of historick cooks,
 " Of beauteous Gibbon's fair proportion'd shape, (q)
 " An old baboon, or foetus of an ape ; 50
 " No

(p) I am sure Pindar † very seldom had so good a subject for his deep mouth. Mr. White, of Fleet-street, and Mr. Edwards of Pall-mall, bookfellers, would furnish me with much better materials for an ode than Pindar's, in their florid descriptions, (so animating to purchasers) of gorgeous binding, little Dr. Gosset's *milk-white vellum*, and all its insignia.

(q) See in the title page to the posthumous Works of Edward Gibbon, Esq. in 2 v. 4to. published by Lord Sheffield, an engraving of THE HISTORIAN OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, which his lordship declares to be " as complete a likeness of Mr. Gibbon, as to person, face, and manner, as can be *conceived*." !!! I have no doubt of Lord S.'s friendship for Mr. Gibbon, but why hang up his friend in effigy to the ridicule of the present age and of all posterity ? " *Figuram animi magis quam corporis* " com-

† Not that execrable writer calling himself PETER PINDAR, of whom see the First Part of the Pursuits of L.

" *There on the rack of satire let him lie,*

" *Fit garbage for the hell-hound Infamy.*"—Heroick Postscript to the Publick, by the author of the H. Epistle to Sir W. Chambers.

“ No robe, that waves in many a Tuscan fold ;
 “ No lawn, that wraps a bishop from the cold ;
 “ But fine broad cloth, in choicest fashion wrought,
 “ By modern hands to full perfection brought ;
 “ ’Tis

“ complectantur,” § said Tacitus ; and could Mr. Gibbon have seen this print, he certainly would have wished such a *simulacrum vultûs* as this, to be *imbecillum et mortale*, or in plain English, to see the impressions burned and the plate broken.—I just remind all collectors of prints, that there is to be had not only the head of Dr. Gillies, and other historick cooks, of Dr. Denman the man-midwife, of Mr. William Coxe, traveller and friend to half the crowned heads in Europe, *with his age* at the bottom of the print, and of other great personages ; but there are still left some choice proof impressions of the striking *head and likeness* of Mr. John Farley, PRINCIPAL COOK at the London Tavern, to be purchased separate from this great culinary work, being all that were left unsubscribed for by the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, by the East India and Bank Directors, and by Mr. Pitt and the elder Brethren of the Trinity House. But I cannot ascertain *the age* of Mr. John Farley, which is a matter of the last importance, and for which I am truly sorry. The Homerick jucundity from Martial should have been the motto to our modern Mystillus ;

“ Si tibi *Mystillus* cocus, Æmiliane, vocatur :

“ Dicetur quare non *T’arat’alla* † mihi ? Mart. Ep. l. i.

The reader of taste in print-collecting will thank me for reminding

§ Tacit. Vit. Agric. Sect. 46.

† Μιστύλλον τ’αρα τ’ελλα, κτλ. Hom. Il. *passim*.

“ 'Tis His,—“ to wear four Sundays in the Park (q)
 “ The best black suit of Doctor Courtney's clerk!!”(r)

NARES

minding him of Mr. John Farley's *head*, whose works are more *relished* than any traveller's or historian's that I know.

(q) Or in Kenfington Gardens.

(r) I informed my readers in a former note, that the scene of action was the celebrated *Musical Room in Hanover Square*. I must now add, that the room was decorated on the occasion with appropriate scenery, laid out in *belts* and *clumps* of funeral trees, to represent a church-yard with the belfry, the yew tree, not forgetting *the owl*, with distant views of groups of labourers, and cattle returning home by moonlight, highly picturesque. This was the scene of the famed solemnity, where Mr. NARES, with his assessors Messrs. Elmsley and Rivington, bookfellers, and the combatants, the Doctors Norbury, Coote, &c. assembled, Dr. COURTNEY, then Bishop of || Bristol, now of Exeter, (Aug. 1797.) and Rector of St. George's Hanover Square, was very kind on the occasion, as the decision was made in his parish; and with *the consent* of the Parish Clerk, made a liberal and voluntary offer of “ THE SUNDAY SUIT ¶” furnished at the
 expence

|| Doctor Courtney was then on the eve of a translation to Exeter. (Jan. 12, 1797.)—I also wish the Bishop health to wear *his own best black suit*, as well as another old *Eton* acquaintance, Bishop Cornwall, his successor.

¶ They who are acquainted with the dignity and magnificent deportment of Dr. Courtney's *present* CLERK of St. George's Church, Hanover Square, when in his *full* canonical Sunday dress, will best know how to estimate *the prize* offered to these Grecian combatants by Mr. Nares. Too happy, if in such a garment, THE VICTOR might be *mistaken* FOR THIS GREAT MAN. (1796.)

NARES rising paus'd; then gave (the contest done,)
 To Weston, Taylor's Hymns and Alciphron,
 And Rochester's (s) address to lemans (ss) loose;
 To Tew, Parr's sermon, and the game of goose; 60
 To Coote, the foolscap, as the best relief
 A Dean could hope; last to the hoary Chief
 He fill'd a cup; then plac'd on NORB'RY's back
The Sunday suit (t) of customary black. (tt)

The
 expence of the parish, and which, I understand, is worn by the
 Clerk during divine service in the morning only on that day,
 and is *very* becoming. After the morning service the parish clerk
 appears in his ordinary dress, as a common man. Such was the
 Ecclesiastical suit of armour made by the episcopal taylor, and
 hung up as THE CONQUEROR's prize, (not pleno jure, but
 usufructuario,) for the Æneas of the Sunday. (1796.)

(s) Not Lord Rochester, but my good Lord Bishop of Rochester, Bishop Horsley's Address or Sermon to the Magdalens, mentioned above; not forgetting his Lordship's Greek prosody for Lord Thurlow and the ladies.

(ss) Leman is the old word for a lover or a mistress.

(t) All my Eton friends well know Dr. Norbury's celebrated black wardrobe, and the Suits which appear in the order of the Pythagorick *rotation* from the chest or ark.

"Supera ut convexa revisant,
 Rurfus et incipiant in corpora velle reverti!"

With

The gabbling ceas'd : with fix'd and serious look
GRAY glanc'd from high, and own'd his rival, COOK. (v)

OCTA-

With what propriety did the Reverend Mr. Nares make and pronounce this famous decree !

(tt) I must transcribe the concluding sentence of the Review of these celebrated translations, in the BRITISH CRITICK for March 1795. p. 245. I give the Critick the fullest credit for the conduct of *this solemn irony*, and confess that I can conceive nothing superior to this species of wit, namely, that of looking gravely in men's faces and telling them how foolish they are. The British Critick thus concludes : " We wish to avoid *any* " *invidious distinction*, any undue preference. But were we " absolutely called on to decide, we should *from the purest and* " *most unbiassed motives* (see II. 23. v. 615) *fill the golden cup* with " the most exquisite οὐκ ἐξαιτός, and not considering it as left " without a claimant, *by the fall of any Eumelus*, we should *re-* " *spectfully place it* in the hands of THE ETONIAN NESTOR ;

Τὸ νῦν, καὶ σοὶ τὺτο, ΓΕΡΟΝ, κείμηλιον ἔστω."

(v) I select this extraordinary genius, poet, critick, scholar, and orator, WILLIAM COOK, M. A. late Fellow of King's College, and Greek Professor in the University of Cambridge. " I knew him well, Horatio," *melioribus olim auspiciis*. I select him, as well for the singular and *original* excellency of his performance, (though there are some oversights and even verbal faults in it) as for the *manner* in which he published it. There was a spare leaf or two at the end of his very sensible edition of Aristotle's Poetics, and *there* he printed it. Not in the pompous manner, and with dedications to Lord Chancellors and I know not whom, as some of *these Old Boys* have done. I must

OWN

OCTAVIUS.

Contract your smile, and quit this playful (x) search;
These are the lay amusements of the church,

Mere
own that in many passages, Nature, Gray, and Cook seem to contend for the mastery; but above all in that great stanza;

“ The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow’r,
“ And all that beauty, all that wealth e’er gave,
“ Await alike the inevitable hour;
“ The paths of glory lead but to the grave.” GRAY.

A χάρις ευγενειων, χάρις η βασιληίδος αρχας,

Δωρα τυχας, χρυσᾶς Αφροδιτας καλα τα δωρα.

Πανθ’ ἅμα ταυτα τεθιακε, και ηθεν μορσιμον αμαρ’

Ηρωων κλε’ ολωλε, και οχητο † ξυρον εις Αδαν. COOK.

Bion or Moschus never exceeded these lines: I think, they never equalled them. I write *this Note*, I will confess it, *with all the friendly fondness which an Etonian could express.*

HOC JUVENEM EGREGIUM PRÆSTANTI MUNERE DONO.†

(x) This subject from v. 1. to v. 63. of this part of my poem, is perhaps in itself a very trifling one. The names of some of the parties are obscure and of little note, and the concerns of *Reviewers* should

† Some persons object to the *o* being made short before the *ξ*. It may be so. I defend no faults, in any man’s work. I leave Dr. Davies and Mr. Stephen Weston, *the Hero of the Genitive absolute*, to substitute *κοινων* if they please.

“ The rule is *absolute*,” Lord Kenyon cries;

“ Brisk from *his genitive* let Stephen rise.”

† Vir. *Æn.* 4. v. 361.

Mere cobweb labours of their learned thought ;
Though sometimes TEACHERS must themselves be
taught
To weigh their office, raise their pow'rful breath,
Nor leave the world to darkness and to death.
Short be their folly : let example tell
Their life, their morals pure, and all is well.

But should proud churchmen vie in sumptuous
halls, - 75
In wines and soups, Carthusian Bacchanals,
Nor think th' unwieldy superflux to shake,
Where curates starve, and helpless orphans quake,
Wav'ring

should in general be confined to their own *little blue books*. But this example is of deepest consequence ; that MEN, who aspire to be thought scholars, should be warned, even to all posterity, how they conduct their learning, and expend their time ; and be taught from this ridiculous instance (which I have selected) to value themselves on such attainments alone, as are truly valuable. ΟΤΙ γενοια ΑΝΗΡ, κατηργηκα τα τε ΝΗΠΙΩ.

It cannot surely be conceived, that the slightest animadversion is *here* intended to be made on the exercises in the Greek and Latin languages, whether translations or originals, in the publick or private schools, or in the Universities of this kingdom. The author of the P. of L. is of opinion, that the utility or rather the absolute necessity of them is so great and so indispensable, that they cannot be too much commended, and too much encouraged. I will also
say,

Wav'ring I ask, in this dark scene beneath,
 Why lightnings scathe yon desolated heath? (y) 80
 And

say, that notwithstanding the accurate and unrelenting severity of Dr. Charles Burney's most learned and acute criticism on Mr. GLASSE'S GREEK TRANSLATIONS of Milton's Sampson Agonistes and Mason's Caractacus, I still continue to admire the poetical and animated spirit, so conspicuous in that very ingenious Gentleman's bold and laudable attempt at an early period of life. There were some mistakes; how could it be otherwise? Plura nitent. The composition entitled *Θεηλατος Σοφια*, by the late Dr. Cook, Provost of King's College, published when he was almost a boy, has peculiar merit.

I will add here, that if any *young* man of genius, classical learning, and poetical ardour, would present the world with a Greek translation of AKENSIDE'S "*Hymn to the Naiads*," and submit it to the correction of an experienced Greek scholar before publication, he might establish a learned and honourable reputation for himself, and add another composition worthy of Homer or Callimachus.

"*Sic liceat magnas Graiorum implere catervas!*"

Compositions in Greek or Latin handed about in private circles of friends are indeed useless, but free from much reprehension, though at best rather idle in men of a certain age. But when MEN, dignified by their years and their sacred profession, *the youngest* having passed his *fiftieth*, and *the eldest* entering his *sixty-eighth* year, appear as rival candidates for publick fame from *the translation* of some excellent English verses into *their own Greek*; what can we say?

"*Tunc cum ad canitiem, tunc, ignoscere—NOLO.*"

PERSIUS.

And hark the voice has thunder'd : and the word,
 Borne on the blast, a trembling world has heard
 In consummation dread ! the bonds of Rome
 Are burst, and Babylon's prophetick doom,
 With more than mortal ruin headlong cast, 85
 Proclaims the measure full : she groans her last.
 From climes where Piety no more was found,
 Where Superstition wither'd all around,

The

(7) The unbounded luxury and extravagance of the French and Italian Ecclesiasticks should be a warning to the priests and ministers of *all* Christian altars, however dignified or distinguished, of whatever church or of whatever persuasion. Mankind will know, and value them *by their fruits*. . "FOR NOW *is the axe laid to the root of THE TREES, and EVERY TREE which bringeth not forth good fruit will* (most assuredly) *be hewn down.*" This is the warning voice which should be heard, and heard *aloud* in assemblies frequent and full, in all churches and in all cathedrals ; but chief in those twin-sisters of learning, the Universities of England, Oxford and Cambridge, which can be supported *on those principles alone*, on which they were founded, and *by which* they have flourished.—*While YOUR place may yet be found*, I will honour and will hail you both,

" Mothers of arts

And eloquence, native to famous wits,

Or hospitable in YOUR sweet recess,

City or suburban, studious walks and shades!"†

But chief with pious gratitude, and with filial reverence, *Salve*,
 MAGNA PARENS ! 1796.

† Milt. P. Reg. b. 4. v. 240.

The rights of nature barr'd, by heav'n resign'd
 To vile affections, in corruption blind, 90
 While, in the terrors of the world beneath,
 Permitted fiends of darkness round them breathe;
 BRITAIN securely fix'd, invites from high
 With charity's sedate, unalter'd eye.
 The *sacred*, exil'd, melancholy band, 95
 Passing from death to France, revere the land,
 Where streams of inexhausted bounty pour,
 And CHRIST still reigns, and bigots are no more. (z)

AUTHOR.

Blest be the voice of mercy, and the hand
 Stretch'd o'er affliction's wounds with healing bland,
 In holiest sympathy! our best of man
 Gave us to tears, ere misery began. 102

Yet pause: "formere(zz) Good-nature(a) is a fool,"
 Now slave to party, and now faction's tool:

Attend,

(z) I allude to the grand emigration of French priests and others
 to England, at the late Revolution in France. (1796.)

Attend, nor heedless slight a poet's name: 105

Poet and prophet once were deem'd the same.

Say, are these fertile streams thus largely spread

A *filial* tribute o'er a *mother bed*?

Say, are these streams (think, while avails the
thought)

To Rome through Gallick channels subtly brought?

(aa)

110 ROME

(aa) We must remember, that the very frame and spirit of the laws, ordinances, and constitution of England *are in the most direct opposition to the Roman Catholic religion*, and all its doctrines, practices, opinions, superstitions, and tyranny. I am astonished that we can forget their history and effects. I know what has been done in other countries. The only hospitable and unsuspecting asylum for their priests and professors has been, and is, in England. On their expulsion from the continent, and their reception in this kingdom, under powerful protection and systematick influence, a warning voice may be heard, not without effect. This is the *sole* reason of all which I am about to offer on this subject. It is not an anathema, but a warning in the spirit of mercy, moderation, and the most reflecting policy. We may depend upon it, wherever the Roman Catholic religion is introduced, or permitted, or fostered, or pitied, or encouraged, the words of the poet will be found eminently true:

Spiritus intus alit, TOTAMQUE INFUSA PER ARTUS

MENS AGITAT MOLEM, ET MAGNO SE CORPORE MISCET.

(a) Virtue (*for mere Good-nature is a fool*)

Is sense and spirit with humanity:

Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin,

Virtue and sense are one."

Dr. Armstrong, Art of Health, B. 4. a Poem which can never be sufficiently praised, read, and recommended.

ROME touches, tastes, and takes; and nothing loth:

But have *we* virtues? yes, of *pagan* growth. (a)

Ask where ROME's church is founded? on a steep,

Which heresy's wild winds in vain may sweep,

Alone

(aa) This is one of the most important points in *the present* situation of England and of Europe, in regard to national policy. I propose these questions. 1. How *far*, are the ministers of the public treasure of any protestant kingdom justified in issuing large sums of money, for the exprefs purpose of *maintaining* emigrant *Roman Catholic priests*, AS A BODY? 2. If they are justified in issuing *any* sums, in *what manner and under what control* should this public money be expended and distributed? 3. Whether *in England at this time*, there are not peculiar and paramount considerations, which call for *wisdom and prudence* to regulate, and restrain the first natural and honourable impetuosity of *mercy and humanity*, to the end that THE CONSTITUTION OF ENGLAND, IN HER CHURCH AND STATE, be preserved inviolate from open attacks, or from insidious attempts?—These questions are proposed for the public security, with sobriety, seriousness and charity to *all*, as of common importance.

Dixerat Anchises ; natumque unàque Sibyllam
Conventus trahit in medios, turbamque sonantem ;
Et tumultum capit, unde omnes longo ordine possit
Adversos legere, et venientium discere vultus ?

(1796.)

(a) It is well known that rigid Catholics hold, that the virtues of hereticks, or protestants, are to be considered in the light of pagan virtues. I think the bishop of St. Pol de Leon would agree to this opinion. (1796.)

Alone where sinners may have rest secure, 115

One *only* undefil'd, one *only* pure.

Blame you her cumbrous pomp, her iron rod,

Or trumpery relicks of her saints half-shod?

Lo *Confessors*, in every hamlet found,

With sacred sisters walk their cloister'd round: 120

There read the list: (*b*) and calm the fate expect,

When crafty, meddling, thankless priests direct.

Think

(*b*) See "THE LAITY'S DIRECTORY for 1796, (printed for J. P. Coghlan, Duke street, Grosvenor square) to which are added, "THE COLOURS OF THE CHURCH;" words rather ominous. It is a pamphlet at the low price of *sixpence*, which I recommend to public notice, and to which I refer the reader. It is a matter of some surprise and concern, to read the list of the almost incredible number of little books and tracts at the *smallest* prices, published and to be published, calculated for the general dissemination of *POPERY* in these realms;—the fatal display of all the existing and rising Romish seminaries, Romish boarding houses, and Romish schools for youth; the plenary indulgences (for one another;—) and the settlement of *Nuns Professed* in monasteries erected in this kingdom, Clares, Benedictines, Sepulcharins, Austins, and Dominicanesses. Then, in this very same pamphlet, as if by a strange fatality, and the blunder of papal metaphor, they advertise even their *drugs*. The very medicine, it seems, is papal. Behold their "Laxative sulphurated pills,"

Think you, their hate unquench'd can ere expire?
 The torch not tipt with sleeping sulpharous fire?
 Their doctrines round a careless land are blown;
 They blast the cottage, and would sap the throne.
 What? are my words too warm?—I love my King,
 My Country, and my God! the sounds shall ring
 Ceaseless,

pills," once *exhibited* in another form in these realms. "The medicated Snuff," a Cephalick of many virtues, prepared from the *original* receipt found in the Jesuit's *Library*; The Jesuit's *nervous* pill, —the Jesuit's *Balsamick* cordial." In short, "decernunt quodcunque volunt DE CORPORE NOSTRO;" body and soul, fortune and state. I understand them but too well. They know their hour, THEIR PROTECTORS OF NOBLE RANK, their opportunity, their advantages, *their revenue from the state*. They advance by approaches, not desultory, but regular. The papal genius never sleeps, no, not for a moment; but directs, and animates, and acts, uniformly and constantly, at home and abroad, in cities, in towns, in villages; it takes aid from stupidity and from ability, from above and from beneath. Their bishops, as yet, are but *titular*, but depend upon it,

Per solis radios, TARPEIAQUE FULMINA jurant,
 Quidquid habent telorum armamentaria cœli. ‡

Depend upon it, I say, *they swear*: but what the oath is, I shall not take upon me to describe. It may be well understood, and for aught I know, it is already registered.—I have compassion
 for

‡ Juv. Sat. 13. v. 78.

Ceaseless, till Pitt (with all his host awake)

IN OUR GREAT CAUSE a Nation's inquest take. 130

Look

for the unfortunate; I have charity for plundered exiles; I have pity, and would give relief to the wretched and the suffering; I have veneration for the truly pious of every persuasion in the Christian faith. "*There is ONE Lord!*" But I have, and it is an Englishman's duty to have, a watchful eye upon the insinuating or domineering spirit of the Romish church. I have no opinion of the sincerity of *their* attachment to *us*, or of *their* gratitude for *our* favours. I insist upon it, they regard **THEMSELVES** as the *original and rightful inheritors of our land*. I call upon the guardians of our church and state to be watchful, and to regard with attention the proceedings of **ALL THE EMIGRANTS**. If they refuse to hear, I wish most fervently, that Great Britain may never, in the anguish of an inconsiderate spirit, say of these numerous emigrant priests, and of all the rest sacred or profane;

Ejectos littore, egenos

Excepi, et regni DEMENS in parte locavi!

I send **THIS NOTE** into the world, whatever be its fate, with the famous papal inscription, but without the spirit, of Sixtus the Fourth to the Florentine Synod under Lorenzo the Magnificent, "**IN FUTURAM TEI MEMORIAM!**" and the Bishop of St. Pol. de Leon, and his Consistory, *resident and acting* in England, may reply to it, if they think proper.—(Written in the year 1796.)

Look from that vale, what tribes the fortrefs (e)fill!
Then frown indignant o'er *the opprobrious Hill*. (d)

OCTAVIUS.

THESE THOUGHTS ARE FOR THE STATE! enough
of Rome,

Her Gallick altars, and approaching doom. 134

But if from themes so grave (e) you never roam,

Ask

(e) THE GREAT COLLEGE OF PRIESTS, AND HEAD QUARTERS OF THE CATHOLICK CAUSE *in the Castle or King's House at Winchester*, tenanted by priests emigrant and *non-emigrant*, *publicly maintained at the expence of the state*. Read the preceding note. I am not speaking to those, who are indifferent about all or any religion: but to those, who from their station, political or sacred, should understand the importance of the cause, the interests of Christianity and its purity, the evidence of history, the nature and the *essential* and *unaltered* spirit of the Romish priesthood, and their subtilty and peculiar arts by persuasion, or by terror over weak consciences. I am speaking to the governors of Great Britain, to the ministers of the crown, who should guard, and who I trust will guard, *against the revival of the Romish Church* now working in secret; as well as against the more open and more terrible democracy of *some* descriptions of the Dissenters. What is said to us all, is said at this hour

to

Ask at St. Paul's, is Pretymen (*ee*) at home?

The

to ministers and rulers of states with a more important and a more sacred emphasis, "WATCH, for ye know not THE HOUR when destruction cometh." (1796.)

(*d*) Finally: I propose one plain and significant question to Mr. PITT, or to any great minister of state. It is this: "Is there a single instance in the records of any modern history of Europe, where the governing and directing power of the state ever authorized, patronised, and supported with the public money, under any circumstances whatsoever, A COLLEGE OF PRIESTS, in the heart of a kingdom, whose tenets and principles were not only different from the established religion of the country, but were in direct opposition and avowed hostility to it?—And particularly, when it was the original and fundamental purpose and constitution of that established church, to discountenance and extinguish the superstitious doctrines, and the political ecclesiastical tenets of *that College of Priests*, so authorized, patronised, and supported by the public money, AS A BODY?" If this question must be answered, as I apprehend it must, in the negative, I maintain, (and if necessary will maintain more solemnly, if possible, and more at large,) *that THE COLLEGE OF PRIESTS IN THE KING'S HOUSE AT WINCHESTR SHOULD BE IMMEDIATELY DISPERSED,†* and not suffered to stand in that offensive, conspicuous, and opprobrious light in the face of the country. I am really speaking in mercy to them, and to us all, if I am rightly understood. I would support and preserve them from every want, *privately*, and
in

† This was effected in December 1796.

The Dean might smile, when you with happiest care
Blend

in detached situations ; but I would not suffer the ministry of a Catholic Bishop to direct the expenditure of that public money so granted, for mere Catholic purposes : but with the most perfect toleration of all persuasions in religion, the Governors of the state should defend and exclusively support their own. This is prudence, this is policy, this it is to remember the beginning and progress of all great events.† (May, 1796.)

(e) I am not in the habit of perusing many of the various single sermons which are published ; but I cannot resist the opportunity of recommending three, which I think are at this time important, and written with ability and spirit. One, by the Rev. Dr. Vincent, head master of Westminster school, (a gentleman of very considerable erudition, diligence, ability, and most exemplary conduct) preached for the Westminster Dispensary ; another by Dr. Watson, bishop of Landaff, for the Westminster Dispensary also, with an Appendix, containing Reflexions on the present state of England and France ; the Appendix is of peculiar merit ; and a third, "On Gaming," written with great energy, erudition, piety, patriotism, and eloquence, by the Rev. Thomas Rennell, D. D. prebendary of Winchester.—While I am speaking on this subject, I think, it may be curious and pleasing, and perhaps useful to some person, to see the list of books which WILLIAM WARBURTON, Bishop
- of

† Though the French priests were removed, *by order of the Government*, from the King's House at Winchester, at the close of the year 1796, yet I have strong and important reasons for leaving this whole passage, in poetry and prose, text and comment, unaltered upon record to posterity.

Blend Horfley's acid with the cream of Blair ;
You'd rife at laft.

AUTHOR.

of Gloucefter recommended in fome pofthumous MSS. Directions for the ftudy of Theology, which Bifhop Hurd published in the 4to edition and in the 8vo fupplement to his works. I refer to the tract, and merely give the books in the divifions, and *in the order* in which Warburton placed them, and recommended them to be read. "Locke on the Human Underftanding : Quintilian's Inftitutions.—Grotius de Jure belli et pacis ; Woollafton's Religion of Nature ; Cumberland on the Law of Nature ; Cudworth's Intellectual System.—Maimonides Ductor Dubitantium ; Spencer de Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus : Walton's Polyglot Bible ; Critici Sacri—Locke's Reafonablenefs of Chriftianity ; Burnet de fide et officiis Chriftianorum ; Grotius's Comment on the Gofpels : Locke on the Epiftles ; Joſeph Mede on the Apocalypſe ; Episcopii Inftituta Chriftianæ Theologiæ ; Limborch's Theologia Chriftiana ; Grotius de Veritate Religionis Chriftianæ ; Stillingfleet's Origines Sacræ, 1ft. ed. Limborch de Veritate Religionis Chriftianæ Amica Collatio cum Erudito Judæo, i. e. Ifaaco Orobio ; Chillingworth's Religion of Proteftants, a ſafe way to ſalvation ; Hooker's Eccleſiaſtical Polity, 4 firſt books. Taylor's Liberty of Propheſying ; Stillingfleet's Irenicm ; Locke's Letters on Toleration ; Bayle's Comment on the words "Compel them to come in."—Moſheim's Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory ; Collier's Church Hiſtory : Fuller's Church Hiſtory ; Sleidan Commentarii de ſtatu Religionis et Reipublicæ Carolo Quinto Cæſare Commentarii ; Burnett's Hiſtory of the Reformation : Dr. Clarke's Sermons ; Dr. Barrow's Sermons ; Sermons du Pere Bourdaloue."

The

AUTHOR.

How strangely you mistake ;
The dream deceives not, when the man's awake.

Once

The Second Part of these directions could not be found ; but it may surprise some people to hear, that Bishop Warburton's vigorous intellect regarded this plan, *but as an introduction* to the study of Theology. *Hæc limina VICTOR ALCIDES subiit!* Through such a vestibule did this High Priest pass *INTO THE TEMPLE*.—But if the reader is disposed to attend to the humbler suggestions of a very private layman on this subject, I think he would find great advantage in studying and considering the following works *in English*, (which are very few in number) *and in the order* in which they are arranged. 1. The View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, by Soame Jenyns, Esq. 2. The Evidences of Christianity in three parts, by W. Paley. D. D. 3. Grotius on the truth of the Christian Religion, in *any* translation. 4. The Evidence of Natural and Revealed Religion, by Dr. Samuel Clarke. 5. Mr. Locke's Reasonableness of Christianity, particularly the latter part of the tract. 6. Bishop Hurd's Introduction to the Study of the Prophecies. 7. Lord Lyttleton's Dissertation on the Conversion of St. Paul. and 8. Dr. Butler's Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the constitution and course of nature."—*From these few volumes*, if they are studied with care and an upright intention, I think it may be said, that "They shall see, to whom *HE* was not (before) spoken of ; and they that have not
" (before)

Once in the morn of Life, a wizard said ;

“ He ne’er shall rise by benefice or trade ; 142

“ But

“ (before) heard, shall understand.” These volumes are the works of laymen as well as of divines ; and if I am not mistaken, I think I perceive the following connection in the short plan which I have offered. *MR. JENYNS’s* View *prepares* the mind to think worthy of the Religion which is proposed, and demonstrates that there is the highest reason to think and conclude, that its origin is from above, and not from man. *DR. PALEY’s* View of the subject displays, confirms, and establishes the *direct* historical evidence and proof, with all the plainness and candour of which it is capable, and independent of the particular tenets of *any* church or sect. *GROTIUS* and *DR. CLARKE* present to us the faith, doctrine, and evidence in form of propositions, with ample and learned illustrations, with force of reasoning, and with logical precision. Mr. Locke has been peculiarly happy in representing the consonance of the Christian doctrine to reason properly understood, and its necessity from the defects of all philosophy however distinguished. Bishop *HURD*, with the hand of a master, has opened the general View of the subject of prophecy, and freed it from the intricacies of speculation, and shewn its time, nature, end, and intent. *LORD LYTLETON* has discussed the most illustrious instance of the conversion to this religion, in the person of St. Paul, a man of the highest natural talents, and profoundest reasoning and erudition ; and he has accompanied the whole with remarks of weight and dignity on the general subject of Revelation. And lest, to a mind disposed to view with calmness, humility and reverence, *the whole system of Providence*, as far as it

" But find, remote from consequence or fame,
 " A local something, and a shadowy name ;
 " Shall brave neglect ; in England's cause contend ;
 " Hopeless himself of virtue, but her friend :
 " Through crowds shall mark his solitary way,
 " Ardent, though secret, and though serious, gay ;
 " Erect,

it is permitted to man to view "*THE WORK WHICH GOD WORKETH FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE END,*" *Dr. Butler* has unfolded the Analogy or *relation* of the Course of Nature to Religion, by which all things are found to proceed in harmony from *Him* who hath made nothing imperfect. I think this great performance of Butler has peculiar force when it is considered in the *conclusion* of our religious researches, and not as part of the *original* proof ; or as Lord Bacon expresses himself, "*tanquam portum et sabbatum humanarum contemplationum omnium.*" (*De Augm. Scient. Lib. 3. ap. init.*)—I speak merely my own sentiments to those who have not *much* time or leisure for deep study, (but we are all bound to find some time for this subject,) and I speak in submission to scholars better informed than myself.—Reader, whoever thou art, if thou shouldst approve these *introductory* ideas to this great subject, inexhausted as it is and inexhaustible, prepare thyself, thy understanding, and thy affections. "*Te quoque dignum finge Deo !*"

(ee) The Rt. Rev. George Pretyman, D. D. Bishop of Lincoln and Dean of St. Paul's ; Tutor and Secretary to the Rt. Hon. William Pitt, before he was raised to the Prelacy. A man of great learning, discernment, and ability.

“ Erect, without a pension, to his end
 “ Unknown, unheard, unhonour’d, shall descend ;
 “ Bow to no minister for golden views, 151
 “ His portion, Memory, and best gift, the Muse.

OCTAVIUS.

This of yourself?

AUTHOR.

’Tis so.

OCTAVIUS.

You’re turn’d plain fool :
 A vain, pert prater, bred in (f) Erskine’s school ;
 Talk of yourself?

AUTHOR.

(f) The Hon. Thomas Erskine, the celebrated *Barrister*. For a further account of his talents, abilities, legal knowledge, &c. see and ask—*Mr. Erskine HIMSELF*. (See also P. of L. Dial. 4.)

A U T H O R.

Why yes; I would be heard:

Mere *talkers* now, not writers, are preferr'd.

Look at that paper: (g) if you print the speeches,
Pitt seems George Rose, or like Sir Richard,
preaches,

Nor tone, nor majesty, nor patriot fires;

Methinks the wit of Sheridan expires; 160

Loft in Dundas the Caledonian twang,

Though Pitt, and Port, and Property he sang;

Print negro speeches, and in reason's spite,

Lo, Wilberforce is black, and Francis, white;

Who wonders at buffoons, or Courtenay's joke?

And we scarce slumber, though Sir William spoke;

'Tis Grey and grumbling; Curwen (b) all and clatter;

And Dent (i) and Dogs; and Pewter (k) pot and
platter.

Shall

(g) Any newspaper or report of the Debates in Parliament.

(b) All the changes rung upon feudality, tyranny, and I know not what, when the Game Laws were discussed at the close of the last parliament, April 1796, on the motion of Mr. Curwen.

Shall I not *talk*?—Few politicks will *read*, 169
 Though Lauderdale should sketch his Scottish
 creed; (1)

Though

(i) Alluding to the long debates on the *Dog and Bitch* bill, brought into parliament in 1796, by Mr. Dent, The bill is a little allegorical, sometimes unintelligible, and often ludicrous. For instance; I shall not look to Mr. Pitt or Mr. Wilberforce for an explanation of the following clause in it: namely, "Provided always, that NO PERSON *who shall keep ANY BITCH*, whelp, &c. shall be charged with *the payment* of the said sum, *until SUCH BITCH &c. shall be of the age of—*."† Sect. 2. Certainly the bill is allegorical, and THE KEEPERS of BITCHES &c. complain, that they had *taxes enough to pay for them* before. Mr. Fox objected to it in the H. of Cs.; so did Lord William Gordon, and many other respectable and *playful* members? but in the H. of L. the Duke of Queensbury said, "It did not *much* signify." If Mr. Pitt means that taxes should be an object of wit, I shall soon expect to hear Mr. Sheridan, in the House, call the District of Downing-street, "The Borgo Allegro." (1796.)

(k) This is another curious subject brought into the House in April 1796, and shews that Mr. Fox has eloquence of all materials and of all metals. GOLD, for his *pension*; BRASS for his *opinions*; and PEWTER for his *constituents*.

(l) See the Earl of Lauderdale's Letters to the Scotch Peers. All his affecting eloquence was thrown away upon them, even *when they understood* many of the passages, which they did now and then. (1796.)

† See the Act for granting to His Majesty, certain *duties* on *Bitches*, Whelps, &c. &c. passed May 19, 1796.

Though Abram Jones, (ll) and Jasper Wilson preach,
With names uncouth, but not unpolish'd speech.

Few mark *the Journals* of the dubious Moore, (m)

We scent the tainted gale from Gallia's shore ;

Through England as his Various Views advance,

We smile, but trace the mannerist of France. 176

Godwin's

(ll) Two assumed names of political writers, instead of Cato, Brutus, &c. but it is a foolish custom and should cease. Of Abram Jones I have no conjecture ; and Jasper Wilson is still dubious.

(m) John Moore, M. D. the celebrated author of "Travels into France, and Italy, of Zeluco, of Edward, or Various Views of life and manners in England, &c. &c. &c." I speak of him only as a *public* author. He is a sensible and entertaining companion. His style is easy, always agreeable and pleasing, and his wit is playful. His pleasantries on physicians is little inferior to Moliere, "Vineta cædit sua." But I dislike the *tendency* of various parts of his writings when he speaks of the French affairs, I mean of the *principles* of the *first* Revolution, which led to the cruelties, misery, and distress, which have been since felt by France and by all Europe. It is impossible that Dr. Moore or any other man of sense, can be an advocate for their present system. I dislike the perpetual ridicule which Dr. Moore throws upon *hereditary* honour, at a time like the present. (1796.)

Godwin's dry page (p) no statesman e'er believ'd,
Though fiction aids, what sophistry conceiv'd ;

Genius

(p) I have given some attention to Mr. Godwin's work, "ON POLITICAL JUSTICE,†" as conceiving it to be the CODE of *improved* modern ethicks, morality, and legislation. I confess I looked not for the republic of Plato, or even for the Oceana of Harrington, but for something different from them all. I looked indeed for a superstructure raised on the revolutionary ground of equality, watered with blood from the guillotine ; and such I found it. I cannot discuss a work in two large volumes in a note, (though some would dispatch it with a single word) but in general I can speak as much of it, as it deserves, in a short compass ; I mean, as it appears to me.

The first trait of the work is, a certain cold-blooded indifference to all the mild, pious, and honourable feelings of our common nature, like all the Philosophers of the new Sect. The next thing observable, is a most affectionate concern and regard for the welfare of mankind, who are to exist *some centuries hence*, when the *endless perfectibility of the human species* (for such is their jargon) shall receive *its completion* upon earth ; when the disciples of Dr. Darwin have learned to *manage the winds* and direct their currents at pleasure, and the descendants of Abbé Sieyès have calmed the waves of a stormy people with the essential oil of democracy. Another trait is that all political Justice is essentially founded upon injustice ; if plunder, robbery, and spoliation of all property *in the*
outset

† First published in 2 vols. 4to ; and since in 2 vols. 8vo.

Genius may droop o'er Falkland's funeral cry ;

No

ouset may be termed injustice ;† though to be sure the latter end of his commonwealth rather forgets the beginning. But I must say, he is not without some kind of apprehension, that the population of states may be too great, under the blessings of an *equal diffusion* of property in the proposed government, for which he provides a remedy : though, for my own part, I think such a government, like Saturn of old, will be reduced to the necessity of eating up its children. Again : another discovery seems to be, that as hitherto we have had recourse to the agency and interference of the Deity, and his unalterable laws, to account even for the fall of a stone to the ground, the germination of a blade of grass, or the propagation of the meanest insect ; we are *now* to discard the superintendence of God in human and terrestrial affairs, and to believe in *no providence but our own*, and to *re-make* ourselves and our faculties. He seems to realize a modern fiction I once read, which supposes an assembly of certain philosophers before the Deity, when some of them are said to whisper in HIS ear, " Between friends, we did not believe that you exist at all." Further : as to suppose a divine sanction without a divinity would be absurd, *therefore*, every institution, such as marriage, which in all civilized nations has been hallowed for the great end for which it was ordained, is to be vilified, ridiculed, argued away, and abolished. The tender sex, deprived of the support, comfort, and protection of their natural guardian, is to be delivered over to fancied freedom and wild independence, but in reality to misery and destitution

† i. e. If Mr. Godwin's principles are to be adopted in any country, where property is *now* secured by the laws.

No patriot weeps when gifted villains die.

180

Who

destitution beyond all calculation. Then by way of *corollary*, a few vulgar virtues and once honourable affections, as piety to parents, and love to children, *as such*, are to be erased from the breast. Gratitude for kindness, and tears for the unfortunate, are but weaknesses: there is nothing soothing in compassion, and friendship has no consolation. It would seem, that a well of water, an apple tree, or any thing *productive*, is more valuable than man to man, *abstracted from the mere use* which one man can derive from another. "These are thy gods, O Israel, and this is the worship to which you are called!"

Nevertheless I shall still venture to mention, with reverence and humility, THE GREAT MORAL CODE intended for all mankind, once delivered and ratified by HIM, *who knew what was in man*. In that code all is practicable, all virtue is founded in mercy, kindness, benevolence, and comfort, alike to him that gives and him that takes. There man plants; and God, not man gives the increase. There we find no wild supposition of an interest which cannot be described, as it does not exist; no course of actions is proposed, without a motive direct and reflected. I speak here of perhaps the least part of the Gospel Code, even of that Revelation which was given unto men in a manner at once clear and perspicuous, pure and unmixed, uniform and consistent, persuasive and convincing, powerful and *authoritative*, in the name and in the majesty of HIM WHO is from everlasting to everlasting, THE ALMIGHTY!

But if we regard mere human institutions: If a man wishes to see a *practicable* system of policy and government, founded and confirmed in the experience of ages, let him, if he has been awhile
led

Who now reads Parr? whose title who shall give?

Doctor

led astray by the meteors of Godwin, walk for a season in the steady light which Blackstone has diffused. Let him study the Commentaries on the English Laws, as they exist and uphold all that is valuable, or perhaps attainable, in a rational and civilized nation; and then let him consider the Theories of Godwin on political Justice, and contemplate the government which would be raised on his principles. To me there seems to be no more comparison than between light and darkness. What the great Burnet† affirms of the Deist and the Atheist, considered merely as two sects in philosophy, is, I am convinced, not wholly inapplicable to the two political Sects in question. "The hypothesis of *the Deist* reaches "from the top to the bottom, both through the intellectual and material world, with a clear and distinct light every where: is genuine, comprehensive, satisfactory; has nothing forced, nothing "confused, nothing precarious. Whereas the hypothesis of *the Atheist* is strained and broken; dark and uneasy to the mind, "commonly precarious, often incongruous and irrational, and sometimes "plainly ridiculous."

I can allow Mr. Godwin, and other speculative writers on government to be ingenious. They must, in the course of their investigation, now and then throw out a *new* idea, but in general the greatest part of their works consists of very old ideas, which have been discussed again and again. They astonish by paradoxes, and allure the imagination by prospects without a limit; and when they have

† Burnet's Theory of the earth. b. 2. ch. 10—See the tenth and eleventh chapters of that great man's work: "On the Author of Nature, and on Natural Providence;"—a master treatise of reason and eloquence. I wish these two chapters were published in a separate pamphlet.

Doctor Sententious hight, or Positive? (s)

From

have alternately *heated and confounded* the minds of men, they call them *to the great work*, namely, the subversion of, what they call, prejudices, and the overthrow of government, *which is*. “IN NOSTROS FABRICATA EST MACHINA MUROS.” I can laugh at their metaphysicks, and even be amused with their pantomime fancies, *as such*. But when I know that their theories are designed to be brought into action, and when they tell us, that they hate violence, bloodshed, revolution, and misery, and that truth and happiness are their objects; I open my eyes to see, and my ears to hear; and having honestly exerted both faculties, I declare, from private conviction and from public experience, that I oppose the admission of their doctrines, whether recommended by Thomas Paine or William Godwin.

Yet a moment. Take Mr. Godwin as a *natural* philosopher, and from his doctrines let the reader consider *the state of his understanding*. Let him also consider, *how* such a man is *qualified* not merely to reform, but first to overthrow and then to rebuild, the whole system of government, morality, and religion in such a kingdom as Great Britain. What opinion can we entertain of a man who seriously thinks that, at some future period, the necessity of *sleep in an animal body may be superseded*:—that *men die merely by their own fault and mismanagement*, but, that the immortality of the organized human body, as it is now formed, might be attained by proper attention and care:—or who thinks “that, hereafter it is by no means clear, that the most extensive operations may not be without the reach of *one* man, or to make use of a *familiar* instance, *that a plough may not be turned into a field, and perform its office, without the need of superintendence!!*” and then adds, “It was in
“ *this*

From Greek, or French, or any Roman ground,

In

" *this sense* that the celebrated Franklin conjectured, that Mind
" would one day become omnipotent over matter !!!†—Surely we
may say with the poet of Epicurus :

Naturæ

Perturbatur ibi totum *sic* corpus, et omnes

Commutantur ibi POSITURÆ PRINCIPIORUM‡.

I have referred to the last edition of Mr. Godwin's work, as he has corrected or omitted many passages which were in the 4th edition. If he will but go on with *more last thoughts*, I think he will shortly reduce it to a very little pamphlet. I could make such a collection of *Beauties* (or what Rabelais might call "*Antidoted Conundrums*") from this work, as would dazzle even a modern philosopher, whose "mind is omnipotent over matter," in Mr. Godwin's and Dr. Franklin's sense. I think these *Beauties* would form an assemblage of the most curious and incongruous ideas ever exhibited, fully sufficient, (as Mr. Godwin expresses it) to "rouse (any man) from the LETHARGICK OBLIVIOUS POOL, out of which every finite intellect originally rose!" vol. 2. p. 88. 8vo. ed. Good heaven! what can Mr. Godwin mean by such ideas, and such words! except he *seriously* believes that *human souls* are dipped in the river of oblivion, or drink of that stream as described by Virgil. Yet even this will not help, or explain Mr. Godwin's words, for he says, that they "ORIGINALLY rose from the oblivious pool." Into what whirlpools of desolating nonsense are we to be hurried, as the sport, the scorn, the ludibria, the puppets of *these New Creators of the moral world*? Alas for man! wherever they lead

† Godwin, v. 2. p. 494. Ed. 8vo.

‡ Lucret. L. 4. v. 670.

In mazy progress and eternal round,

Quotations

lead us and themselves, methinks it is deeper and deeper, *confusion worse confounded!*

The further I proceed, the more I learn to distrust swelling men, and swelling words, and swelling ideas, but above all in political subjects, from which most is to be dreaded. Political writers of this class are not to be considered as the speculators of former times. The lucubrations of Montesquieu and Locke were given as the result of long experience and continued meditation; and were not designed to produce subversion, but *slow* and gradual reformation, as the various states of Europe would admit. The writers of these days on the contrary, throw out their ideas *at a heat*, and indeed they should be brought into *immediate* action. They are not friends "to the world, or the world's law." For I would inculcate it again and again, that whatever may be held forth to us, or disguised, by these philosophers, neither *their* plans, nor *their* reforms, nor *their* systems, can ever be erected or established IN THE KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN, but upon the overthrow of the Christian Religion, and upon the annihilation or the disturbance of all orders and ranks in society, as they now exist. And this cannot be effected, but through the necessary and unavoidable medium of plunder, confiscation, revolutionary diurnal murders, and the insurrection of the enterprising talents of gifted, bold, and bad men UPON ALL PROPERTY, *public and private*, upon which all modern Revolutionists rest as their corner stone, and their final hope.

I will add, that to such of my readers as are conversant in those authors of antiquity whose precision, of thought and of language, has conferred dignity and stability on those principles by which all that

is

Quotations dance, and wonder at their place, 185
 Buzz through his wig, and give the bush more grace,
 But on the *mitred* oath, that Tucker (*t*) swore,
 Parr wisely ponder'd and his oath forbore.
 He prints a Sermon; (*tt*) Hurd with judging eye
 Reads, and rejects with critick dignity: 190
 Words upon words! and most against their will,
 And honied globules dribble through his quill,
 Mawkish,

is sacred, or venerable, or useful, or necessary to well-being is maintained, I would offer the words of an ancient Christian Philosopher in the early ages. The uncertainty, and weakness, and futility of *modern and revived* doctrines were never better exposed or expressed.

Ἦδη γὰρ μοι σκοτός ἀγνοίας ἅπαντα, καὶ ἀπάτη μελαίνα, καὶ ἀπειρος πλάνη, καὶ ἀτέλης φαντασία καὶ ἀκαταλήπτως ἀγνοία. Ταῦτα τοίνυν διεξήλθον, ἐκλωμένος δείξαι τὴν ἐν τοῖς δογμασὶν ἦσαν αὐτῶν ἐναντιότητα, καὶ ὡς εἰς ἀπείρον αὐτοῖς καὶ ἀορίστον προεῖπιν ἡ ζήτησις τῶν πραγμάτων, καὶ τὸ τέλος αὐτῶν ἀτεκμαρτον καὶ ἀχρηστον, ἐργῶ μὴδὲν προδῆλω καὶ λόγῳ σαφί: ἐββαίμενον."†

N. B. *If this note is too long*, I have no inclination to make any apology for it. My conviction and my fears on this most awful subject, (while it may yet avail us to consider it) sometimes overpower me, till I absolutely sink under them. It is written, I hope we all know where. "Γενομένος ἐν ἀγωνίᾳ ΕΚΤΕΝΕΣ ΤΕΡΟΝ προσήχετο."

† Hermiæ Διασυρμος (five Irrisio) τῶν ἐξω φιλοσοφῶν. Page 175.—
 Sub fin. Ed. Paris. Justin. Martyris Op. 1636.

Mawkish, and thick; Earth scarce the tropes supplies,
Heav'n lends her moon and *crowded galaxies*; (v)

Polemick

(s) Though the reader may possibly have a very good idea of a sententious, or a positive Doctor in general; yet my specifick allusion is to the theology of the twelfth century, when the Doctors were divided into *Doctores Dogmatici et Positivi*, and the *Doctores Sententarii*, or expounders of the famous Book of Sentences by Peter Lombard, *Bishop of Paris*.—At present *Bishop Gregoire* and *Bishop Sieyes* at PARIS, give *their Doctors* some famous books of sentences to expound, *notis et commentariis perpetuis* DOCTORIS GUILLOTINI, who causes great unanimity of sentiment among the Doctors, and *arranges their several heads* with admirable precision. (1796.)

(t) Josiah Tucker, D. D. Dean of Gloucester, *ô wau*, once took an oath in a pamphlet that he would refuse a bishoprick.

(tt) The unfortunate Education Sermon, which Bishop Hurd happened to dislike. “*Hinc illæ lacrymæ!*” This produced the re-publication of Warburton’s and Hurd’s tracts, with the splendid and astonishing dedication by Dr. Parr. See the First Dialogue of the P. of L. See also Rabelais’s great Chapter, “How Gargantua spent his time in *rainy* weather,” and the comment by Du Chat.

(v) Dr. Parr’s *own* words. See the P. of L. Dialogue 1. and Dr. Parr’s *own* Dedication of Warburton’s tracts, p. 151, &c. with all the display of beautiful earthly and cœlestial imagery, and all the *melliti verborum globuli*, which were exhibited on the occasion in such admirable confusion, “*ut majus sit hæc contortiones orationis, quam signorum ortus obitusque, perdiscere.*” Cic. de Fato, Sect. 8.

Dr.

Polemick phrenzy and irreverent rage, 195
 And dotard impotence, deform the page.
 Let

Dr. Parr's strange *verbiage*† reminds me of some persons in *The Wasps* of Aristophanes ;

Λυχνας εχοντες, και μινυριζοντες μελη
 Αρχαιομελησιδωνοφρωνιχηρατα.

ΣΦΟΥΣ. 219.

Or as Plautus expresses himself in one of his comedies ;

“ Salva res est, philosophatur quoque jam :

“ Quod erat ei nomen ?—*The saurochrysonicochrysfides*.”

Captiv. A. 2. S. 2.

The Doctor can construe *all this*, I believe, and the meaning of it.
 —Dr. Parr is so very learned, and has such a deep mouth, that some conjecture he was not born *till the end of the eleventh month*, like the great Gargantua ; or περιπλομενη ενιαυτου, at *the end of the twelfth-month*, as Homer speaks (Od. xi. v. 247.) of one of Neptune's children, and for which Aulus Gellius, (a favourite author with Dr. Parr) gravely assigns a reason, “ Convenisse Neptuno majestatique ejus,

† I have been misunderstood. I hold up none of Dr. Parr's *sempiternalia verba* to ridicule ; it is his *verbiage* and phraseology which I reprobate. It would be ridiculous indeed to compare *the Birmingham Doctor* with Dr. Samuel Johnson. I am not his Biographer. It is not his life, but his writings which I criticize. What has Dr. Parr written ? A Sermon or two, rather long ; a Latin preface to Bellendenus, (rather long too) consisting of a cento of Latin and Greek expressions applied to political subjects : another preface to some English tracts, and two or three English pamphlets about his own private quarrels. And this is the man to be compared with Dr. Samuel Johnson !!! (Added, 1797.) Why am I forced into a confirmation of my opinion stronger and stronger ?

Let him but wrangle, and in any shape
 Not insignificance itself can 'scape :
 Horace and Coombe (x) go forth a gentle pair,
 Splendid and silly, to unequal war ; 200
But

ejus, ut longiore tempore satus ex eo grandesceret. Lib. 3. Cap. 16. *Επει ουκ αποφυλίοι ευναι Αθανάτων!*—A few months after the Doctor's birth, he was found, like Gargantua, to be "a fine boy, and *bad a burly physiognomy* ; he monochordized with his fingers, and *barytonized* with his tail." Rabel. B. 1. C. 7. This was a preface of *the noise* the Doctor was to make hereafter ; but from the nature of his *boyish* diet, (for his masters were siled Tubal Holofernes and Pocrates Matæologus) it appeared that he was better *fed* than *taught*. If the child wanted a bit of bread, or a slice of mutton, or any common vegetable, he was not suffered to have any, till he had *quoted* all the Greek or Latin authors who had mentioned these *natural* substances ; Pliny, Athenæus, Julius Pollux, Galen, Porphyrius, Oppian, Polybius, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Heliodorus, Aristotle, Plato, Aulus Gellius, Ælian, Theophrastus,* and Dioscorides, down to Buffon and Sir John Hill. This habit *the child* never lost in his riper years, to the great edification of his hearers or readers, when he was furnished with pen and ink. When he was advanced to the Doctorate, *the child* was still the same, as appeared in his complimentary and satirical preface to Bellendenus, in which, as usual,

* I recommend to Dr. Parr the following passage from Theophrastus's History of Plants, which he will understand : *Εν ταις αγαθαις, χωραις, προδ το ΜΗ ΦΥΛΛΟΜΑΝΕΙΝ, επινεμυσι και επιχειρυσι τον σιτον.* Theophrast. Hist. Plant. Lib. 8. c. 7.

But while the midwife to Lucina prays,
 The Gorgon glares, and blasts the criticks bays.
 Parr prints a *Paper*: (y) well; in all things equal,
 Sense, taste, wit, judgment; but pray read *The*
Sequel: *Sequel*

usual, he *discharged all the literary food he ever ate*, after the Greek fashion of his masters Tubal Holofernes and Ponocrates Matæologus, and as prescribed by that great and consummate Theologian, "Joanninus de Barrauco in libro de copiositate reverentiarum," a writer who cannot be sufficiently recommended, and who is *as well known* as "MUSAMBERTIUS in Commemitorio ad Ramiresium de Prado," quoted by Mr. Porson in the title page of his Letters, to regale Archdeacon Travis.

(x) See the ridiculous controversy between Dr. Parr and Dr. Coombe, the little man midwife and critick, about a pompous edition of Horace, published to be sure for no purpose that I can discover; which the Doctor Positivus mangled and destroyed in the British Critick without any mercy. See also Dr. Parr's strange Letter to Dr. C. on this occasion, signed "By an Occasional Writer in the British Critick."

(y) Dr. Parr published at Birmingham what he called "*A printed paper*"; and after that, "*A Sequel to a printed paper*," a very large pamphlet, *de omni scibili*, as usual.—N. B. I really think it is impossible to point out any man of learning and ability, (and Dr. Parr has both,) who has *hitherto* wasted his powers and attainments in such a desultory, unmeaning, wild, unconnected, and useless manner, as Dr. PARR.—*In nullum reipublicæ usum ambitiosâ loquelâ inclaruit.*†—I have done with him.

† Tacit. L. 4. Sect. 20.

Sequel to what? the Doctor only knows; 205
 Morsels of politicks, most chosen prose,
 Of Nobles, Priestley, Plato, Democrats,
 Pitt, Plutarch, Curtis, Burke, and Rous, and Rats;
 The scene? 'tis Birmingham, renown'd afar
 At once for half pence, and for Doctor Parr. 210

OCTAVIUS.

Well if none *read* such works, yet all admire—

AUTHOR.

The paper?

OCTAVIUS.

Yes; ten shillings every quire : (a)
 The type is Bulmer's, *just like* Boydell's plays :
 So Mister Hayley shines in Milton's (b) rays.

In

(a) Not Dr. Parr's paper or printing, which in some of his works is sometimes scarce legible ; but I allude to and condemn the general needlessly expensive manner of publishing most pamphlets, and books at this time. See the Pursuits of Literature Dial. 1. If the present

In one glaz'd glare tracts, sermons, pamphlets vie,
And hot prefs'd nonsense claims a dignity. 216

A U T H O R.

Nonsense or sense, I'll bear in any shape,
In gown, in lawn, in ermine, or in crape :
What's a fine type, where Truth exerts her rule ?
Science, is science, and a fool's a fool. 220

Yet all shall read, and all that page approve,
When public spirit meets with public love.
Thus late, (c) where poverty with rapine dwelt,
Rumford's kind genius the Bavarian felt,

Not

sent rage of printing on fine, *creamy*, wire-wove, *vellum*, hot-pressed paper is not stopped, the injury done to the eye from reading, and the shameful expence of the books, will in no very long time annihilate the desire of reading, and the possibility of purchasing. *No new work whatsoever* should be published in *this* manner, or Literature will destroy itself.

(b) Mr. Hayley wrote a long life, or rather a sort of defence of Milton, as I think, prefixed to Boydell's grand edition of the poet. I like neither the spirit nor the execution of Mr. H.'s work.

Not by romantick charities beguil'd, 225
 But calm in project, and in mercy (*d*) mild,
 Where'er his wisdom guided, none withstood,
 Content with peace and practicable good ;
 Round him the labourers throng, the nobles wait,
 Friend of the poor, and guardian of the state 230

Yet all shall read, (e) when bold in strength divine,
Prelatick virtue guards the Christian shrine,
Pleas'd

(*c*) See the Experimental Essays, Political, Economical, and Philosophical, by BENJAMIN COUNT OF RUMFORD, &c. &c. &c. I hope the Directors of the interior Government of this country will have the sense and wisdom to profit from this most valuable and important work, whose truly philosophick and benevolent author must feel a joy and self satisfaction, far superior to any praise which man can bestow.

(*d*) A distinguishing feature in all his plans for the relief of the poor, the idle, the abandoned, and the wretched. The mode of *conferring* mercy, and apparent kindness, is not always mild and merciful. I have too much respect for my readers to enlarge on this virtue. May they all feel experimentally, that the merciful, in the true sense, shall obtain mercy.

(*e*) See the important, convincing, and eloquent Letters addressed to Thomas Paine, author of the *Age of Reason* 2d. part, by the Rt. Rev. Richard Watson, Bishop of Landaff, titled, "An apology for

Pleas'd from the pomp of science to descend,
 And teach *the people*, as their hallow'd friend ;
 In gentle warnings to the unsettled breast, 235
 In all its wand'rings from the realms of rest,
 From impious scoffs and ribaldry to turn,
 And *Reason's Age* by reason's light discern ;
 Reflex insulted truth with temper'd zeal,
 And feel that joy which Watson best can feel. 240

True Genius marks alone the path to life,
 And Fame invites, and prompts the noble strife,
 Her temple's everlasting doors unbarr'd ;
 Desert is various, various the reward :
 No little jealousy, no ill-tim'd sneer, 245
 No envy there is found, or rival fear.

Methinks

" for the Bible." Every person wishes that the Bishop had changed, or would even now change, the word "Apology" to "Defence," or any other ; not that the word "apology" is absolutely improper, but because the original meaning of it is obsolete. *To write such a book as this is TO DO A REAL SERVICE TO MANKIND.* A cheap edition of it is printed, and it is hoped, will be circulated throughout the kingdom.—I would also particularly recommend the perusal of the Sixth Letter of the Series of Letters which the Bishop

Methinks on Babylon fond fancy dreams,
 Her vale of willows by the mournful streams,
 Where Hebrew lyres hung (cc) mute ! O'er Sion's hill
 Blows the chill blast, and baneful dew distil. (dd)

Where

shop addressed to Mr. Gibbon. To young men of fashion and of abilities, *originally good*, but obscured by libertine life and conversation, it will be peculiarly serviceable ; as well as to those who are led astray by some modern pretended discoveries in *natural* philosophy, now a favourite mode of introducing and enforcing scepticism and infidelity. I think also that his "Defence of Revealed Religion" in two short Sermons is of great merit and of general utility. Bishop Watson should often write, but with the utmost caution, accuracy, and consideration, because his works will always be read.

(cc) "The banks of the rivers of Babylon, the Euphrates, &c. were so thickly planted with willow trees, as the learned Bochart informs us, that the country of Babylon was thence called, The Vale of Willows, and on those trees were suspended the lyres of the captive Hebrews neglected and unstrung." See PERSIAN MISCELLANIES, by William Ousley, Esq. 4to. p. 101. abounding with learned, pleasing, and curious information. It is one of those works, which not being adapted to general reading should be patronised and purchased by men of fortune and education. I beg leave for the same reasons, to recommend the ingenious Mr. MAURICE's History of Hindostan, in 4to. and his Indian Antiquities in 8vo. The subject is indeed in the region of fancy and of conjecture, and Mr. M's work abounds with both. But such erudition, ingenuity,

Where is the charm, that sense to virtue binds,
 The social sympathy of learned minds, 252
 The common care, the universal cause,
 And all that piety to genius draws?
 How sweet to hear, on that Parnassian mount,
 Mild waters welling from the favour'd fount:
 Oh, never may Castalia's streams divide
 From Siloa's brook, and Jordan's hallow'd tide.

But

nuity and unremitting diligence, should not fail of an honourable reward. "Sint hic etiam sua præmia laudi.†" (See also P. of L. Dial. IV.)

(*dd*) I read, with the greatest concern, the following passage in the very learned, ingenious, and venerable bishop of Worcester's Preface to the quarto edition of Warburton's Works, concerning Dr. Lowth, one of the greatest men whom our times have produced. Dr. Hurd says; "Bishop LOWTH's reputation, as a writer, was raised chiefly on his *Hebrew Literature*, as displayed in *those two works*, his Latin Lectures on the Hebrew poetry, and his English version of the prophet Isaiah. The former is well and elegantly composed, but in a vein of *criticism not above the common*; the latter, I think, is chiefly valuable, *as it shews how little may be expected* from Dr. Kennicott's Work, and from a new translation of the Bible for publick use." Preface to Warburton's Works 4to. edition, p. 94. The necessity of any observation from me, in this note,

† Virg. *Æn.* i. v. 61.

But hark, what solemn strains from Arno's vales
 Breathe raptures wafted on the Tuscan gales! 260
 LORENZO rears again his awful head,
 And feels his ancient glories round him spread;
 The Muses starting from their trance revive,
 And at their ROSCOE's bidding, wake and live. (e)

The

note, is precluded by a very able Letter to Bishop Hurd, occasioned by his *Strictures on Archbishop Secker and Bishop Lowth*, by a member of the University of Oxford, which I recommend to the reader. It is one of the few pamphlets which should be preserved.

(e) See "The Life of Lorenzo de Medici, called the Magnificent, by William Roscoe," 2 Vol. 4to. I cannot but congratulate the publick upon this great and important addition to Classical History, which I regard as a phenomenon in Literature, in every point of view. It is pleasant to consider a gentleman, not under the auspices of an university, or beneath the shelter of academick bowers, but in the practice of the law and business of great extent, and resident in a remote commercial town, (where nothing is heard of but Guinea ships, slaves, blacks, and merchandize, in the town of *Liverpool*;) investigating and describing the rise and progress of every polite art in Italy at the revival of learning with acuteness, depth, and precision; with the spirit of the poet, and the solidity of the historian. It is pleasant to consider this. For my own part, I have not terms sufficient to express my admiration of his genius and erudition, or my gratitude for the amusement and information I have received. I may add, that *the manner* in which Mr. Roscoe procured,

The LATIAN GENIUS vindicates his state, 265
 And proudly hails the great Triumvirate, (f)
 Lords of the lyre, and fathers of the song,
 In Fancy's order as they pass along.
 There musing deep in philosophick groves,
 His Tuscan Academe, (g) Loronzo roves; 270
 While prophets of his great reviving name,
 From isles of fragrance and Athenian fame,

Sages

procured, from the libraries at Florence, and many of the various inedited manuscripts with which he has enriched the appendix to his history, was singularly curious; not from a Fellow or Traveller of the Dilettanti, but from a commercial man in the intervals of his employment. I shall not violate the dignity of the work by slight objections to some modes of expression, or to a few words, or to some *occasional sentiments* in the *Historian of a Republick*. But I recommend it to our country as a work of unquestionable genius, and of uncommon merit. It adds the name of Roscoe to the very first rank of English classical Historian.

MUSARUM SPONDET CHORUS, ET ROMANUS APOLLO.† (1795.)

(f) Dante, Boccacio, and Petrarch.

(g) See Mr. Roscoe's account of the institution of the Platonick Academy at Florence, and the Platonick festival, and the effects of it. Vol. I. p. 160, &c. &c.

† Sulpiciæ Sat. v. ult.

Sages and Bards in claffick pomp appear:
 Bessarion, (*b*) and Philelpho's (*i*) form severe;
 Marfilius (*k*) rob'd in olive, Plato's priest;
 (*l*) Janus with treasures from the learned East;
 And He, who from Eleufis flaming bore
 The torch of fcience to his native fhore,

Fam'd

(*b*) Cardinal Bessarion, a learned and eloquent prelate, honoured with the purple by Pope Eugenius the 4th in 1439. For the most ample account of the restoration of Greek literature in Italy, the reader must consult the learned Hodus de Græcis Illustribus, Linguæ Græcæ literarumque humaniorum Instauratoribus, which may easily be procured; and, if convenient, Tiraboschi's History, which is voluminous. Tiraboschi was the Librarian at Modena.

(*i*) Philelpho. A professor in various sciences in different parts of Italy, who introduced many curious Greek MSS. into that country; a man of erudition, but turbulent and intractable in his temper. "Ingenium vagum, multiplex, volubile." See also the Académie des Inscriptions, tom. 10. p. 691—751.

(*k*) Marfilius Ficinus, the great disciple of Plato, whose doctrines alone occupied his attention, or rather devotion, and which appeared in all his conduct and conversation.

(*l*) Janus Lascaris, a man of eloquence and politeness, and of imperial descent. He was a literary missionary of Lorenzo, and brought

Fam'd Chrysolòras ; (*m*) and Landino (*n*) bold,
 In studious shades high converse form'd to hold ;
 Politian, (*nn*) chief of all th' enlighten'd race
 In Lydian softness, and Horatian grace ; 282
 Michael, (*o*) in full Pierian pow'rs erect,
 The sculptor, painter, poet, architect,

Michael

brought with him from the east a treasure of two hundred manuscripts. See also Hodius de Græcis Illustribus, p. 294. for several curious particulars.

(*m*) Emanuel Chrysolòras, stiled by his contemporaries, the Patriarch of Literature, principally the Græcian.

(*n*) Christophero Landino, a Professor of Poetry and Rhetorick in Florence, a writer of spirit and depth of knowledge ; and author of a work, once celebrated, called the " Disputationes Camaldulenses," formed on a plan similar to the Tusculan disputations. The scene supposed is a monastery in the wood of Camaldoli. The account of it by Mr. Roscoe, is particularly pleasing and judicious. Vol. i. p. 103, &c.

(*nn*) See Mr. Roscoe's account of that finished and polite scholar and poet, Angelo Politiano. It were an injury to abridge it.

(*o*) Michael Angelo Buonarotti. I wish, however, to refer the reader again to Mr. Roscoe, v. 2. p. 201, &c. who gives animation to any subject, new or old ; for I know not how it is, but as it seems to me,

HUIC *Musa* indulgent omnes, HUNC POSCIT APOLLO.†

† Vide Art. Poet. l. i. v. 327.

Michael to Britain dear, so Genius spoke, 285
 When his last praise, from parting (p) Reynolds
 broke :

And all whose brows, with ivy grac'd or bays,
 Brighten'd their LEO's visionary days.
 Names which I long have blest, nor blest in vain !
 Oh, were I number'd in their sacred train, 290
 To realms of purest light, where heroes dwell,
 Her bolder notes the willing Muse should swell

In

(p) In Sir Joshua Reynolds's final address to the Royal Academy, as their President, he concluded an able panegyrick on that mighty master, by saying that the last word he wished to pronounce from the Chair was, "MICHAEL ANGELO." It was a word heard by the audience with the deep silence of regret. It absolutely repairs me to talk of these great men. Such is the power of departed genius !

Far pleasanter to me is the language of commendation, than the tone of censure I wish to expatiate freely, when I can, in the groves and retreats of the wise, the virtuous, and the eminent, with philosophers, and statesmen, and poets, and historians, and orators of highest fame. I love the regions of the morning, and the light of the sun ;

Οθι τ' Ηες ηριγενειας

Οικια και χοροι εισι, και ανταλαι Ηελιοιο. †

† Hom. Od. L. 12, γ. 3.

In lyrick intonation, grave and deep,
 Nor dream with folly, nor with dulness sleep;
 To Cowper and to Gifford leave the rod, 295
 For songs celestial, and the Delian God:
 Then calmly to the secret mount retire,
 Bid Satire glance on folly, and expire.

O C T A V I U S.

Give me my Sabine grove, tir'd Horace cried;
 For Cumæ thus the great Aquinian sigh'd: 300
 But when wild waves, and wars, and tempests rage,
 Ah, who can find the soft Saturnian age?
 'Tis your's *awhile* to frown on classick toys,
 Black Letter Dogs, or hoary *seventh-form**(q)
 Boys; 304
Awhile to war with dunces, fools, and knaves,
 Hirelings of state, or opposition slaves,
 And all who dare profane the Muse's dome;
 With idle, random fierceness they may foam,

None

(q) i. e. The modern Commentators of Shakspeare, (See Dial. the First of the P. of L.) and the translators (not quite *The Septuagint*) of Gray's Elegy into Greek. See Dial. 3. of the P. of L. v. 1. to v. 60.

None shall HER column's stately pride deface :
The snake winds harmless round the marble base. (r)

(r) My friend Octavius means by this allusion to observe, that the proper, constant, and *undeviating* application of time, learning, and talents, must ultimately resist the malignity of criticism, and rise superior to temporary neglect, in any department of literature, of government, or of society. And as I concluded the first part of this Poem with a sentence from Swift, I wish to recommend another from that great master of life, as obvious perhaps, and as little attended to. The sentence is this : "*It is an uncontroled truth, that NO MAN EVER MADE AN ILL FIGURE, WHO UNDERSTOOD HIS OWN TALENTS, NOR A GOOD ONE, WHO MISTOOK THEM.*"

END OF THE THIRD DIALOGUE.

THE
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

DIALOGUE THE FOURTH AND LAST.

Οὐδ' αλασκοπὴν εἶχε κρείων Ἐνδοχθών.
Καὶ γὰρ ὁ θαυμάζων ἦτο Πτολεμῶντι Μαχόντι,
Υψὲς ἐπ' ἀκροτάτης κορυφῆς Σαμῆς ὕλησσης
Θρηϊκῆς· ἐνθεν γὰρ εἶφαινετο πᾶσα μὲν Ἰδῆ,
Φαίνετο δὲ Πριάμοιο πόλις, καὶ νῆες Ἀχαιῶν.
Αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὄρεος κατέβησάτο παιπαλοέσσης.
ΤΡΙΣ μὲν ὄρεζατ' ἰὼν, ΤΟ ΔΕ ΤΕΤΡΑΤΟΝ ἵκετο τέκμων
Αἶγας, ἐνθα δὲ οἱ κλυτὰ δώματα ΒΕΝΘΕΣΙ Αἰμνῆς
Χρυσέα, μαρμαίροντα τέτευχται, ἀφθίτα αἰεὶ.

Hom. Il. 13. v. 10.

P R E F A C E

TO THE

FOURTH AND LAST DIALOGUE (a)

OF THE

PRUSUITS OF LITERATURE.

L'OMBRA SUA TORNA CH'ERA DIPARTITA!

Dante.

"Hear his speech, but say thou nought."

"But one word more;—"

"He will not be commanded!"

Macbeth.

AS I have now brought my Poem to the conclusion which I intended, it is proper and, as I think, respectful to offer some considerations to the publick, for whose use it was written. No imitation of any writer or of any poem was proposed, unless the adherence to the principles of just composition, and a *general* observation of the finished models of classical

(a) *First* printed in July 1797.

cal literature, be considered as such. In the Preface to the First Dialogue I said, what I now repeat, that I would not have printed it, but from a full conviction of its *tendency* to promote the publick welfare. My particular ideas on the nature and subject of SATIRE I expressed clearly and fully in the Preface to the Second Dialogue, and under the influence and impresson of those sentiments I wrote the work. I have since enlarged on that subject in the Introductory Letter to this Poem. In my introduction to the Third Dialogue, feeling the importance of my subject in its various branches, I asserted that, " LITERATURE, *well or ill conducted*, IS THE " GREAT ENGINE *by which*, I am fully persuaded, ALL CIVILIZED STATES *must ultimately be supported or overthrown*." I am now more and more deeply impressed with this truth, if we consider the nature, variety, and extent of the word, Literature.

We are no longer in the age of ignorance; and information is not partially distributed according to the ranks, and orders, and functions, and dignities of social life. All learning has an index, and every science its abridgment. I am scarcely able to name any man whom I consider as wholly ignorant. We no longer look exclusively for learned authors in the usual place, in the retreats of academick erudition, and in the seats of religion. Our peasantry now read the *Rights of Man* on mountains, and moors, and by the way side; and shepherds make the analogy between their occupation and that of their governors. Happy indeed, had they been taught to make no other comparifon. Our *unsexed* female writers now instruct, or confuse, us and themselves in the labyrinth of politicks, or turn us wild with Gallick frenzy.

But

But there is one publication of the time too peculiar, and too important to be passed over in a general reprehension. There is nothing with which it may be compared. A legislator in our own parliament, a member of the House of Commons of Great Britain, an elected guardian and defender of the laws, the religion, and the good manners of the country, has neither scrupled nor blushed to depict, and to publish to the world, the arts of lewd and systematick seduction, and to thrust upon the nation the most open and unqualified blasphemy against the very code and volume of our religion. And all this, with his name, style, and title, prefixed to the novel or romance called "THE MONK." (b) And one of our publick theatres has allured the public attention

still

NOTE.

(b) "THE MONK, a Romance in three volumes by M. LEWIS, Esq. M. P." printed for Bell, Oxford-street. At first I thought that the name and title of the author were fictitious, and some of the publick papers hinted it. But I have been solemnly and repeatedly assured by the Bookseller himself, that it is the writing and publication of M. LEWIS, Esq. *Member of Parliament*. It is sufficient for me to point out Chap. 7. of Vol. 2. As a composition, the work would have been better, if the offensive and scandalous passages had been omitted, and it is disgraced by a *diablerie* and nonsense fitted only to frighten children in the nursery. I believe this 7th Chap. of Vol. 2. is *indisubtle at Common Law*. Edmund Curl in the first year of George II. was prosecuted by the Attorney General (Sir Philip Yorke, afterwards Lord Hardwicke) for printing two obscene books. The Attorney General set forth the several obscene passages, and concluded, that *it was an offence against the King's peace*. The defendant was found guilty and set in the pillory. See Str. 788. 1 Barnardiston 29. The indictment (in Mich. Term 1 G. II.) begins thus: "Edmund Curl, *Existens homo iniquus et secleratus nequiter machinans et intendens bonos mores subditorum hujus regni corrumpere, et eos ad nequitiam inducere, quendam obscenum libellum intitulat.*" &c. &c.—See Sir John Strange's Rep. p. 777.
Ed,

still more to this novel, by a scenick representation of an Epifode in it. "O Proceres Cenfore opus est, an Haruspice nobis ?

Ed. 1782. In *two or three days after* the point had been solemnly argued, and the judges had given their respective opinions, Sir J. Strange observes, "They gave it *as their unanimous opinion*, that " *this was a temporal offence.*" And they declared also that if the famous case of the Queen against *Read* (6 Ann. in B. R.) was to be adjudged (*by them*) they should rule it *otherwise*; i. e. contrary to Lord Ch. J. Holt's opinion. The Judges were Sir Robert (afterwards Lord) Raymond, Fortescue, Reynolds, and Probyn. We know the proceedings against the book, entitled "Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure," by John Cleland.

To the passages of obscenity, (which certainly I shall not copy in this place) Mr. Lewis *has added* BLASPHEMY AGAINST THE SCRIPTURES; *if* the following passage may be considered as such. "He (the Monk) examined the book which she " (Antonia) "had been reading, and had now placed upon the table. *It was* "THE BIBLE. 'How,' said the Prior to himself, 'Antonia "reads the Bible, and is still so ignorant? But upon further inspection, he found that Elvira (the mother of Antonia) had made exactly the same remark. That prudent mother, whilst she admired the beauties of THE SACRED WRITINGS, was convinced, that "unrestricted, no reading more improper could be permitted a young "woman. Many of the narratives can ONLY tend to excite ideas the "worst calculated for a female breast; every thing is called roundly "and plainly by its own name; and THE ANNALS OF A BROTHEL "WOULD SCARCELY FURNISH A GREATER CHOICE OF INDECENT EXPRESSIONS. Yet this is the book which young women "are recommended to study, which is put into the hands of children, able to comprehend little more than those passages of which "they had better remain ignorant, and which but too frequently INCULCATE the first rudiments of vice, and give the first alarm to "the still sleeping passions. Of this Elvira was so fully convinced, "that she would have preferred putting into her daughter's hands "Amadis de Gaul, or the Valiant Champion Tirante the White; "and would sooner have authorised her studying the lewd exploits of "Don Galaor, or the lascivious jokes of the Damzel Plazor de mi
"vida."

nobis?*" I consider this as a new species of legislative or state-parricide.

What is it to the kingdom at large, or what is it to all those

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"yida." (p. 247, 248.) † &c. I state only what is printed. It is for others to read it and to judge. The falsehood of this passage is not more gross than its impiety.

In the case of Thomas Woolston, in the 2d. of George II. for blasphemous discourses against our Saviour's miracles, when arrest of judgment was moved; Lord Raymond and the whole Court declared they would not suffer it to be debated, *whether* to write against Christianity *in general* (not concerning controverted points between the learned, but *in general*) was not an offence punishable in the temporal Courts of Common Law. Woolston was imprisoned one year, and entered into a large recognizance *for his good behaviour during life*. Sir Philip Yorke, afterwards Lord Hardwicke, was Attorney General at the time. The case of the King against Annet, when the Hon. Charles Yorke was Attorney General, (3d of Geo. III.) for a blasphemous book entitled "The Free Inquirer," tending, among other points, to ridicule, *traduce and discredit* the HOLY SCRIPTURES, is well known to the profession. The punishment was uncommonly severe.

Whether the passage I have quoted in a *popular* novel, has not a tendency to corrupt the minds of the people, and of the younger unsuspecting part of the female sex, by *traducing and discrediting* THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, is a matter of publick consideration. "*This book goes all over the kingdom;*" are the words of Judge Reynolds, in the case of E. Curl. What Mr. LEWIS has printed *publicly with his name*, that I state publicly to the nation. Few will dissent from the opinion of Lord Raymond and the Court, in the case of Curl above stated, as reported by Strange and Barnardiston to this effect; "Religion is *part of the common law*, and therefore *what-ever is an offence against that*, is an offence *against* THE COMMON "LAW." With this *opinion*, I conclude the note. (1797.)

* Juv. Sat. 2.

† I refer to the *third* Edition of The Monk. *Three* editions of this novel have been circulated through the kingdom, without any alteration whatsoever. This must never be forgotten. (1798).

Q

those whose office it is to maintain truth, and to instruct the rising abilities and hope of England, that the author of *THE MONK* is a *very young man*? That forsooth he is a man of genius and fancy? So much the worse. That there are very poetical descriptions of castles and abbies in this novel? So much the worse again, the novel is *more alluring* on that account. Is this a time to poison the waters of our land in their springs and fountains? Are we to add incitement to incitement, and corruption to corruption, till there neither is, nor can be, a return to virtuous action and to regulated life? Who knows the *age* of this author? I presume very few. Who does *not know*, that he is a Member of Parliament? He has told us all so himself. I pretend not to know, (Sir John Scott does know, and practises too, whatever is honourable, and virtuous, and dignified in learning and professional ability) I pretend not, I say, to know, whether this be an object of parliamentary animadversion. Prudence may possibly forbid it. But we can feel that it is an object of moral and of national reprehension, when a Senator openly and daringly violates his first duty (*d*) to his country. There are wounds, and obstructions, and diseases in the political, as well as in the natural, body, for which the removal of the part affected is alone efficacious. At an hour like this, are we to stand in consultation on the remedy, when not

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(*d*) All members of the legislature, Peers or Commoners, should join in sentiment, and in character, with the Athenian orator, and be considered as speaking to their country in these words: “*Ἡμεῖς, ὡς ἱερὰ καὶ ταφοὶ προγόνων ὑπαρχουσιν ἐν τῇ Πατρίδι, καὶ διατρέχει, καὶ συτῇ. ὅσαι μὲν ὑμῶν εὐθεροί, καὶ γὰρ κατὰ τὴν νόμον, καὶ καλῶνται, καὶ τέκνα, ἀξιοὶ τῆς ἡμετέρας πίστεως. κτλ. Æschin: περὶ Παραπρωσίας.*” Sect. 11.

not only the disease is ascertained, but the very stage of the disease, and its specifick symptoms? Are we to spare the sharpest instruments of authority and of censure, when publick establishments are gangrened in the life-organs?

I fear, if our legislators are wholly regardless of such writings, and of such principles, *among their own members*, it may be said to them, as the Roman Satirist said to the patricians of the empire, for offences slight indeed, when compared to these:

“ *At vos Trojugenæ vobis ignoscitis, et quæ
Turpia cerdoni Volesos Brutosque decebunt.*” (e)

There is surely something peculiar in these days; something wholly unknown to our ancestors. But men, however dignified in their political station, or gifted with genius, and fortune, and accomplishments, may at least be made ashamed, or alarmed, or convicted before the tribunal of publick opinion. Before that tribunal, and to the law of reputation, and every binding and powerful sanction by which that law is enforced, is Mr. LEWIS this day called to answer.

I would also, in this place, select a work by a Roman Catholic Divine, for that animadversion it so solemnly demands. I mean the Preface to the *Second* volume of DR. GEDDES'S *Translation of the Bible*. I really would not trust myself to criticise the Translation itself, after I had read the fifth Chapter of Judges, v. 30. where for the words, “To every man a damsel or two,” Dr. Geddes *translates*, by way of a *spirited*

Q 2

and

(e) Juv. Sat. 8. v. 181.

and *inviting* improvement, “ *A Girl, A COUPLE OF GIRLS, to each brave man!*” I will have nothing to do with THE DOCTOR’S *Bravery*; but I intend to make a few observations on the *Preface* alone, which is very extraordinary indeed, and by no means in the spirit which the sacred writings seem to recommend. I am always pleased with every serious attempt to elucidate the Scriptures, and am as ready as any man to acknowledge the merit and learning of an industrious and ingenious scholar. But though I differ essentially from Dr. Geddes, I am sure I shall never call him “apostate, infidel, or heretick” in general terms, as *he knows* some persons will do; (Pref. p. 4.) but I may oppose an opinion to an opinion.

The cause in which he is engaged is not a trifling cause, nor is it, as we are sometimes told, an object of *mere classical* criticism. I think there is an unbecoming levity in the Doctor’s manner more frequently than I could wish, and he expresses his sentiments in language not easily understood at all times, nor according to the genius and common grammar of the English tongue. But his meaning and opinion is, that “the *Historical* Books of the Old Testament were *not divinely inspired*.” He tells us (p. 12.) of “a partial and *putative* inspiration,” and that the writers had not “a perpetual and *unerring* *sufflation*.” I do not quite understand the terms, as they are too sublime for a plain Englishman, but I *suppose* they are very fine, and I *suppose* their meaning from other sentences in the Preface. He says (p. 3.), that “The Hebrew Historians wrote them from *such human documents* as they could “find, *popular traditions, old songs, and publick registers*.” Singular materials truly for divine inspiration! But he says
also,

also, " I venture (and it is indeed venturing a great deal) I
 " venture to lay it down as a certain truth, that there is no
 " *intrinsic* evidence of the Jewish Historians being *divinely*
 " inspired; that there is *nothing* in the style, or arrangement,
 " in the whole colour or complexion of their compositions,
 " that speaks the guidance of an unerring spirit, but that *on*
 " *the contrary*, every thing *proclaims* the fallible and failing
 " writer." p. 5.) Dr. G. declares also, " After reading
 " the Hebrew writings, and finding to his full conviction so
 " many intrinsic marks of fallibility, errors, and inconsis-
 " tency, not to say downright absurdity," p. 11.) he could
 not believe their inspiration, even if he were taught it by an
 angel.

I have thus introduced the reader to the Doctor's most ex-
 plicit opinion; but I will also present him with his solemn
 affirmation, and he will easily decide on the propriety, the rea-
 soning, and the consistency of it. " *I value them not the less*
 " (says Dr. Geddes) *because I deem them not divinely in-*
 " *spired.*" (P. 12.) If a man can seriously assert, that *the*
Scriptures inspired by God (upon that supposition being grant-
 ed) are *not more valuable* than the productions of a mere falli-
 ble wretched creature like man, in his best estate, I really
 could not lose my time in argument with that man however
 learned, or however gifted. He has degraded himself from
 that rank of literature and of sound understanding, which gives
 him a title to be answered. Dr. Geddes, as a scholar, should
re-consider his character, and as a professed Christian, he should
re-examine his principles. I cannot discuss the doctrine of in-
 spiration in this place; it cannot be expected that I should.
 But the tendency of *all* the proceedings of our scholars and
 guides in literature, and in the state, and in religion, should
 be carefully watched. The open blasphemy and low scurrility
 of

of Thomas Paine has been set aside by just argument, and the law of the land has armed itself against its effects in society.* Mr. LEWIS, *Member of Parliament*, has attacked *the Bible*, as I have just shewn, in another and in a shorter manner†, BLASPHEMOUS *as far as it goes*, and tending to discredit and traduce its authority. And last Dr. GEDDES, a Translator of the Bible, versed in the original language and in Hebrew criticism, has *now begun* his attack also on the *historical* parts, which, if they are not parts of the *inspired* writings, are not intitled to the name of sacred Scriptures. It is difficult to say, where these attacks will end.

The times are so precarious, and revolt from all authority human and divine so frequent, that the magistrate, the satirist, and the critick have an united office. If the *historical* parts of the Bible are given up, another man will arise and object to the *poetical* parts. These will be allowed to have sublimity and dignity; but it will be asked, *why* should they be considered as *inspired*? All poetry, we shall be told, is in some sense inspired; Homer and Æschylus and Shakspeare, and *why not* the Hebrew bards? The *moral* portion of the Scriptures is evidently full of wisdom and of the soundest sense, and I suppose we shall soon hear it may be *the work of a philosopher*, and that morality is not matter of inspiration. A fourth writer
may

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* I am glad to bear testimony to the excellence of Mr. Erskine's eloquent *declamation* in the court of K. B. in the cause, on Newton, Boyle, Locke, and other great men, the defenders of Christianity. —But my *general* opinion of Mr. Erskine's talent for writing and publick *political* speaking is very different. Westminster Hall is his theatre. We might almost say: *Tanquam in pistrinum aliquod detrudi et compingi videtur*. (See a future note on this Poem, Dial. 4.)

† In "The Monk, a Romance." See above.

may first insinuate *with great respect*, and then prove that all *prophecy* is ambiguous; and that the prophecies in the Bible may be conjectural, and therefore no reliance can be had on *their* inspiration. Lastly we may be loosely and indiscriminately told, that the *doctrinal* parts are so much above as well as contrary † to *human* reason, that they could not come from *God*.

Thus might the whole fabrick vanish into air, *into thin air*: or to reverse Mr. Gibbon's phrase, thus might "the triumphant banner of the heathen Capitol be *again* erected on the ruins of the Church of Christ." Still we are to sit silent, still we are to hear with patience the outrageous presumption of man before his merciful Creator! while "The World and its adorable AUTHOR, *his* attributes and essence, *his* power, and rights, and *duty* (I tremble to pronounce the word) are all *brought together to be judged—BEFORE US.*" We are to assemble *in the Temple* with all our princes, and lords, and potentates,

N O T E.

† As the subject is so important, and words are so frequently misapplied or misapprehended, it is always of use to remember the words *Faith and Reason*, as contradistinguished to each other. Mr. Locke has defined them with a clearness and a precision which can never be exceeded, and which should never be forgotten, in thought or in conversation. "REASON, as contradistinguished to *Faith*, I take "to be the discovery of the certainty or probability of such propositions or truths, which the mind arrives at by deductions made "from such ideas, which it has got by the use of its natural faculties, "namely, by sensation or reflection.—FAITH, on the other side, 'is "the assent to any proposition *not* thus made out *by the deductions of "reason*, but upon the credit of the proposer, as coming from God, "in some extraordinary way of communication. This way of discovering truths to men we call *Revelation.*" Locke's Essay on the H. U. B. 4. C. 18. An attention to this accurate definition would prevent all confusion, and oftentimes, very idle or profane jargon in conversation. Mr. Locke's *whole* chapter on this subject should be generally studied.

tentates, and venerable orders, and our high officers, in all the gradations and dignities of our state and hierarchy, till some CHAMPION of anarchy and infidelity be brought forth, as in sport, and placed *between the pillars*. He may bow himself with all his might, but his strength, I trust, will not be from above; he will “*feel the nature of the pillars whereupon the house standeth!*” I speak this in general. I hope there is no necessity to apply it to Dr. Geddes or any such scholar.

It is not now for the first time that *the Canon, and the inspiration, and the authenticity of the Scriptures* have been examined: and even their internal evidence has often taught a different lesson. I cannot help offering one suggestion, as it is new to me. If there is a subject in the Bible which has been particularly *singled out for profane ridicule*, it is that of Jonah being swallowed up in the whale’s belly three days and three nights. Yet, as if to confound human wisdom, or sagacity, or vanity, and as an eternal lesson to human presumption on the fitness and unfitness of *the subjects* of inspiration,

THE

N O T E.

§ Ogden’s Sermons, Hallifax’s edit. vol. 1. p. 2.—There was something peculiarly amiable in the kind and disinterested office which the late Bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. HALLIFAX, undertook in the vindication of the memory and writings of two great men (quales et quantos viros!) Bishop Butler and Dr. Ogden. It will be an eternal honour to that very acute, learned, and most judicious prelate. Cicero shall speak for this prelate. No man once better understood the strength and application of his language, when he filled the professorial chair of Civil Law, as the ULPIAN of his day, in the University of Cambridge. “Idoneus meâ quidem sententiâ, præsertim quum et IPSE *Eum* audiverit et scribat de mortuo; ex quo “nulla suspicio est amicitie causâ eum esse mentitum.” Cic. de Clar. Orat. Sect. 15. What such a writer as Dr. Hallifax has told, who would tell again? I only speak in honour to the memory of a Scholar, whose name, and high attainments in science, should be recorded, Το γαρ γερὰς ἐστὶ θάνατον.

THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD thought proper to choose and to appropriate this event TO HIMSELF §. “*As Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale’s belly, so shall THE SON OF MAN be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth!*” (a)

I solemnly protest, I have no other object in view in whatever I have written, but the good of man in all his best interests, complicated as they are, at *this* awful and pressing hour. More is *yet* in our power than we may even imagine; but *all* the orders of the state must unite vigorously and powerfully in their specifick functions to preserve it. The priests and ministers of the Lord must also stand between the porch and the altar, and exert themselves “before their eyes begin to wax dim that they may not see, and ere the lamp of God goeth out in the temple of the Lord, WHERE THE ARK OF GOD WAS!”†

We have reason not only to apprehend the violation and invasion of our publick sacred establishments, by our avowed enemies, but we must guard against negligence and desertion in the very posts, where watchfulness and *residence* are more than ever required. I hope we shall see no new experiments in the Hierarchy of England. Little is to be expected, at a period like the present, from the *beauty*, without the vigour and spirit of holiness. An Archbishop or a Bishop, in these days,

§ Σημειον Ιωνα τῷ Προφητῇ! are the very words of Christ. Can words be more explicit? Yet a German professor, J. G. Eichhorn, the successor of the great Michaelis, thinks it *justifiable* to expel the prophetick book of Jonah from the present canon of the Scripture.—See his German Introduction to the Old Testament.

(a) St. Matt. c. 12. v. 40. † Sam. b. 1. ch. 3. v. 3.

days, (I speak *generally* without any particular reference) should do something more than shake the honours of his head. In times like these, must nothing but the damps of oblivion, from the brow of a metropolitan, be shed largely on the provincial dulness? I think not. We should see high exertions of the mind in high and hallowed places. Where learning, influence, *discretion*, and authority are united, and in action, much may yet be accomplished.

In the licentiousness of the age, the lowest Minister of the Church has much to discharge. There is encouragement to do so. I think there is still a general disposition among us, to attend to the words, the writings, and the example of conscientious, and well-instructed Divines, who are an honour and a support to their country. There is also, and there should be now more than ever, an honest indignation against all those who neglect, violate, or prostitute the great office. Surely there is no asperity in observing *generally*, that trifling amusements, improper places, light and frivolous reading, continual field-sports, and the perpetual dissipation of high-vice cities, are not the immediate business of a Clergyman. They absolutely unfit him for his profession.

“ Say, if *such* honours bloom around his head,
 Shall he sit sadly by the sick man’s bed
 To raise the hope he feels not, and with zeal
 To combat fears, which e’en the pious feel ?”

I think not.

If we proceed to the supreme dignities of the Hierarchy, we shall find there is much of *duty* in the sacred office. Augustine
 said

said long ago, (a) “Episcopatus non est artificium tranfigenda vitæ.” I remember once when I pointed out a sentence on a similar subject from Eusebius to A MAN, who is now an honour to a most important function, his heart seemed to burn within him. I was not surpris’d. To men of high and consecrated intellects, who are capable of receiving the sublimity of the doctrine, it must appear second to none they ever read or felt, for its hallowed dignity and the splendour of the diction. To such I again present it. (b) Much may be yet effected by the sacred Consistory for the publick good, through each gradation of the Ministry.

I am indeed earnest and vehement in my desire and endeavour, that all persons of literature and good sense, and lovers of their country, should be convinced to what end we may at last be conducted, if we are not aware of our danger. When I consider the *future* condition of Europe under the revolutionary tyranny of France, in principles, morals, and government, I muse upon the awful strain of the Florentine poet :

“ Si trapassammo per sozza mistura
Dell 'ombre e della pioggia, à passi lenti,
Toccando un poco *la vita futura* !”†

The

(a) Augustin. Epist. 58.

(b) “Οἱ δὲ τοὺς δε μετιόντες τὸν τρόπον, φρονήματι τὴν ψυχὴν εἰς ἄρᾳν μετα-
πηγμένοι, διὰ τινος θεοῦ, τὸν τῶν πάντων ἐφορῶσι βίον ὑπὲρ τῆς ταντοῦ γένεως ἱερῶμενοι
τῇ ἐπὶ πάντων Θεῷ, ψυχῆς διαθᾶσει κακῶταρμένης, ὁρῶσι δογμασιν ἀληθῆς εὐσεβείας,
καὶ τοῖς κατ’ ἀρετὴν ἐργοῖς τε καὶ λόγοις, εἰς τὸ Θεῷ ἐξίλησμένοι, τὴν ὑπὲρ σφῶν
αὐτῶν, καὶ τῶν σφισιν ὁμογενῶν κριταλῶσιν ἱερουργίαν. Euseb. Demonstrat.
Evang. lib. 1. sect. 3. When I read such passages as these, it is
difficult not to feel the words of Erasmus in one of his Epistles;
“ Saltem daretur in sacris literis tranquille consensescere !”

(c) Dante Inf. Cant. 6.

The objects of publick regret and offence are *now* so numerous and so complicated, that all the milder offices of the Muse have lost their influence and attraction. It is indeed unfortunate that scarce a subject in literature can be interesting without the science and matter of politicks. They give a colour to our very thoughts. (f) We are borne down with a force not to be resisted, when our very existence, as a nation, under our

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(f) Quibus *occupatus et obsessus* animus quantum loci bonis artibus relinquit!" Dialog. de Oratoribus C. 29.—I cannot resist giving an opinion at *this* time. (July 1797.) My prime objection to any proposed Ministry of Mr. Fox and his adherents is this: I believe their principles are *too popular* for the good, the safety, or perhaps for the existence, of this country under its present constitution. I believe, that their design is to throw such a weight of power into the House of Commons, *by means of a Reform*, as *would* ultimately mould the *two* Houses of Parliament not merely into a resemblance, but into the actual form and relative power of the Council of Five Hundred, and the Council of Ancients. I am also of opinion, that the authority and influence of the Crown of Great Britain, would be reduced far below that which is lodged in the Executive Directory of France. I think the proposed Reforms *lead*, beyond a controversy, *to this issue*. I conceive, that a great Personage, in the case of a change of Mr. Pitt's Ministry, must be apprehensive, *to whom* he is to be delivered, and *to what* he may be reduced. The *pride* of a statesman's understanding, like Mr. Fox's, in the plenitude of dignity, will overbear all ideas of a balance of power in the orders of the state, and of the safety of the country, upon its ancient principles. He has declared his opinion; he must not recede. All will be sacrificed *to that pride* in a moment of phrenzy. The example of every state, nation, and city, subdued by French arms, French principles, and French treachery, is to be weighed well, as an awful warning *in this* kingdom, which may *yet* be preserved. The *encroachments* of *such* a statesman, as Mr. Fox, (paramount as he is in ability and in *political* eloquence beyond any man) are to be watched and resisted by all who think soberly, and are independent of party. Yet Mr. Fox neither could, nor would, satisfy the raving and tyrannical

our ancient laws, and constitution, and establishments, has been rendered dubious.

I would particularly recommend the serious perusal of the account given by *Thucydides* of the *democratick sedition* in *Corcyra*. The reader would be convinced, that the same peculiarities mark all popular seditions and insurrections, the same pretexts, the same motives. The insurgents declare the friends of the lawful and established government enemies to the popular representation and interest. Some of these insurgents have private enmities to revenge, and others have debts to cancel. Death is the universal solvent. (ff) The historian observes,

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nical ideas of *Horne Tooke* and the French crew. They would make use of him to a certain point. They would *then* declare him an enemy to his country, and conduct him to the scaffold. “*Corpora lentè augescunt, cito extinguuntur.*”† The security of property, publick and private, is shaken by the proposed system, and a Revolution (which we never yet have known but in mere name) might then be at hand. A government which once relaxes, is not easily recalled to the vigour of its ancient principles. We have among us statesmen of determined and of true patriotism, and this final misery may yet be prevented. We have a King, who has courage, virtue, and firmness. Of his Minister, the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt, I have given my opinion OFTEN in another place; I have not altered my sentiments.

I certainly cannot say with the great Satirist under Louis the 14th,

“*Que ma vue à COLBERT inspiroit !*” *allégresse.*”§

I speak, and I have spoken, most impartially of Mr. PITT. I am neither for a proscription of any political talents, nor for any hereditary claim to the publick office of Prime Minister. But if the principles

(ff) Hear the great Historian: “*Τὴν μὲν αἰτίαν ἐπιφερόντες τοῖς τὸν Δῆμον καταλυουσίν. Ἀπεθανόν τινες ἰδίᾳς ἐχθρας ἐνεκα, καὶ ἄλλοι χρημάτων σφίσιιν οφείλων ὑπο τῶν λαβόντων.*” L. 3. Sect. 81.

† Tacit. Agric. ap. init.

§ Boileau Ep. 10.

serves, they held forth either the specious offer of greater *equality of power among the citizens*, or a more temperate form of *aristocracy*, or some state expedient varying with the hour; but each leader in reality had his own private views of ambition,

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principles of any statesman are such, as to induce a *real and effectual change* in the government, that statesman should not be admitted to rule. If the ancient and established principles of the English constitution are maintained, a Prime Minister may conduct publick affairs, even with a mediocrity of talent. It is neither Mr. Pitt, nor Lord Lansdown, nor Mr. Fox, nor Mr. Grey, who are necessary to the function. But, by the disastrous consent of the whole nation and its Parliament, thinking rightly, proposing soundly, and meaning honestly, are nothing *without SPEAKING WELL*.

Let me add a word or two on a subject not quite foreign to this note. The example of a very learned, and in my opinion, of a very virtuous and honourable man, to whom the country is under much obligation, Mr. REEVES, will deter any man from volunteer effusions in favour of any Minister. It would not be amiss, to be sure, if Mr. R. or any other writer, would read Aristotle and Quintilian on tropes and metaphors, before he adorns his native language with all the richness of imagery, and exerts the command, which nature gives him, over the figures of speech. *Trunco, non frondibus, efficit umbram*. For my own part, when his pamphlet, "The Thoughts on the English Government," was published, I never felt more indignation than when I saw this gentleman *ungenerously and shamefully* abandoned, and given up by Mr. Pitt in the H. of Commons to the malice of his avowed enemies and to a criminal prosecution in the Court of King's Bench. He was solemnly acquitted of any libellous intentions; but his language was imprudent. He fell a victim to metaphorical luxuriance and state-botany.—(See "Thoughts &c." as above pag. 12 and 13. for Mr. Reeves's Simile of the Constitutional Tree and its Branches.) It was the deep and important observation of Aristotle; *Εὐ μεταφορὴν ἔστιν εὐ θεωρεῖν*. See also the tenth chapter of Aristotle's Rhetorick, Book 3. which I recommend to all political writers and speakers; De *Urbanis Metaphoris*, or *περὶ τῶν ἀστειῶν, καὶ τῶν εὐδοκίμωντων*. Those great criticks, Messrs. Fox and Sheridan, differed however essentially from Aristotle in this point, in their Commentaries read publickly in the H. of C. on this text: *Τῶν Μεταφορῶν εὐδοκίμως μάλιστα αἱ κατὰ ἀναλογίαν*. Rhet. L. 3. c. 10. s. 3. (1797.)

tion, or power, or riches; but accommodated his speeches to the prevailing humour of the day. (g)

This, as we all know, has been transacted step by step upon a great and tremendous scale in France. The Italian and Belgian states are following them with headstrong and infuriate revolution. WE HAVE INDEED MORE TO PRESERVE THAN ANY OTHER COUNTRY under heaven; and we may, by wise regulations, hereafter restore even the finances of the state. We must *never* forget that the stability of our present Constitution is the sole stability of all property, publick and private. I speak from awful and trembling conviction, OUR RUIN CAN BE EFFECTED BY POLITICAL REFORM ALONE: and our Enemies at home, and in France, know that I speak the truth. We in Great Britain, who are *yet* in a condition to preserve ourselves, see and read and feel these things. The grant of *one demand* leads necessarily to another, when any material alteration in a state or government is conceded. If the second is refused after the first has been granted, we are then told, that there is a want of consistence in the plan, and that it were more adviseable to have kept the state as it was, than to admit only a partial reform.

We surely cannot be said to be *duped* and *fooled* by Reformers, without warning from history and from experience. The *constitutional* statesmen of Great Britain cannot *now* be ignorant of the nature of "*a Modern Reform in any state of Europe.*" The greater the difficulty and danger, the greater the

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(g) Hear Thucydides again in his own language. "Οι σὺ ταῖς πόλεσιν προστάντες μετ' ὀνόματος ἑκάστοι εὐπρεπῶς πλὴθὺς ἰσότητος πολιτικῆς, καὶ Ἀριστοκρατίας σωφρονὸς προτίμησιν τὰ μὲν κοινὰ λόγῳ θεραπεύοντες ἀβλα ἐποικνόντο, παντὶ δὲ τρόπῳ ἀγωνιζόμενοι ἀλλήλων περιγίγνεσθαι—καὶ ἡ μετὰ ψήφῳ ἀδικία καταγνώσεως, ἡ χειρὶ κτώμενοι τὸ κράτειν, ἑτοίμοι ἦσαν τῇ αὐτῇ φιλονεικίᾳ ἐμπέμπεσθαι." Ib. Sect. 82.

the fury of the Revolutionists. Pindar was a poet and a statesman; he said: *Απορίκτων Ερωτων οξυτεροι μανιαι.**

A man of a poetical mind either wanders into futurity, or recalls the images of other times and of other empires. He can sometimes even descend into the regions of terrifick fable, and give to his own country the sentiments and passions of antiquity; he can body forth contending parties which are no more, of the virtuous and the valiant, of the wicked, the desperate and the frantick. At such an hour as the present, and with the objects which we see and hear and feel, with the exultation of the bad, and the dejection of the good, and the labours of great statesmen to preserve us from *final* misery, can we forbear to contemplate the picture drawn by that poet, whose only Muses were Cæsar, and Brutus, and Cato, and the genius of expiring Rome.†

Tristis FELICIBUS UMBRIS

Vultus erat; vidi Decios natumque patremque,
Lustrales bellis animas, *flentemque* Camillum.
Abruptis Catilina minax fractisque catenis
Exultat, Mariique truces, nudique Cethegi.
Vide ego lætantes, popularia nomina, Drusos
Legibus immodicos, ausosque ingentia Gracchos,
Æternis chalybum nodis, et carcere *Ditis*
Constrictæ plausere manus, CAMPOSQUE PIORUM
POSCIT TURBA NOCENS! (gg)

The

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* Nem. Od. 11.

† Lucan, *Pharsal.* L. 6. v. 784.

(gg) In the great question of a Reform in Parliament (i. e. in the House of Commons) I certainly do not mean to call Ministerial ground

The present Poem was not composed for a trivial purpose,
or without mature thought. It is the fruit and study of an
independent

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ground figuratively, the *Campi Piorum*; but I call the Constitution of England and its defenders, in or out of Parliament, by that name. Nor would I by any means rank the gentlemen of opposition with the *Turba nocens*. That *turba nocens* are the levellers and the partisans of democracy and revolution. But the licence of poetry we are told is considerable, if assumed with modesty. The question itself has nothing to do with invention, though, as I think, much *fiction* is employed in the support of it. I am of opinion, that in the outset there is a fiction, or a deceit.

We are told, we must recur to the *original* principle of the H. of Commons; the principle, as I suppose, on which it was founded; and that principle is declared to be *popular* in the *modern* sense of that word. In this argument historical truth is not asserted; I would maintain, that it is violated. It is contrary to matter of fact. The very origin of the House itself (the best antiquaries will tell you so) is rather doubtful. The more remote your enquiry, the greater the demonstration of its *original* weakness, nay (I say it with grief) of its political insignificance. It was a Council, which grew out of a greater Council. I will not insult my reader with information on the subject. But it is a matter of plain historical knowledge that its powers, its functions, its freedom, and its consequence have been all *progressive* to a certain period. That period was the Revolution (as it is foolishly and improperly called) in 1688. At that æra the House of Commons *under the Old Whigs*, attained to the consummation of its glory, and to the fulness of its dignity. As I here speak of the *original* principle, I have nothing to do with the subsequent corruptions.

I must own, I do not wish for the famous Roman plate of brass;
I am for no unqualified Lex Regia.† Let it rest in the Capitoline
Museum,

† See a Dissertation “de Ænea Tabula Capitolina Romæ 1757.”
Heineccius and Gravina also published this “Lex Regia.” It may
R be

independent and disinterested life, passed without the incumbrance of a profession or the embarrassment of business. It was

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Museum, that splendid effort of Michael Angelo. I abhor abject servility and all its monuments. I never wished, I am sure I do not now wish, to see *any* Senate divest itself of all power. I would not see a Vespasian in any country make and repeal laws, or exercise unlimited authority, without the advice and consent of a well-constituted Senate. I venerate the institution of the House of Commons, and would preserve it with my life; but I shall raise up no tree, trunk, or branches, for a fatal simile, like Mr. Reeves. I look for no pasture in the fields of Ministers or of Booksellers; nor would I be turned out by Mr. Fox and Mr. Sheridan to graze on the verdant lawns of the King's Bench, (once intended for the Chief Justice of Newfoundland), or at best to grub and delve in Mr. Pitt's *Straw-yard*. I neither recur to Montesquieu nor to Machiavel. I want not to be told by the former, that "*our system was found in the woods*"; or to hear from Signor Machiavel and Mr. Fox, that "*States may grow out of shape*."

Such were the words of Machiavel quoted by Mr. Fox in the H. of C. on May 26, 1797, in his speech on the reform of Parliament. The founders of the French Republick, and the *Re-founders* of it (for it has been *founded three times* already) seem *always* to have had Machiavel's Discourses on *Liberty* in their view. He says, that if *any* power or powers, (princes, warriors, or demagogues) take or subdue any city, province, or realm, "*they should make all things new in the state*." The words are most particular. "Fare
"ogni

b^e read at full length in Gruteri Inscript: Antiq. By this law the Roman Senate, in the most abject stile, *authorised Vespasian to make and repeal laws, to declare peace and war, and to exercise every act* of an *absolute* sovereign, without waiting for their consent or even asking their advice.—This authority however was not granted to all the Emperors indiscriminately; they *selected* (before Vespasian) Augustus, Tiberius, and Claudius. I leave the reader to his own reflections.

was not intended merely to raise a smile at folly or conceit ;
but it was written with indignation against wickedness, against
the

“ ogni cosa di nuovi in quello stato, nelle Città fare nuovi governi
“ con nuovi nomi, con nuova autorità, con nuovi nomini, fare i
“ poveri ricchi, disfare delle vecchie città, cambiare gli abitatori da
“ un luogo ad un altro, e in somma, non lasciare casa niuna intatta,
“ e che non vi sia nè grado, nè ordine, nè stato, nè ricchezza, che chi
“ la tiene non la RICONOSCA DA TE !”† The French have reli-
giously observed the advice.

We are told in the H. of C. by Mr. Fox, that the authority of Machiavel is great. In my opinion, ALL TYRANNY IS UNIFORM IN ITS MAXIMS. But the Signori, Machiavel and Fox, still tell us, that “ States may grow out of shape.” For my own part indeed, I would rather find a system in the woods, than in modern France ; and I do not look for a new political Dancing Master, every time there is a twist in the body. To hear Mr. Fox, as I perpetually do in the House, one would really think he was a rival to Vestris or Didelot. He has been long-trying his art and giving lessons to Mr. Pitt gratis. That Right Honourable Gentleman’s gait still continues as awkward and stiff as usual. He will not BEND. A graceful bow is not his ambition, and Mr. Fox dances before him every day without the least effect. Mr. Fox, I believe, is of the opinion and principle of Monsieur Marcel, the famous dancing master in Queen Ann’s reign, who said, when the Earl of Oxford was made Prime Minister, “ He was surprised, and could not tell what the Queen could see in him, for his own part he never could make anything of him.” To be sure Mr. PITT is every day placed between THE DANCING MASTER AND HIS MAN, but he has not yet learned grace from Mr. Fox, or wit from Mr. Sheridan.

Indeed I have been informed that, the three celebrated Dancers and Ballet masters, Messrs. Fox, Sheridan, and Grey, are preparing a new Serious Divertissement, or Pas de Trois, with new scenes, dresses

† Machiavel. Discorsi Lib. 1. Cap. 6.

ne prostitution of superior talents, and the profane violence of bad men. It was indeed (to use a poet's allusion) poured forth

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*dress*es and *decorations*, called, "LE DIRECTOIRE EXECUTIF." If it can be *got up* time enough, it will be *brought forward this season*; but as there is a necessity for a re-inforcement of *the troop* FROM PARIS, it is feared *the old dances* must continue to the end of this season, June 1797. It is proposed that *light* should be thrown *on the stage* in a *quite new* manner; but the Ballet-Masters will suffer no persons to be on the stage, or to view the machinery *behind the scenes*. Lord Galloway and Lady Mary Duncan have expressed their approbation of this rule, so much for the interest of THE GRAND OPERA; though the noble Earl is contented with *the present Grand Ballet-Master*. (June 1797.)

On a kindred topick I would observe to the classical reader another *singular* circumstance in ancient times. It is from the Roman State. Since we have been all arming at home with alacrity and prudence, and (what is consequent to that) with effect, against our inveterate and implacable Enemy; and as the militia laws have been extended, it is curious to call to mind *the emphatick clause* in the ancient Roman law concerning *the exemption* of particular persons from military service, called "DE VACATIONE," as learned Civilians well know. The Clause is this: "Nisi BELLUM GALLICUM exoriatur;" in which case not even the Priests were exempted. I will illustrate this law from Plutarch and Cicero, but I will not translate the passages. Plutarch has this singular remark in the life of Marcellus: "Οὐ μὴν ἀλλὰ μέγαν ἢ τε χώρα παρείχε φόβον, διὰ τὴν γειτνιασάν, ἔμπορον καὶ προσοικῶν πόλεμον συνοισσομένων, καὶ τὸ παλαιὸν ἀξίωμα τῶν Γαλατῶν. (the Gauls or French) ὡς μάλιστα Ῥωμαῖοι δεῖσαι δοκῶσιν, ἅτε δὴ καὶ τὴν Πόλιν ὑπ' αὐτῶν ἀποβαλόντες, ἐξ ἐκείνων δὲ θεμενιοὶ Νόμον, ἀτελεῖς εἶναι στρατείας τῆς Ἱερᾶς, πλὴν εἰ μὴ Γαλατικὸς παλιν ἐπελθοῖ Πόλεμος. Ἐδῆλον δὲ καὶ τὸν φόβον αὐτῶν ἢ τε Παρασκευῇ. Μυριάδες γὰρ ἐν ὅπλοις ἅμα τοσαῦται Ῥωμαίων ὥτε πρότερον ὥτε ὕστερον γίνεσθαι λέγονται." Plut. Vit. Marcel. p. 244. Vol. 2. Edit. Bryan. The other illustration is from Cicero in his oration for Fonteius;

forth as a libation from the cup of Achilles, consecrated and appropriated :

ΟΥΤΕ ΤΙΣ ΣΠΕΥΔΕΣΚΕ ΘΕΛΩ, ΟΤΙ ΜΗ ΔΙΙ ΠΑΤΡΙ. (b)

It is proposed, in its degree and according to its subject, for the defence of truth, and with an honest wish to uphold society and the best interests of mankind, but chiefly those of our own country. In it there are no imaginary subjects. I have raised no phantoms of absurdity merely to disperse them; but the words, the works, the sentiments, and often the actions of the authors are before us. It might be known *hereafter* from this poem, how we wrote and thought in this age, and not unfrequently how we conducted ourselves.

There

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Fonteius; (the object of which was to inculcate, "Gallis fidem non habendam, hominibus levibus, perfidis, et in ipsos Deos immortales impiis.") The words are these: "Ut oportet, BELLO GALLICO, ut majorum jura moresque præscribunt, NE MO EST, Civis Romanus, qui sibi *ulla excusatione* utendum putet." Orat. pro Fonteio, Sect. 16. sub. fin. Cic. Op. Ed. Barbou, Vol. 4. p. 393.—We have not, and I trust we never shall have, *the same* cause for apprehension from the French as the Romans had from the Gauls. They *never* have taken OUR CITY, and while we are true to ourselves, as we *now* are, I trust they never will or can take it. But the danger is, and ever will be great, *from their vicinity*, ΔΙΑ ΤΗΝ ΓΕΙΤΝΙΑΣΙΝ. The words are from Plutarch: Mr. Burke has written the commentary.† "Vocem adyti dignam templo!" (July 1797.)

(b) Hom. Il. 6. v. 227.

† Two Letters on the Peace. (Ed. Rivington 1796.) pag. 113, &c.

There is one subject* which I have pressed upon the attention of the nation, which in this respect seems to be in a state between slumber and alarm; in the supineness which attends the former, and with that confusion in ideas and measures, which too frequently accompanies terror. Compassion, mercy, self-preservation, integrity of principle, Christian charity, the uncertainty of the mortal condition, the convulsion of empires and of states, have all and each variously conspired to direct the measures of our government, with respect to the French Roman Catholick Emigrants, and in particular, to the French Priests. I have stated in different places my opinion on this important subject. I continue to call aloud upon this country and its ministers to regard, *with minute circumspection*, THESE MEN AND THEIR CAUSE. (*bb*) The most reprehensible part of Mr. Burke's publick conduct has been in this point. Great and venerable as I hold him, in this I praise him not. I maintain that the vigilance of the Roman Catholicks is erect, and on the tiptoe of expectation: It is scarcely suspended by slumber. I speak also on another account. There is such a connection between superstition and atheism, and their allies, cruelty and tyranny, that the wisest and most experienced statesmen and moralists have declared it to be indissoluble. In *their* cause, they would unite with any, even with Jacobin, principles.

Hear Dr. Hussey, the titular Bishop of Waterford in Ireland, in his late pastoral Letter. (*i*) "THE CATHOLIC FAITH (i. e. the tenets, the doctrines, the superstitions, the absurdities, the follies, the cruelties, and the tyranny, of the Church of Rome, and whatever makes it to differ from any other *external*

* See Dial. 3. *first* published in May 1796. (*bb*) July 1797.

ternal establishment of Christianity). *The Catholick faith* (says his titular Lordship) is suitable to *all* climes, and *all* forms of government,

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(i) See "A Pastoral Letter to the Catholick Clergy of Waterford and Lismore in Ireland, by the R. R. Doctor Hussey." London, Reprinted by P. Coghlan, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square. 1797. His titular Lordship's idea of "a man of true liberality is this; that he lives in charity, in concord, in amity, with *all others* of *every* religious persuasion; with whom a difference in religious opinion makes *no* difference in social life, &c. &c." (p. 6.) Very liberal indeed; this is the text. But his Lordship, in the natural confusion of ideas in *his* country, has *prefixed* the comment. See *the preceding* page. The words are these: "Remonstrate (says his Lordship) with any parent, who will be *so criminal* as to *expose* his offspring to *those places of education* (the Charter Schools, &c. &c. as I suppose) where *his religious faith and morals* are likely to be perverted. *If he will not attend to your remonstrances*, (he is speaking to the Roman Catholick Clergy) *refuse him* the participation of Christ's body; *if he should still continue obstinate*, DENOUNCE HIM TO THE CHURCH, in order that to Christ's commandment, *he be considered as a heathen and a publican.*" p. 5. We know, the sense of Christ; and we know *the sense which the ROMAN CATHOLICK CHURCH* annexes to *these words*. But this is LIBERALITY!!!—Hear his titular Lordship once more. Speaking of the *total* repeal of the Popery Laws in Ireland, he *warns* those who *oppose it*, in these terms p. 10. "THE VAST ROCK *is already detached from the mountain's brow*, and *whoever* OPPOSES its descent and removal, MUST BE CRUSHED by his own rash endeavours." Is the common sense of England and Ireland drunk? Or if it has slept, will it not now awake? Can any man say, that the *political* spirit of the Roman Catholick Religion is extinct, that it is dead, that it is dying? This titular bishop warns us plainly enough. He has rocks and mountains at command; and the powers of nature, in their gigantic admeasurements, appear at his great bidding. In Ireland it might be of use to discuss this pastoral Letter *in toto*. If I were an Irishman, I would do so; but the business in England is yet different.

government, monarchies or *republicks*, aristocracies or DEMOCRACIES." (p. 9.) Right, Does his Lordship speak intelligibly?

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ferent. Let me add a word or two. -It may be worth while at *this* period when all establishments are shaking, to consider frequently, that "a Religious Establishment, under any form, is not the religion itself, but the mode of preserving, inculcating, and continuing the religion." There is a religion which may be and is political, and another which is real. I will give a passage from the admirable Preface to the translation of Xenophon's *Cyropædia*, written with great compass of thought and precision of argument, by a gentleman of fortune, family, erudition, and virtue, *the Hon. MAURICE ASHLEY*. I cannot refrain from observing with pleasure, that LORD MALSBURY and myself may have a *natural* partiality for the memory of that accomplished and well instructed gentleman. "Real Christianity (says he) is none of these changeable establishments and human institutions, nor ever can be, *but stands upon its own foot*. Whether it be the religion of the multitude, and national or not national, or whatever be the forms of it in national establishments, *it is one and the same in itself*, firm and unalterable, and will undoubtedly remain so *to the end of the world*, whether owned or not owned by any public establishment indifferently." Mr. A's Pref. p. 8. I enter not into the expedience, institution, and relative excellence of religious establishments in this place. It is not here the question: if it were, I am not without my sentiments, or without words to enforce them. I hope indeed we may, and shall, *still* justify the expressions of a great writer: "*We are separated from the errors, and freed from the chains of POPERY, without breaking out into a state of religious anarchy.*" But I give Mr. Ashley's words as a general observation to all those who esteem the downfall of *such* an establishment, as *Popery*, to be the downfall of the Christian religion, than which no opinion can be more unfounded. To the Roman Catholick system of religion, whether in its vigour and plenitude of power, or in its struggles for revival, the words of the poet may be applied figuratively and literally:

In

bly? That which is true of Christianity *in itself and by itself alone*, independent of *any* establishment whatsoever, that they assert of their own tyrannical superstition. They will shew the arm, and the sword, of heaven interested and active *for them*. They will tell you whenever they have the power, (or even the probability of attaining that power) that *their* cause alone is from above. They separate *their* spiritual rulers from the temporal governors of the state, and assert the superior dignity and paramount authority of the former; and this they thunder in the ears of an armed soldiery. They tell you, that the opposers of the Roman Catholick cause are sacrilegious in the eyes of heaven; and that upon them, in a mass, THE GREAT STONE will fall and grind them to powder. I know the state of Ireland,† and the declarations of the titular bishops

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In sua templa fūrit, nullāque exire vetante
Materiā, magnamque cadens magnamque revertens
Dat stragem latè, SPARSOSQUE RECOLLIGIT IGNES.*

† There is something *peculiarly ungrateful* in the conduct of this titular Bishop of Waterford. Particular attention has been paid to Dr. Hufsey by the administration of Ireland, as Lord Camden knows. But in *this* country I should hardly be understood, if I were to enumerate the particulars *which I know*. I have spoken in terms very moderate indeed of this Pastoral Letter, *under the circumstances* of its publication. My reprehension has been confined *to the spirit of it*. It will be perceived by *some* persons, that I write

ΖΥΒΕΤΟΙΟΙ.

Talibus ex adyto dictis CUMÆA SIBYLLA
Horrendas canit ambages, antroque remugit
Obscuris vera involvens! (1797.)

* Lucan, L. I.

shops in that country. But that subject is not properly mine, though it is intimately connected with it. All I have to do is to shew, (and I think I have shewn it to all who will attend,) that “*the Spirit of the Roman Catholick (a) System is yet unaltered,*” In England the French Priests, in a body, have been chased from the King’s Castle at Winchester: but our government has yet a sacred fortress or two at Reading and Shene, and in Yorkshire; and it appears that a sum of ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS (b) has

N O T E.

(a) For the spirit of *system* in the Roman Catholicks of the highest abilities and learning, let us refer to the great and eloquent BOSSUET, in his oration on the death of the Duchess of Orleans, on the 21st of August 1670. Speaking of *Henrietta d’Angleterre*, he declares that God overthrew the monarchy of England under Cromwell, to restore her to the bosom of the Roman Catholick Church; which he calls “*Les merveilles que DIEU a faites pour le salut eternel de Henriette d’Angleterre ! POUR LA DONNER A L’EGLISE, il a fallu renverser tout un grand Royaume. Si les loix de l’Etat s’opposent à son salut éternel, Dieu ébranlera tout l’Etat pour l’affranchir de ces loix !*” But he adds a sublime apostrophe, remarkable and awful. “*Me permettez vous, O’Seigneur, l’envisager en tremblant, vos saints et redoutables conseils ? Est ce que les tems de confusion ne sont par encore accomplis ?*” The successors of the Bishop of Meaux, have found indeed that those times were not accomplished. He then wishes for the conversion of England to the Roman Catholick faith, of which the disposition of Charles the Second and his Brother gave him some hope. “*Nous souhaitons principalement, que l’ANGLETERRE, trop libre dans sa croyance, trop licentieuse dans ses sentimens, soit enchainée comme nous, de ces bienheureux liens (i. e. de la Foi Catholique) qui empêchent l’orgueil humain de s’égarer dans ses pensées, en la captivant sous l’autorité du Saint Esprit et DE L’EGLISE.*” I forbear any further remarks. See *Recueil des Oraisons Funebres de Bossuet*. Edit. Paris, 1762. 12mo. p. 91 et 93.

(b) has been issued for the use of the French Emigrants, *sacred and profane*, in the course of the year 1796. (bb) This is ratified by the vote of Parliament. On this particular to-pick I shall say nothing further in this place. All which I have written on this great subject is in the spirit of mercy, humanity, tolerance, and true Christianity, consistent with the principles of an English Protestant, and that rational and guarded love to my Country which I am bound, according to my ability, to warn, to vindicate, and to defend.

The subjects of this poem have been from necessity various and numerous, far beyond my original conceptions. But a mighty and majestick river, in its course through a diversity of countries, not only winds and murmurs in the vallies, but contends and foams among rocks, and precipices, and the confluence of torrents. Still its tendency is to the ocean, to which it pays its last tribute, and is finally lost in that immensity.

(b) On the 21st Dec. 1796, "The House of Commons in a Committee of Supply, among other sums, voted a sum of 140,000l. for the relief of the suffering clergy and laity of France."

(bb) In the former editions of this Poem, I stated *Five* hundred thousand pounds, instead of *One* hundred thousand pounds. I did it on the report of *Woodfall's* Parliamentary Debates in December 1796, which led me into the error. The figure 5 is printed there instead of 1. I have corrected it by a direct reference to the Votes printed by order of the House of Commons.—It is still to be considered as a very large sum for such a purpose in the present crisis of affairs.

ment. In Literature the mind resembles such a course. All its exertions may be turned into one grand and general direction. The mind, if well regulated, remembers from whence it came, and feels that all its powers and faculties are but ministerial. I think it is somewhere expressed in the concise sublimity of Plato, *προς το αἰδιον εβλεπεν*. Under the influence and persuasion of this great and master principle, the mind so prepared, whether serious, or gay, or thoughtful, or sprightly, or even frantick in its humour, is still performing its proper office. Philosophy and criticism cannot reach some subjects, which sap the foundation and support of well-being. Playfulness, ridicule, wit, and humour, are the auxiliaries and light-armed forces of truth, and their power, in detachments, is equally felt with the main strength of the body.

There is one description and set of men, to whom more than common reprehension is due; and who cannot be held up too frequently to the publick scorn and abhorrence. I mean the modern philosophers of the French system. Mr. Burke has thundered upon them, and his lightning shone through their darkeſt recesses. "The sudden blaze far round illumined Hell." This monstrous compound of the vanity and weakness of the intellect, and the fury of the passions in some of them, this "*facinus majoris abollæ*," should be exposed with the full strength of argument and of reason, and with occasional ridicule, to the English nation in every point of view. In other philosophers of this system, there is a calmness and composure in their mental operations, more savage than the violence of the former. Their subject is the
living

living man. Before them he is delivered, bound hand and foot. On him their experiments are to be tried; and when his whole composition, moral and political, is either racked, or disjointed, or the minuter parts of it laid bare to the eye, and the very circulation of the fluids, as it were, shewn in the agonizing subject; this they savagely call, studying and improving human nature by the new light. But I will not proceed on this subject. Great and venerable is the name and influence of the true philosophy. The word may be disgraced for a season, but the love of wisdom must always command respect. When we compare these modern philosophers who reject all revelation, with the philosophers of antiquity, and in particular those of the Stoick sect, who were ignorant of it, the difference, to say no more, is indeed striking. What were Socrates, and Plato, and Epictetus, and Cicero, and Antoninus! Before such lights, shining in the darkness and gloom of the heathen firmament,

Conditur omne

Stellarum vulgus, fugiunt sine nomine Signa. (d)

As I am speaking of Philosophy, I may be excused if I say a few words of that language, in which its power has been most conspicuous. I see no more pedantry in the knowledge and study of the *Greek* tongue, than of the French or the German. But when I consider that every subject in philosophy, in history, in oratory, and in poetry, whatever can dignify or embellish human society in its most cultivated state, has there found the highest authors; that the principles of composition are better taught and more fully exemplified than in any other language; that the Greek writers are the uni-
versal

(d) Manil. Astron. L. i. v. 470.

versal legislators in taste, criticism, and just composition, from whom there is no appeal, and who will be found unerring directors; I would with a peculiar emphasis and earnestness request young men of fortune, ability, and polished education, not to cast off the study of the Greek writers, when they leave school, or the university. A few hours devoted to this study in every week will preserve and improve their knowledge. It will animate the whole mass of their learning, will give colour to their thoughts and precision to their expressions. There is no necessity either to quote or to speak Greek; but the constant perusal of the historians, philosophers, orators, and poets will be felt and perceived. In parliament and at the bar it would be most conspicuous. (a) They who are wise will secretly attend to this recommendation, which must be disinterested, and proceeds from long experience.

In

N O T E.

(a) Plutarch describes the first Marcellus, (the first of that distinguished race) as a warrior of experience and intrepidity, humane and polished in his manners, and a great lover of the Greek literature; the words are these: “ Τη μιν εμπειρια πολειμικος, τη φυση φιλο-
 πυλεμος· τω δε αλλω τροπω σωφρων, φιλανθρωπος, Ελληνικης παιδειας και λογων,
 αχρι τη τιμῃ και θαυμαζειν τος κατορθωντας, εραστης.” Plut. Vit. Marcell.
 p. 242. vol. 2. Ed. Bryan.—As we have now *so many gentlemen of fortune, family, education, and ability* among the officers of the army, the militia, and in all the Volunteer Corps, to whom the kingdom is so deeply obliged, I wish they may read this note, and be induced to employ some of their vacant hours in valuable studies; and, like the great chiefs among the ancients, resume and vindicate the honour of learned military leisure.

In regard to the manner and the plan of *this* Poem on the P. of L. I have something to say, but my respect to the reader prevents me from saying much. It aspires not to the manner or the praise of THE DUNCIAD, or to any thing whatsoever in common with that great performance. The *original motive* of it however, in my opinion, is as far superior in importance and dignity, as the power and ability of the author fall short of that poetical excellence, which none hereafter can hope to rival, or perhaps to attain. Its general subject is LITERATURE however exerted, whether for the benefit, or for the injury of mankind. It has nothing of the mock epick. It is a dialogue; has something of a dramattick cast, and is an excursus. The subjects follow each other; and if I am not mistaken, they are neither confounded nor confused. If there be in the whole composition any passage, any sentence, or any expression, which according to the specifick nature of the subject, can justly offend even female delicacy: which, from the manner of it, a gentleman would refuse to write, or a man of virtue to admit into his thoughts: which violates the high, and discriminating, and honourable, and directing principles of human conduct, it is to me matter of serious and of solemn regret. I am not conscious of having admitted any such passage, or sentence, or expression. I have never yet heard *such* an objection to my work. If it can be pointed out, I will erase it with much concern and with great indignation.

I should also give a few words to *the manner* of the notes which I have annexed, and which are so frequent and so copious. I wished not, as Boileau expresses it, to prepare tor-
tures

tures for any future Salmasius (*f*); and I too well know my own insignificance to expect any comment on my writings; but from my own pen. I have made no allusions which I did not mean to explain. But I had something further in my intention. The notes are not always merely explanatory; they are (if I have been able to execute my intention) of a structure rather peculiar to themselves. Many of them are of a nature between an essay and an explanatory comment. There is much matter in a little compass, suited to the *exigency* of the times. As they take no particular form of composition, they are not matter of criticism in that particular respect. I expatiated on the casual subject which presented itself; and when ancient, or modern writers expressed the thoughts better than I could myself, I have given the original languages.

No man has a greater contempt for the parade of quotation (as such) than I have. My design is not to quote words, but to enforce right sentiments in the manner which I think best adapted to the purpose, after much reflection. To most of my readers those languages are familiar; and if any person, not particularly conversant in them, should honour the notes with a perusal, I think the force of the observations may be felt without attending to the Greek or Latin. In all regular compositions I particularly dislike *a mixture of languages*. It is uncouth or inelegant, and sometimes marks a want of power in the writer. In works of any dignity or consequence,

(*f*) " Aux Saumaïses futurs preparer des tortures."

Boil. Sat. 9. v. 64.

sequence, it is adviseable, if a passage from any ancient author is quoted, to translate that passage in the text, and put the original at the bottom of the page, if necessary. We have in this respect the authority and example of Cicero, Bishop Hurd and Sir William Jones.

In general, I could say all I wished in the text and comment. Some subjects are indeed so important, that they should be held forth to public light, and viewed in every point. SATIRE, in this respect, has peculiar force. Vice is not unfrequently repressed, and folly, presumptuous ignorance, and conceit sometimes yield or vanish at the first attack, and like the fabled spirits before the spell of the enchanter,

Primâ vel voce Canentis.

Concedunt, CARMENQUE TIMENT AUDIRE SECUNDUM. (g)

I again declare to the publick, that *neither my name, nor my situation in life will ever be revealed.* Conjectures are free and open to the world. Every one is at liberty to fancy cases, and make whatever comparisons he thinks proper. But suppositions will never amount to facts, nor wild conjectures have the force of argument. I pretend not to be "the sole depositary of my own secret;" but where it is confided, there it will be preserved and locked up *for ever.* I have an honourable confidence in the human character, when properly educated and rightly instructed. My secret will for ever be preserved, *I know,* under every change of fortune or of political tenets, while honour, and virtue, and religion, and friendly affection,

(g) Lucan, l. 6, v. 27.

S

affection, and erudition, and the principles of a gentleman, have binding force and authority upon minds so cultivated and so dignified. When they fall, I am contented to fall with them.

My Poem and all and each of the notes to it were written without any co-operation whatsoever. I expect the fullest assent and credit to this my solemn assertion. I expect it, because I speak the truth. I have *not* been assisted by any Doctors in any faculty. If indeed I had written to please a particular man, a minister, a chief in opposition, a party, any set, or any description of men *exclusively*, literary or political, there is not a man of understanding in the country who does not perceive that I should, or rather that I *must*, have written in another style, thought and argument. - Of such motives I profess myself nor skilled nor studious. My appeal is direct to my Country. I know and feel the situation in which at this moment she stands. There is now no balance left in Europe. All is preparing to sink under ONE DESOLATING TYRANNY. My opinion however is, that by the mercy of Providence, and by the unremitting attention and labours of our constitutional statemen, and the united efforts of all that are loyal, brave, opulent, powerful, or dignified, we may yet "be able to stand in THIS EVIL DAY, and having done" *"all TO STAND."* Let us stand therefore, as the chosen nation of old, the insulated memorial of true Religion, and the ONLY Asylum of balanced Liberty. I profess myself convinced, and therefore have I written. I entered into the sanctuary of the Hebrews, and heard the voice of their prophet: "Credidi, propter quod locutus sum." This was the voice which I heard, and it was a voice, as Milton would express it, "thundering out of Sion." Under this persuasion and conviction, I will say of this work, there is in it but one hand, and one intention. It will be idle to conjecture concerning the author, and more than foolish to be *very* inquisitive.

To

To my adversaries I have nothing to reply. I never will reply. could with the most perfect charity sing a requiem over their deceased criticisms, if I were master of what Statius calls the "*Exequiale sacrum, carmenque minoribus umbris utile.*" (b) Those whom I wished to please, I have pleased. If I have diffused any light, it is from a *single orb*, whether temperate in the horizon, or blazing in the meridian.

Thus much to silly curiosity and frivolous garrulity. But to persons of higher minds, and of more exalted and more generous principles, who have the spirit to understand, and the patience to consider, the nature and the labour of my work, I would address myself in other language, and with other arguments. I would declare *to them*, that when I consider the variety and importance and extent of the subjects, I might say that it was written, "though for no other cause, yet for this, that posterity may know, that we have not loosely through silence permitted things to pass away as in a dream." I would declare also *to them*, that I delivered it as A LITERARY MANIFESTO *to this kingdom* in a season unpropitious to learning or to poetry, in a day of darkness and of thick gloominess, and in an hour of turbulence, of terror, and of uncertainty. Such persons will be satisfied, if the great cause of mankind, of regulated society, of religion, of government, and of good manners, is attempted to be maintained with strength and with the application of learning. To them it is a matter of very little, or rather of no moment at all by whom it is effected. They have scarce a transitory question to make on the subject. To such understandings I willingly submit my composition, and to them I dedicate the work.

I shall

(b) Stat. Theb. L. 6. v. 123.

I shall only add, that if they should read *all* the Parts of this Poem on the Pursuits of Literature with candour and with attention, whatever the connection between them, or whatever the method may be, they will most assuredly find “ that *uniformity* of thought “ and design, which will *always* be found in the writings of the “ *same* person, WHEN HE WRITES WITH SIMPLICITY AND IN “ EARNEST.”

THE
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

DIALOGUE THE FOURTH AND LAST.†

Οὐκ ἡσυχος
Δαφνηφάγων φείσεται ἐκ λαιμῶν οὔτα. (§)

A U T H O R.

OH, for that sabbath's dawn, ere Britain wept,
And France before THE CROSS believ'd and slept !
(Rest to the state, and slumber to the soul !)
Ere yet the brooding storm was heard to roll
In fancy's ear, o'er many an Alpine rock, 5
Or Europe trembled at the fated shock ;
Ere by his lake GENEVA'S ANGEL stood,
And wav'd his scroll prophetick (a) o'er the flood,
With

(a) It is remarkable that in *Switzerland* appeared THE THREE
PERSONS, whose principles, doctrines, and practice, (*as it seems*
to

† First printed in July 1797. ‡ Lycophon. Cassand. v. 3.

With names (as yet unheard) and symbols drear,
 Calvin in front, and Neckar in the rear ; 10
 But

to me) have primarily and ultimately effected the great change and downfall of regal and of all lawful power in Europe. Calvin, in religion ; Rousseau, in politicks ; and Neckar by his administration. Calvin and his disciples were never friends to monarchy and episcopacy ; but I shall not *here* contend politically or theologically with Bishop Horsley concerning Calvin. A poet's words are better for a poet. I have looked into history ; and, as I think, have found them true. Dryden speaks of Calvin thus, and remarkably enough ;

The *last* of all the litter seap'd by chance,
 " *And from Geneva first infested FRANCE.*" (a)

ROUSSEAU, (I speak of him *only* as a political writer) by the unjustifiable, arbitrary, and cruel proceedings against him, his writings and his person, in France, (where he was a stranger and to whose tribunals he was not amenable) was stimulated to pursue his researches into the origin and expedience of *such* government, and of *such* oppression, which, otherwise, he probably never would have discussed ; till he reasoned himself into the desperate doctrine of political equality, and gave to the world his fatal present, " The Social Contract." Of *this* work the French, since the Revolution, have never once lost sight. With them it is first and last, and midst, and without end, in all their thoughts and publick actions. Rousseau is, I believe, the only man to whom they have paid an implicit and *undeviating* reverence ; and without a figure, have worshipped in the Pantheon of their new idolatry, like another Chemos, " the " *obscene* dread of Gallia's scus."

Different

(a) The Hind and Panther, B. 1. v. 172.

But chief Equality's vain priest, Rousseau,
A sage in sorrow nur'd, and gaunt with woe,

By

Different from these, came NECKAR. With intentions, as I am *still inclined* to think, upright, pure and just, but with a mind impotent and unequal to the great work, and with principles foreign to the nature of the government he was called to regulate, reform, and conduct; a fatal stranger for France. He *oppressed* every subject sacred and civil with too much *verbiage*. He was sanctioned by popular prejudice, and marked by aristocratical hatred; a sort of "Arpinas Volsorum a monte." He came to lay open and disclose (and he did lay them open to the very bottom) the mystery and iniquity of French finance and of French treasuries. But he brought with him to the concerns of a great and tottering empire, (which *perhaps* might have been maintained and *consolidated*) the little mind of a provincial banker, and the vanity inseparable from human nature, when elevated beyond hope or expectation. What was the consequence? for a while indeed,

Hic Cimbros et summa pericula rarum
Excipit, et SOLUS trepidantem *protegit* Urbem.†

But the original leaven in *his* political composition was *popular*; and that leavened the whole lump. We know the rest. His advice, first in the calling together (at all) of the States General, and afterwards in the formation and distribution of them, gave the devoted King to the scaffold, and the monarchy of France to irreversible dissolution. I speak this independently of the grand conspiracy against Christianity, regal power, and social order, which has been so awfully and so convincingly disclosed by the eloquent Abbé

Barruel

By perfecution train'd and popish zeal,
 Ripe with his wrongs, to frame the dire (*b*) appeal,
 What time *his work* THE CITIZEN began, 15
 And gave to France the social savage, Man.

Was it for this, in Leo's soft'ring reign
 Learning uprose with tempests in her train ;

Was

Barruel †, and Professor Robison ; since I *first* wrote the preceding reflections.

For my own part when I contemplate the convulsions of Europe, and the fatal desolation which attends republican principles, *wherever they are introduced*, I cannot but rest with a momentary pleasure on the picture, which Plato, in his *imaginary* republick, (the *only* one I ever could bear) has drawn of a man fatigued with the view of publick affairs, and retiring from them in the hope of tranquillity. The sentiments are such as the French formerly would have called, "*Les Delassemens de l'homme sensible*." The words are these :

" Ταυτα παντα λογισμω λαβων, ισχυριαν εχων και τα αυτη πραττων, διον εν χειμῳνι κοινορτη και ζαλης υπο πνευματος φερομενη υπο τειχιον υποστας, ορων της αλλης καταπιμπλαμενης ανομιας, αγαπα ειπη αυτος καθαρος αδικιας τε και ανοσιων εργων, τον τε ενθαδε ειον ειωσεται, και την απαλλαγην αυτη μετα καλης ελπιδος ιλεως τε και ευμενης απαλλαζεται."

Plato de Repub. L. 6, p. 496, Op. vol. 2. Ed. Serrani.

(*b*) " Le Contrat Social, par J. J. Rousseau, CITOYEN de Geneve.

† See Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire du Jacobinisme, par M^r. L'Abbé Baruel : and " Proofs of a Conspiracy against all the Religions and Governments in Europe, in the secret Meetings of Free Masons, Illuminati, &c. &c." by Professor Robison at Edinburgh. (1797.)

Was every gleam deceitful, every ray
 But idle splendor from the orb of day? 20
 Say, were the victims mark'd from earliest time,
 The Flamens conscious of a Nation's crime?
 Why smoak'd the altars with the new perfume,
 If heav'n's own fire descends but to consume?
 Alas, proud Gallia's fabrick to the ground 25
 What arm shall level, or what might confound!

Oh for that hand, which o'er the walls of Troy (c)
 His lightning brandish'd *with a furious joy,*

Her

(c) It certainly would be *convenient*, (if we can for a moment trifle with such a subject as the present French war) to march to *Paris*, "and like another (Bryant) fire another Troy." See "a Dissertation concerning the War of Troy, and the Expedition of the Grecians, as described by Homer; shewing, that no such expedition was undertaken; and that no such city of Phrygia existed." Published in 1796, but there is no date to the title page. I find it difficult to give an opinion on this ingenious treatise. Whatever comes from the author of "The Analysis of ancient Mythology," should be treated with *very* great respect. His character is † venerable,

† See Mr. Bryant's character delineated in the Pursuits of Literature, Dialogue II. v. 189, &c.

Her state, her arms, her fleets, her very name
Gave, as in mock'ry, to poetick fame, 30

And

nable, and his erudition, as I think, without an equal. Of all subjects, I should have thought this subject was one, on which an enquiry might have been instituted without offence. Yet this has not been the case. The offence has been considered as deep and wide, and the influence of the principle, in some respects, dangerous and alarming. The faith of history has been represented as attacked in its strongest fortrefs, and even the sacred writings, as matter of historical faith, implicated in the discussion. Some persons have even declared that Mr. Bryant had no right to touch the subject. That nothing can be more contrary to reason than to suppose, that the existence of a city, and a war, of which we have read with delight from our boyish days, could be called in question. That their pleasure is snatched from them; and such a poem, without an historical fact for a basis, cannot be interesting. They allow the amplification of poetry, and its embellishments, and even the anachronisms of Homer. But Troy did exist, and the Grecians did once besiege it, and Hector, Achilles, Agamemnon, and Diomedes were as real heroes, as the Archduke Charles, Buonaparte, Lord Cornwallis, or Tippe Saib in modern wars.

I really should smile at many of these objections, if they did not frequently come from persons of consequence and of learning. Most certainly however I will quarrel with no man "about Sir Archy's great Grandmother." They who are acquainted with the science and subject of *probabilities*, will best decide the question for themselves, and I will not intrude my judgment. It is a question
of

And with the fire of Philip's son, unfurl'd
His classick standard o'er a wond'ring world,

Till

of probability, and not of proof. For my own part, I am equally pleased with a poem founded on the metamorphosis of Apuleius, or on any modern fiction, if all the essential and integral parts of a poem are preserved; if the characters, manners, and actions are human, and consistent with the supposed situations of the personages. This to me is sufficient; and perhaps poetry, as such, may be a gainer by Mr. Bryant's interpretation. I rather hail the omen in these times of poetical sterility. But nothing can be further from the dignity of Mr. Bryant's character, than the imputation of having attacked the faith and credibility of ancient, or of any, *history*. It is scarcely entitled to notice. What was Troy? with what part of history is it connected? Is not the Trojan war an insulated solitary fact? If it were done away, is any historical event whatever made to fall with it? When it is stated that *four hundred and thirty* ships (no matter of what size) were employed by the Grecians in the Trojan war in the twelfth century, and only *eighty nine* in the Peloponnesian war in the fifth century before Christ, in this matter of *serious* history? Is not the whole allowed to pass even the bounds of any probability, but that of a poet?

I remember hearing a gentleman state similar questions to these with much earnestness and apparent conviction, but without warmth. He seemed to understand something of the subject; and though I conceived some points were pressed indiscreetly and unnecessarily by Mr. Bryant, I replied that I thought *nearly* as he did, and I said with the most good-natured *Επεὶ* of the Academicks, "*Almost thou persuadest*

Till "Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,
And curs'd th' access of that celestial thief." (d)
Oh, for a Bryant's hand!

OCTAVIUS.

persuadest me to be a *Bryantian*."—I think they who are the strongest in opposition to Mr. Bryant, if they were even Inquisitors†, and could force him to hold a lighted torch in his hand, and make a retraction of his errors, and the *amende honorable* in the *Eglise de Notre Dame de CYBELE Mere de tous les Dieux Paiens*, would be contented with the Catholick form of words: "Questi erano gli scherzi d'una penna poetica, non gli sentimenti d'un animo catolico!"

Yet considering all that I have heard, and the *quarter* from which it came, *Curius* quid sentit, et AMBO *Scipiade*, and the insignificance of the question itself, but as a matter of amusement; though in common with many others, I should have lost much individual gratification and instruction, yet I wish this Dissertation on the war of Troy had never been written at all (1797.)

(d) Two lines from Sir Walter Raleigh's Sonnet, prefixed to Spenser's Fairy Queen.

† I am sure Gilbert Wakefield is even *more than an Inquisitor* in all his principles literary, civil, and religious. See his indecent letter to Mr. Bryant on the war of Troy. But above all, see his letter to Mr. Wilberforce. The Secretary to the Duke of Alva under Philip II. or the Publick Accuser of the Revolutionary Tribunal, under Robespierre, never exhibited such a paper. *There is no deceit in Gilbert Wakefield: He is, just what he seems.* It is plain to see *what* he expects, and *why* he writes (1797.)

OCTAVIUS,

Methinks you smile, 35

And fain would land me on the wand'ring isle,
 Where the learn'd drain Acrasia's foaming bowl,
 Till round the Sun their heads with Gebelin's (e) roll;
 Nor

(e) *Gebelin*.—If many persons in the learned world have thought Mr. Bryant unadvised in the discussion of the war of Troy in the twelfth century A. C. what must we say to Mr. Court de Gebelin, who has actually endeavoured to reason us into a belief, that, the *Founders of the Roman State*, ROMULUS, and REMUS, were only allegorical personages, and were in reality representatives of the Sun and worshipped as such? Mr. Gebelin is a man of the most various erudition, and if he were as well known as Mr. Bryant, his attempt would have been noticed. But few people perhaps have had the curiosity to look into nine volumes of 4to of the “*Monde Primitif analysé et comparé avec le Monde Moderne* par M. Court de Gebelin.”

It may be entertaining to some persons, if I give a few particulars of this singular question. The *Fourth* Volume of Mr. Gebelin's work consists of the “*Histoire Religieuse du Calendrier, ou des Fêtes Anciennes*.” The *fifth* Chapter of the *second* Book (Vol. 4.) is the “*Histoire des Gemeaux Romains Romulus et Remus*.” Mr. G. says, “*Les Romains eurent aussi leurs Allegories sur le double Soleil successif de l'année; ils l'appliquerent à leur Remus et Romulus. Les noms sont allegoriques, et tous relatifs à l'année.*” p. 264. Remus, it seems, signified THE SUN in the winter, and
 Romulus

Nor heed the pause of (*f*) Douglas, Wakefield's rage,
Nor Hallam (*g*) trembling for the sacred page, 40

Nor

Romulus in the summer ! By an *easy* proof, he says, " Ils en firent la fête des Lemures pour Remures, &c. p. 263. In the sixth chapter of the same book, we read : Nous avons vu dans le chapitre précédent, que ROMULUS étoit LE SOLEIL ; que tout le prouvoit.— And what is the proof ? Truly this ; " Le nom de sa mere, celui de son pere, son frere, la mort de son frere (*Remus*), son propre nom, &c. &c. Q. E. D.—Mr. Gebelin has not yet done, nor is Mr. Gebelin yet satisfied. He next converts, by means of his *solar* microscope, Romulus into *Hercules* ! But hear his words. " Ce qu'exprimoient à cet égard les Grecs par l'Apothéose d'*Hercule*, les Romains l'exprimerent par l'Apothéose de Romulus." But when he speaks of *Quirinus*, another name of Romulus, the force of art and of *proof* can go no further. Hear him again. " *Quirinus* (nom de Romulus) la traduction *littérale* de *Melcarthe*, ou *Melicerte*, que portoit *Hercule* chez les Tyriens, EST UNE AUTRE PREUVE, qu'on regardoit ROMULUS comme LE SOLEIL." p. 269 !

I cannot help observing that in this same 4th Vol. p. 422. Mr. Gebelin informs us that, " Sur le 18 Fevrier on célébroit la Fête de Romulus, and at the same time, (rather inauspiciously to be sure) on célébroit LA FÊTE DES FOUX." I suppose on the celebration of LA FÊTE DES FOUX, cards of invitation were sent round by the Pontifex Maximus to the *Antiquaries* of those days, and I really think, if Mr. Gebelin had been *produced* at that time, he would not have been *without his card*, with a few others, to be distributed among his friends.

Nor Gillies (*b*) crying, what shall we peruse?
 What is *my* work? mere records of the Muse;
 And lo! by Buonaparte's iron pen, (*i*)
 The tale of Rome may be Troy's tale again.

AUTHOR.

Indeed these *deliramenta doctrinae* are sometimes amusing, but in reality they are rather a subject of serious regret from their consequences on the publick mind. There is no end to the absurdities from this source, when we resolve all ancient persons and events into allegories and Egyptian mysteries; till as we have just seen, ROMULUS AND REMUS, *The Founders of the Roman Empire*, become (according to Monsieur Gebelin's *Order of Firing*, after a grand *Escopetterie*, or volley, of *Serpents and Stars*) transformed into ROMAN SUNS; Remus in the *Winter*, and Romulus in the *Summer*!—See the *proofs* above.

(*f*) The Rt. Rev. Dr. JOHN DOUGLAS, the present Bishop of Salisbury, (1797.) Author of the *Criterion*, and of other acute pieces of reasoning, which will be long remembered and admired.

(*g*) Dr. Hallam, the present Dean of Bristol. (1797.)

(*h*) Author of a *History of Greece*.

(*i*) The tremendous conquests of Buonaparte in Italy and in Germany remind us too much of the words of the Roman Historian; “ Si CAPTIVOS aspicires, Molossi, Theffali, Macedones, Bruttii, Apulii; si POMPAS, aurum, purpuræ, signa tabulæ, Tarentinæque deliciæ.” Flor. Lib. 1. C. 18. (1797.)

A U T H O R.

No ; other thoughts my lab'ring soul employ,
 That springs anew to long-forgotten joy ; 46
 I range in Fancy's consecrated round,
 And meet the poet on a poet's ground,
 Nor seek historick truth of time and place,
 But truth of manners, character, and grace. 50

The Bards who once the wreaths of glory wore,
 Cloath'd in tranfluent veil their wond'rous lore ;
 The tales they fung a willing age believ'd,
 Charm'd into truth, and without guile deceiv'd.
 Where'er they rov'd, young Fancy and the Mufe
 Wav'd high their mirror of a thouſand hues ; 56
 They gaz'd, and as in varying guiſe pourtray'd
 Aëreal phantoms hov'ring round them play'd,
 Gave to each fleeting form, that ſhot along,
 Exiſtence everlaſting as their ſong ; 60
 And as by nature's ſtrength the tablet grew,
 Rapture the pencil guided as they drew.

OCTAVIUS.

OCTAVIUS.

Nay, now you soar indeed ; another flight,
And the wing'd courser bears you from my fight :
You're strangely mov'd.

AUTHOR.

The matter is my own ;
I never shar'd the profits of the gown, 65
Nor yet, with Horace and myself at war,
For rhyme and *viſtuals* (*b*) left the ſtarving Bar.

I never

(*b*) This was lately done by William Boſcawen, Eſq. an Etonian, firſt a Barrifter at Law, now a Commiſſioner of the *Viſtualling* Office, and (by an eaſy tranſition) Tranſlator of Horace, *Negataſ artifex ſequi voces*. (Perſ. Prol.) In this *reviſion* of my work, I have no more ſpace to allot to Mr. Boſcawen or his rhymes. It is the fate of ſome men to deſcribe the hiſtory of an art, without making any *progreſs* in it themſelves ; to write verſes without inſpiration, and fatirical poems without fatire. But what ſaid Boileau ?

“ Attaquer *Châpelain* ? ah ! c’eſt un ſi bon homme :
Il eſt vrai, s’il m’eut crû, qu’il n’eut point fait des vers.
Il ſe tue à rimer. Que n’écrit il en proſe ?
Voilà ce que l’on dit. *Et que diſ je autre choſe ?†*”

† Boileau, Sat. 9.

I never lov'd *Dean* Dewlap's vacant looks,
 Or purchas'd empty praise from empty books ; 70
 I leave at sales the undisputed reign
 To *milk-white* (i) Goffet, and learn'd (k) Spencer's
 train.

No

(i) Not a bookseller of reputation in London, Payne, Edwards, White, Robson, Egerton, Faulder, &c. &c. is unacquainted with Dr. Goffet's *milk-white* vellum books, when he wishes to make an exchange. The Rev. Dr. Goffet is President at all Booksales in the metropolis, and he certainly is a good scholar. Doctor Goffet's *priced* catalogues in *his own* hand are said to be in an *uninterrupted* series, *except one*. They are also said to be equal in use and value to "The curious collection, in regular and *undoubted* succession of all "the Tickets of the *Islington Turnpike* from its *first* institution to the "20th of May inclusive," recorded among the *presents* made to the Antiquarian Society, when Sir Matthew Mite was admitted Fellow, and made his speech on that occasion. (Foote's Nabob, Act 2.)

N. B. No person is *now* obliged to make an inauguration speech, when he is admitted Fellow of the Antiquarian Society. The noble President observed in *one of his speeches*, that the custom ceased and determined at Sir Matthew Mite's election, as appears by *the record*, copied by Mr. Foote and inserted in his Nabob,—Ego fi

RISI,

No German nonsense sways my English heart,
 Unus'd at ghosts and rattling bones to start :
 I never chose, in various nature strong, 75
 Logick for verse, or history for song ;
 But at the magick of Torquato's strain,
 Disarm'd and captive in Armida's chain,
 To Godfrey's pomp Rinaldo still prefer,
 Nor care if ranting Wakefield (*kk*) thinks I err. 80

To

RISI, lividus et mordax videre? The little Doctor, I think, will be the first to smile himself. He should know the value of time. He is an ingenious, learned, sensible, and chearful man.

(*k*) The Rt. Hon. Earl Spencer, the munificent, and I may add, the learned, sensible, and very intelligent collector of every valuable work in literature. I record with pleasure his "Palatine Apollo," that *munus Apolline dignum*!

(*kk*) Gilbert Wakefield.—We give up (but with great reluctance) Virgil, Horace, and Lucretius to his torturing hours, but we will not give up the Constitution of England, sacred or civil. "CRITICUS adfuetus urere, secare, inclementer omnis generis libros tractare, apices, syllabas, voces, dictiones confodere, et stylo exigere, non continebit iste ab integro (REIPUBLICÆ NOSTRÆ) statu crudeles unguēs?" &c. &c. Orat. Petri Burmanni Lugd. Bat. 1720.

To Hurd, not (*l*) Parr, my Muse submits her lays,
 Pleas'd with advice, without a lust for praise;
 Fond to correct, but never to defend,
 And him who marks her errors, deems her friend.
 With patriot aim, and no irreverent rage, 85
 Without one stain of party on the page,
 From Grecian springs her strength, her art she
 draws,
 Firm in her trust, ennobled in her cause;
 Her moral none, the verse some few disdain,
 Yet not a note she sounds shall sound in vain, 90
 While Bryant (*m*) in applause with Baker (*n*) joins,
 Gifford (*o*) approves and Storer (*p*) loves the lines :

Though

(*l*) See the account of Dr. Parr's style and writings. P. of L. Dialogue III. &c. with the notes. When the reader has considered the whole, perhaps he may be inclined to say with the comick poet of Athens,

Πτίλον το μύγα ΚΟΜΠΟΛΑΚΤΘΟΥ πρσεν!

Aristoph. Acharn. Sub fin.

(*m*) Jacob Bryant, Esq. Author of the Analysis of Ancient Mythology, &c. &c. &c. See his character in the Second Dialogue of the P. of L. to which I refer.

(*n*) Sir George Baker, Bart. Physician to the King, a Gentleman of deep and extensive classical knowledge. His compositions
 are

Though still, a stranger in the sacred clime,
Some say, I love not poetry, but rhyme,

Offspring of other times, ye visions old! 95
Legends, no more by gentle hands unroll'd,
Magnanimous deceits! where favour'd youth
Finds short repose from formidable truth!
Oh witness if, e'er silent in your praise,
I've pass'd in vice or sloth inglorious days, 100
But rais'd for you my firm unalter'd voice,
Fancy my guide, and solitude my choice.

Though

are written in the purest Latinity, *worthy of an Etonian*. His situation in life sufficiently declares his professional talents.

(o) William Gifford, Esq. Author of the *Baviad* and the *Mæviad*.

(p) Anthony Storer, Esq. a Gentleman of fortune and fashion, talents and accomplishments. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge. His attainments in literature are various and considerable; and few men have a nicer skill in the principles of just and legitimate composition than Mr. Storer. *He has read QUINTILIAN with effect*, (Mr. Storer will understand me perfectly) and he has drawn his knowledge and judgment from the best writers, and criticks of antiquity and of modern time.

Though now no Syren voice be heard, no strain,
 Ascend from Pindus, (*q*) or Arcadia's plain;
 No Graces roun th' Olympian throne of Jove 105
 Bid the nine virgins raise the chant of love.
 The harp of Talieffin (*r*) lies unstrung,
 Close by the loom, where Death's dread sisters sung;
 Unfelt each charm of Odin's magick tree,
 With many an uncouth Runick (*s*) phantasy, 110
 The symbol deep, and consecrated rhyme,
 Trac'd with due reverence in the northern clime.

Though

(*q*) I mean by these and several following lines to observe, that the *Pagan Fable* is now exhausted, and the specious miracles of *Gothick Romance* have never of late years produced a poet. Perhaps the latter were more adapted to true poetry than the pagan inventions. Witness the sublimer productions of modern Italy.

(*r*) A year or two ago proposals were offered by Mr. Owen to publish the works of the Bard Talieffin, but no encouragement could be obtained. Such is the time. (1797)

(*s*) Mr. Marthias, (the Author of the *Essay on the Evidence, &c.* on the long-disputed subject of the poems ascribed to Rowley in the 15th century, and which I mentioned in a note to the First Dialogue of the P. of L.) several years ago attempted to excite the curiosity of the publick to the remains of northern antiquity, by a lyrical imitation of some Runick fragments. I wish the example had been followed.

Though now no temper'd lance, no magick brand,
 No Durindana (*t*) waves o'er fabled land;
 No nightly-rounding Ariel floats unseen, 115
 Or *flames amazement* o'er the desert green;
 No wizards hold, some blasted pine beneath,
 Their horrid sabbath on the darken'd heath;
 Say, are the days of blest delusion fled?
 Must Fiction rear no more her languid head? 120
 No more the Muse her long-lost transports know,
 Nor trace the fount whence living waters flow?
 Awake, ye slumb'ring Rulers of the song!
 Each in your solemn orders pass along;
 In sacred radiance o'er your mountain old 125
 Yet once again your dignities unfold,
 And fill the space; your scepter'd glories claim,
 And vindicate the great Pierian name.

OCTAVIUS.

Are these a poet's only themes? I fear,
 No verse like this will find a patient ear. 130

AUTHOR.

(*t*) The sword of Orlando.

AUTHOR.

Hear yet awhile.—The dread resistless Pow'r,
That works deep-felt at inspiration's hour,
He claims alone—

OCTAVIUS.

Who claims?

AUTHOR.

The favour'd BARD, (a)

Who nobly conscious of his just reward,

With

(a) I mean here to give a character of the Poet, *as such*, and of the sources whence the art itself is drawn. I would wish to express *generally*, what Proclus (in one of his dissertations on the ΠΟΛΙΤΕΙΑ of Plato, Ed. fol. Basil. 1534. p. 403.) would call with a sublime dignity, the Ποσαν Ποιητικῆς ἐξὶν διαλαμπύσαι, when the poet exerts his highest faculties, or, (in the language of Proclus in the same place) “Ὅταν ενθουσιαζων, και ταις Μυσικαις κατοχος εν, κατα την Πρωτην ενεργει και ενθεον ποιητικην.

A selection of various chapters from this work of Proclus on the

With loftier soul, and undecaying might, 135
Paints what he feels in characters of light.

He

the *Ηολιτεία* of Plato, which relate to poetry, might be made, and published by some ingenious scholar. They would be perfectly new and original to most persons. I know not (better Greek scholars than I am may know) whether at present there is any edition at all, but that printed at Basil, in Greek, without any Latin translation. They exhibit what this philosopher of genius (in page 401, on the *Τρεις ιδεαι της Ποιητικης*,) terms, the *Την των Ποιητων μανιαν κινημενηντε και κινωσαν, και πληρωμενην αναθεν, και εις αλλα διαπορθμευσαν την εκειθεν ελλαμψιν.*

Philosophers like these, Apollo and all his choir were once supposed to address in strains, which few scholars will hear without delight. They are to be found in the life of Plotinus, the Platonick, which was written with some eloquence (at least Politian thought so) by his disciple Porphyrius :†

Κληῖζω Μουσας ξυνην οπα γηρυσασθαι,
Παμφωνοις ιαχαισι παναρμονιαισι τ' ερωαις,
Οιον επ' Αιακιδη στησαι χορον εκληῖξαν
Αθανατων μαγισιν, ὁμηρειασι τ' αοιдай.
Αλλα γε Μυσων ιερος χορος απυσωμεν,
Εις εν επιπνειοντες αοιδης τερματα πασης,
Υμμι και εν μεσσησιν Εγω Φοιβος βαθυχαιτης !

I would also present the *following* passage, from a great Roman master, to every rising Youth of genius in this kingdom. If I could perceive his countenance brightening as he reads, and the powers of his soul kindling into fancied or anticipated emulation, I should say
to

† Plotini Vita. In limine edit. Oper. Plotin. Ficini Basileæ
MDXXC.

He turns : and instantaneous all around
Cliffs whiten, waters murmur, voices sound ;

Portentous

to him, as Herodotus once said to the Father of Thucydides, when he perceived the tear of enthusiasm falling from the boy, at his recital of "the Expedition of Xerxes against the general Liberty of Greece." The scene was the Olympick games, Herodotus before his Country, and Thucydides his auditor. Can I rouse the attention yet more ? at such a moment he pronounced these words : *Ὀρῶ ἢ οὐσί; τι οὖν σὺ πρὸς μάθηματα.*† Let some future Poet, who now perceives in himself, what Statius calls the "cruda exordia magnæ Idolis," hear and perpend.

"Legere si desideras,

Vaces oportet, Eutyche, a negotiis,

Ut liber animus sentiat vim carminis.

Mutandum tibi propositum est, et vitæ genus,

Intrare si Musarum limen cogitas.

Ego, quem Pierio mater enixa est iugo ;

In quo tonanti sancta Mnemosyne Jovi,

Fœcunda novies artium peperit chorum ;

Quamvis in ipsâ pene natus sim scholâ,

Curamque habendi penitus corde eraserim,

Et laude invitâ in hanc vitam incubuerim,

Fastidiosè tamen in cœtum recipior.

Rem me professum dicet aliquis gravem :

Sed literatæ cum sim propior Græciæ,

Cur somno inertî deseram Patriæ decus ?"

I never read this transcendent strain of genius, without feeling even my own mind filled for a space, with all the fulness of the Poet ;

Neque

† Marcellini Vit. Thucyd. p. 8. Thucyd. Edit. Huds. Oxon.

Portentous forms in heav'n's aërial hall
 Appear, as at some great supernal call. 140
 Thence oft in thought his steps ideal (x) haste
 To rocks and groves, the wilderness or waste ;
 To

Neque enim Aonium nemus Advena lustro,
 Nec mea nunc primis albescunt tempora vitis.†

(x) I speak of the effect of *local* situation on the mind of the poet. But if any man of genius, fancy, and learning, in the vigour and noon-day of his life and faculties should, from some circumstances for ever to be regretted, be unfortunately deprived of the power of visiting these great and awful scenes of nature, and the monuments of ancient art ; an imagination bold and fervid may, in *some* degree, supply that want by recourse to the most finished representations of them by sublime painters and artists. Stuart, Wood, and Piranesi may raise ideas worthy of the Poet, and pour upon his fancy all the ancient dignity of Athens, of Palmyra, and of Rome. Alas ! these scenes are closed for ever. Non Ego sum vates, sed prisca conscius ævi !—I cannot but present my reader with the form of an *Oath* on such a subject, from the last classical Poet under the expiring monarchy of France, the famous Delille. I am as ready on this subject, as himself, to swear at the high altar of the Muses :

“ Helas ! *je n'ai point vu* ce séjour enchanté,
 Ces beaux lieux où Virgile a tant de fois chanté ;
 Mais j'en JURE et Virgile, et ses accords sublimes,
 J'irai : de l' Apennin je franchirai les cimes,
 J'irai, plein de son nom, plein de ces vers sacrés,
 Les lire aux mêmes lieux qui les ont inspirés.

Les Jardins L. 1.

† Stat. Achill. L. 1. v. 10.

To plains, where Tadmor's (y) regal ruins lie
 In Desolation's fullen majesty :
 Or where Carthusian (z) tow'rs the pilgrim draw,
 And bow the soul with unresisted awe ; 146
 Whence Bruno, from the mountain's pine-clad
 brow,
 Survey'd the world's inglorious toil below ;
 Then, as down ragged cliffs the torrent roar'd,
 Prostrate great Nature's present God ador'd, 150
 And bade, in solitude's extremest bourn,
 Religion hallow the severe sojourn.

To HIM the Painter gives his pencil's might ;
 No gloom too dreadful, and no blaze too bright,
 What time to mortal ken he dares unveil 155
 THE inexpressive FORM (a) in semblance frail,

To

(y) He built *Tadmor* in the Wilderness." Chron. B. 2, ch. 8, v. 4. It is remarkable that Mr. Wood observes, that the natives, at this day, call *Palmyra* by the original appellation of *Tadmor*.

(z) The famous monastrey, called " The Grande Chartreuse." The retirement of Saint Bruno.

(a) The Pictures of the Supreme Being by Raphael and Michael Angelo. There is one picture of THE SUPREME BEING separating the
 the

To the strain'd view presents the yawning tomb,
Substantial horrors, and eternal doom.

To HIM the Pow'rs of harmony (b) resort,
And as the Bard, with high commanding port, 160
Scans all th' ethereal wilderness around,
Pour on his ear the thrilling stream of sound ;
Strains, from that full-strung-chords at distance
 swell,
Notes, breathing soft from musick's inmost cell ;
While to their numerous pause, or accent deep,
His choral passions dread accordance keep. 166

Thence musing, lo he bends his weary eyes
On life and all its sad realities ;
Mark how the prospect darkens in the rear, 169
Shade blends with shade, and fear succeeds to fear,
Mid forms that rise, and flutter through the gloom,
'Till Death unbar the cold sepulchral room,

Such

the light from the darkness, in the Vault of the Capella Sestina in Rome, by Michael Angelo which, I believe, has never been engraved. *Mr. Fuseli, I think said so when I enquired about it.* I allude also to the picture of the Last Judgment, by the same Master.

(b) The powers of Musick on the mind of the Poet.

Such is the Poet : such his claim divine !—
 Imagination's *charter'd libertine*, (c)
 He scorns, in apathy, to float or dream 175
 On listless Satisfaction's torpid stream,
 But dares ALONE in vent'rous bark to ride
 Down turbulent Delight's tempestuous tide.
 With thoughts encount'ring thoughts in conflicts
 strong,
 The deep Pierian thunder of the song 180
 Rolls o'er his raptur'd sense ; the realms on high
 For him disclose their varied majesty ;
 He feels the call : then bold, beyond controul,
 Stamps on the immortal page the visions of his soul.

OCTAVIUS.

Nay, if you feed on this cœlestial strain, 185
 You may with Gods hold converse, not with men.
 Sooner the people's right shall Horsley (d) teach,
 In judgment delicate, with prudence preach,

And

(c) " The air, a *chartered libertine*, is still."

Shakspeare, H. V.

(d) I allude to Bishop Horsley's intemperate and unadvised speeches in Parliament. An injudicious friend is worse than an enemy. I believe Mr. Pitt thinks so. Inconsiderate sentences uttered publicly by members of either House are very dangerous, and do much harm. The dogma is remembered, and the comment is forgotten.

And o'er his bosom broad forget to spread
 Bath's dangling pride, and Ribband rosy-red ; (e)
 Friend of the Church the *pious* Grafton (f) prove ;
 Or Sutton (g) cease to claim the publick love, 190
 And e'er forego, from dignity of place,
 His polish'd mind and reconciling grace ;
 Or Yorke, (b) regardless of his sacred trust,
 To unobtrusive merit be unjust ;

Porteous

gotten. Bishop Horsley and Mr. Wyndham (both men of great natural and acquired ability) should be more attentive in this particular.

(e) Bishop Horsley is Dean of the order of the Bath, and is a bold rival to the late learned knight, Sir William Draper, in making " that blushing ribband the perpetual ornament of his person." See Junius, in his Third Letter, and Bishop Horsley *every where*.

(f) See the Duke's *Hints*.—Rather broad.

(g) The Right Rev. Charles Manners Sutton, Bishop of Norwich. A Prelate whose amiable demeanour, useful learning, and conciliating habits of life, particularly recommend his episcopal character. No man appears to me so peculiarly marked out for THE HIGHEST DIGNITY of the Church, *sede vacante*, as Dr. SUTTON. (July 1797.)

(b) The Right Rev. James Yorke, D. D. Bishop of Ely. The *voluntary unsolicited* offer of the Mastership of Jesus College in Cambridge,

Porteous, the *royal* (i) prelate, firm to truth, 195
 Forget the primal patron of his youth;
 Moore to his synod call, of *unction* full;
 Or Barrington be meek; or Watfon dull.

Sooner

bridge, to the Rev. Dr. Paley, so well known in the literary and ecclesiastical world, deserves to be publicly mentioned as an instance, almost solitary, of generous, liberal discernment in the important collation of accademical dignity. The University regrets the absence of Dr. Paley, one of the ablest instructors she ever could boast; and Bishop Yorke must be recorded as one of "the friends of learning." It is no mean honour to associate the name of Paley with that of Yorke. "*Et mee, si quid loquar audiendum, vocis accedet bona pars.*" (Nov. 1797.)

(i) The Right Rev. Beilby Porteous, Bishop of London. See the Dedication of his Sermons. I think him right in recording his elevation as the immediate voluntary gift of ROYAL, and not of ministerial, favour.

Sic gemmas vaginæ in fronte solebat

Ponere zelotypo JUVENIS PRÆLATUS Hiarbæ!

The choice was approved unanimously by the country, and justified by his own merits and conduct. But I admire still more Dr. Porteous's affectionate, grateful, and elegant tribute to the memory of his venerable Patron, ARCHBISHOP SECKER;† a name never to be uttered but with reverence, as the great exemplar of metropolitan strictness, erudition, and dignity. The union of SUCH patrons must for ever mark the character of Bishop Porteous. (1798.)

† See his Life, just republished, with a proper attention to the time.

Sooner Stentorian (*k*) Davies *cease* to talk,
And for *his* Eton quit his Bond-street walk ; 200

Sumner

(*k*) The Rev. Jonathan Davies, D. D. Provost of Eton College ; a learned, pleasant, generous, open-hearted, good-tempered man, but in conversation rather too much of a Stentor, who is declared by Homer to have had *a voice equal to fifty other men*. The Epithets of Homer are all significant, and I therefore give the lines.

Στέντορι εισάμενος μεγαλήτορι χαλκροφώνω,

Ὅς τῶν αὐδήσασκ' Ὀζοναῶσι πεντήκοντα.

Mr. PROVOST has an invincible *partiality* for the *charms* of London, whenever *his duty* does not oblige him to be at his Lodge. The reason is simple. The air at Eton now and then bites shrewdly, &c. &c. &c.

Extract from a M S. found in *Long Chamber* at Eton ; the hand writing conjectured to be by Dr. HEATH the Head Master, and one of the Assistants. It was found on Mrs. HEATH's *Ball Nights* during *Lent*, given to the *Lautorum Pueri* for the advantage and credit of the School. (Nov. 1797.)

Vicinas alii Veneres, Charitumque choreas

Carmine concelebrent ; nos Veri dogma severum,

Triste sonant pulsæ nostrâ testudine chordæ.

ETON SCHOOL, like many other great and useful publick Schools, stands in need of many *new* and *strong* regulations, which the interests of this kingdom, in common with the demands of the time, call for with a voice not to be disregarded by the masters and governors. Perhaps the very existence of the kingdom, in its present constitution depends upon the undeviating compliance with the present form and mode of classical (and I hope of religious) instruction, so long and so wisely established in our publick schools. If we

desert

Sumner (*l*) drink deep of the Castalian spring ;

Or

desert and abandon it, the principles and strength of THE ENGLISH CHARACTER for sense, discretion, solid learning, and sound understanding will fall, to rise no more. We shall be destroyed, overrun, or disgraced with National Institutes, French morality, French learning, and French jargon, political and metaphysical. No lustration can purify us any more.

Ὅιον ὁ τῶ πολλῶνος εἰσεῖσθε Δαφνίδος ὄρνυξ !

ὍΙΔΔ' ὍΔΟΝ ΤΟ ΜΕΛΑΘΡΟΝ ! ἕκας, ἕκας ὅστις ἀλίστρες.

Καὶ δὴ πῦρ τὰ θυρεῖτρα καλῶ ποδὶ ΦΟΙΒΟΣ ἀρασσεῖ. †

This is a subject which should be considered by every Father and Guardian of young Persons in this country, with the most impressive seriousness. Undoubtedly the expence attending an education at *any* great publick school, (I speak not only of Eton) is *now felt* in such a manner, as I fear it will be difficult for Parents long to supply, or to continue. Whence does it arise ? Is there a remedy, *in part* ? I think there is.

To my certain knowledge, the expences of any publick school, *as such*, are increased but in a small, and in a very reasonable proportion to the exigencies of the times. Mode, fashion, custom, vanity, and inconsiderateness occasion the chief causes of complaint. Fashionable private tuition is indeed *now* as expensive, or rather more so in some cases. I would first propose, that no Master or Instructor in *any* of our publick schools, should be suffered to keep a Boarding-house, or have boys to board with him. The character of the "*De lodice parandâ* ΑΤΤΟΝΙΤΗΣ ΔΟΚΤΩΡ," should be done away, and the custom wholly abolished. This might *easily* be effected, by a general determination of the Nobility and gentlemen of this kingdom. Surely all Boys, of every description and rank, might now board at the general Boarding houses as established, the expences of

which

† Callim. Hymn. ad Apoll.

Or Langford leave off preaching to the King ; (m)

Or

which are liberal, unvarying, and regulated. From *such an equality* of education nothing is to be apprehended. The next question may be this ; Is there a necessity for a Boy to have a Tutor in *any publick* school ? Why must he have one ? It is perhaps a source of unnecessary expence (and sometimes of no very commendable traffick) and which is still worse, it promotes negligence and idleness in boys, and prevents their reliance on their own faculties and indispensable application. Thirdly, I am confident that by the attention and superintendence on the part of the parents or guardians, the expence of bills might be *considerably* lessened. In regard to books in particular. For want of precaution, there is no limit in the elegance of the editions, or of the binding. School-books are never costly. This is a single instance ; but on such and similar instances I cannot condescend to expatiate. I would be useful ; and therefore not tedious.

The greatest, most serious, and most alarming cause is behind, over which the masters can have no control. It is this : Private or pocket money given with a heedless, wanton, and inconsiderate profusion unknown in former times. We are told in the *liberal* spirit of the day, that all boys must be gentlemen ; that they must act as other boys, and *have no temptation to be mean*. Suppose this granted. How is this enormous expence to be supplied ? By the argument, it is no part of the unavoidable expence of education. But a boy's purse, it seems, should be always full ; that—That what ? *that he may be under no temptation to be mean*. Can we be now ignorant what is the sense affixed to *meanness* by a modern pampered boy ? Well then : he has no temptation to be mean. But, from a full purse, has he no temptation to be wicked ? no temptation to be idle and negligent ? A horse, perhaps I may be told, is sometimes allowable. Why ? that he may attend races, I suppose, or be in town, now and then, perhaps for a whole night. His purse must

Or good *Palemon*, (*mm*) worn with claffick toil,

Complain

be full. Why? that he may go to the tavern, drink his bottle like a man, and now and then sink to the gaming table, and become a man of honour in good time. Liquors are rebellious in the blood, and then, as the purse is full, the forehead will not long be bashful. The means of weakness and debility need not be *wooed*; they are every where obvious and obtrusive. Such is the education of boys with a full purse. A poet once spoke of moderation, and *government in expence*, in other terms.

O nondum cognita Divum

Munera! virtutis custos et amica pudori,

Luxuriæ frænum, vitæ tutela!

But such expences, it may be said, are for patrician boys. Are they then separated from the rest? Is there no contagion of example? What are our public streets by day, or our theatres by night? The eye may see, but the ear might distrust the report. But a full purse, it seems, is very necessary for a boy, *that he may not be mean*. Surely this is contemptible sophistry.

In education, and in the government of a state, every obstacle should be opposed to wickedness, and to the *means* of wickedness. These should be a double restraint. All passions submit ultimately (with the great majority of mankind) to the inability of gratifying them, and the disposition is best prepared by the discipline of necessity. In boys and youths of ingenuous tempers, sometimes filial piety, a regard for their nearest relatives, the advantage of a good character, and the pleasure of a good conscience, operate with the better and more honourable part. But human infirmity is not to be trusted: it never yet was trusted with security. Laws, regulations, and

Complain of plants ungrateful to the soil ;

Or

and strong institutions have the greatest power to enforce good manners, when the Parents, Guardians, Instructors, and Masters co-operate fully in their several functions. It must be remembered, I am speaking of the education of *boys*, and not of confirmed habits of expence, of wickedness, or of depravity in *men*. The wisdom and experience of those to whom I am addressing myself, in publick schools, will easily supply what I have omitted ; for I have omitted much. Every gentleman in the country may co-operate in this important and patriotick attention, at such a period as the present.

It is also not to be dissembled, (it is my office to speak openly and boldly) that *Boys* now actually divide themselves into *political parties*. There is indeed a general licentiousness of spirit among modern boys, which the publick good requires to be *effectually and powerfully* repressed. It is not by false and specious *liberality* that this evil is to be subdued. If masters and governors are firm and inflexible in their regulations, what can *the children* do ? I laugh at the idle apprehension of rebellion in a school. If I were the Head Master of Eton, I would begin by THE ABOLITION OF THE MONTEM *immediately*. It is very improper, and very foolish. There is a *meanness*, and sometimes an *audacity*, in this authorized mode of *collecting money on the highway*, which I wonder young *Gentlemen* of birth and family are not *ashamed of*, and can *even wish* to continue. IT IS SOMETHING BETWEEN ALMS AND PLUNDER. Harrow schools has no longer its ancient and dangerous custom of " shooting for the silver arrow." I mention *the abolition of THE MONTEM* (though it *now* occurs but once in three years,) only as an introduction to *many other* salutary and necessary restrictions in ALL publick schools. I have seen the nature of a rebellion (as it is called) in a college,

Or Warren (o) in his well-curv'd palm confound

205

An

college and a school, and nothing can be more foolish and impotent. If the Parents, Friends, and Guardians co-operate with Masters of Schools and Colleges, what can *children* and young men *ultimately effect*, when it is considered, by what laws and hopes their future interest, and advancement in life are bound in, cabined, and confined? The majority of such petty Revolutionists and embryo Democrats are always restrained *in a short time*, and their successors never feel the absence of what they never expected. Let every master of a College, and of a publick school boldly, and vigorously, and instantly adopt the words and spirit of Cicero to his friend Atticus. "*In qua Ego natus, ut mihi videbar, LOCUM RESECANDÆ LIBIDINIS ET COERCENDÆ JUVENTUTIS, vehemens fui, et omnes profudi vires animi atque ingenii mei, non odio adductus alicujus, sed spe reipublicæ corrigendæ et sanandæ civitatis. AFFLICTA EST RESPUBLICA!*"—Cic. Ep. ad Attic. L. 1. E. 18. I hope this note will be regarded *with the attention it calls for from the publick*.—At all events, now and ever; "Salve, magna Parens doctrinæ, ETONIA TELLUS, Magna Virum!" (Nov. 1797.)

(1) The Rev. Humphrey Sumner, D. D. lately elected (Nov. 1797) Provost of King's College in the University of Cambridge. So it is: *Muffat tacito DOCTRINA timore*. I can have no personal objection to a very worthy and a very good natured man, but publick considerations make me reflect deeply on such a subject. *We* lament the loss of a Provost venerable in advanced age, dignified in his deportment, and of classical erudition deep, useful, and extensive. In the extremest boundary of human life without the throbs of agony, or the cold gradations of dissolution and decay, supported and sustained by *female* filial piety, (that blessed *bounden* duty!) he came

An ancient guinea with a modern (*p*) pound;

Sooner

came as a shock of corn to the ground in his season. Such was WILLIAM COOKE, D. D. Provost of King's College.

But when I think on all the *eligible* doctors and learned men, worthy of succeeding to the office, who belong to *our* paramount and royal College, I must own *the choice surprises me* at such a time as this. I comfort myself that I have no vote. At the very moment when defence is more than ever called for, it seems as we had recourse to the system of *inefficiency* for public support. I know not into what form our University may at last be changed. It may be turned, for aught I can tell, into an *Accademia degli Arcadi e degli Uffici caricati*. It may be *supported* by the violation of every principle of Academick dignity, and by an unworthy familiarity of learned gowns-men with mechanicks and shop-folks. It may become an appendage to the Corporation of the Town of Cambridge. Are *we* not elbowed on the floor of our own Senate House by an impudent, unqualified intrusion of Borough-mongering Mercers, and rustling Men-milliners? Oxford might teach us better lessons. She knows her dignity, and preserves it. I have nothing left but to deplore the change among ourselves. Would to heaven, I could avert it. "Uni quippe vacat, studiisque carenti, NEWTONI lugere genus!"

Let the University of Cambridge however be converted into any thing, but a seminary for *French* principles and *tutorial* democracy. Let us consider a little to whom we give our confidence. Should the revenues of any College be entrusted to the administration of the partisans of democracy? Should the insignia of a Chancellor's authority be borne by a satellite of a French Directory? I think not. The robe of Cæsar was folded gracefully, when he fell in the Senate. Let us at least remember that.

I confess

Sooner *one* Prelate hate th' unequal glass,

And

I confess it boldly : my principles are strong unto salvation : and if I had authority, I would thoroughly purge the floor. It may be done *now* ; but how long the power may be continued to us, I fear to conjecture. The Monasteries were dissolved, when they became useless. His Grace of Grafton, our Chancellor, has indeed given *Hints*, but they are for Dissenters and Socinians ; the orthodoxy of the High Steward, Mr. Pitt, might yet support the establishment. Some Colleges have watched over the principles of the men proposed for the tutors ; but all have not so watched. Must I say, as the Poet did of Achilles ?

Stupet Aëre primo ;

Quæ loca ? qui fluctus ? ubi Pelion ? *omnia versa*,

Aut ignota videt ; DUBITATQUE AGNOSCERE MATREM !†

I would not suffer the Muse of Satire to descend among Schools and Colleges, but upon the most mature and the most weighty deliberation. Perhaps this is the last publick remonstrance which will ever be made. I would not scatter my words lightly in every ear, but I would graft them where they might grow and bear. At this hour the State is shaking through *all* her departments. Nothing is indifferent, which can supply aliment for health, or remedies for a mortal distemperature. The grand and chief supporters of our Country in the Parliament, the Law, and the Church *must proceed* from the Universities. Upon them, primarily and ultimately, as to our governors and legislators, *Domus inclinata recumbit*. Nothing should be suffered to diminish or to sully the character of *our* Athens, and pollute the fountains of Ilyffus. In these retirements, every science, and every art, and every accomplishment which is good and essential to man in civilized society, may be pursued with effect ; and

a solemn

† Stat. Achill. Lib. 1.

And *round (q)* his table let the Claret pass ;

O'er

a solemn account rendered to the kingdom. In them the Youth of this Kingdom may best learn the foundation of all knowledge ; the principles of evidence in sacred and human affairs ; the nature of legitimate argument ; the eternal power of truth opposed to the subtleties of sophistry ; the proofs of revelation, and the best introduction to it, the higher philosophy of Greece and Rome ; the sources of history ; the finished models of classical literature, and those alone ; the principles and laws of ancient composition ; the abhorrence of conceit and forced thought : and the life-springs of taste and of good conduct. Whatever can bring forth, strengthen, amplify, cultivate, enlighten, purify, and direct the powers of the human mind, within those limits which are prescribed by its great Creator, and not beyond them ; all these, and if there be any other praise, or any other virtue, which preserves and continues to man the blessings of lawful government, and of subjection to God, the Author of all Order, it should be there prosecuted, recommended, taught, and enforced.

I call upon the servants of the Crown, upon the solemn Council of the Nation, upon every one who bears legal rule and legislative authority in the kingdom to hear me, and to answer me. Has the State nothing to do with the Governors and Tutors of such hallowed and important retreats of arts, and eloquence, and wisdom, and religion ? By their very nature they are consecrated to a high and holy ministry, to a strict fealty, and bounden service to their country. *Their dignity and necessity can be laid prostrate by themselves alone.* If they are true to their own cause, if they will rouse themselves into a vindication of the great, original, master principles on which they were founded, they may continue to be the lights of

the

O'er *his* true church the subtle St. Pol (*r*) sleep ;

Or

the kingdom. They will again be what they always should be, a
Γενος εκλεκτον, α λαος εις περιποιουσιν, α βασιλειον ιερατευμα. The best and
 the strongest literary bulwark and fortress against deception, error,
 sophistry, anarchy, and the wildness of political and religious confu-
 sion. I am not speaking out of season, or without necessity ; I am
 speaking in soberness and in truth. While the words are passing
 from me, JAM THEBÆ JUXTA, ET TENEBROSA VORAGO.†

I will extend an observation or two *on the method* of Academical
 study. I own I never had a very great fear or apprehension, that
 the severe and *most indispensable* studies of Mathematicks and Natural
 Philosophy should be *generally* carried too far. Into the inmost re-
 cesses of any study few are permitted to enter. In Academical edu-
 cation, the great aim and end should be, to recommend the study of
 original works principally, I think almost exclusively. If these are
 not attended to at the University, they are seldom, if ever read, (I
 am sure with little effect) at any other period of life. I am rigid in
 this opinion. I have seen its good effects in men of eminence who
 adhered to it. “ Say, wouldst thou hear it from our mouths, or
 from our Masters ?” were the words of the weird Sisters ; “ Call
 them, let me see them ;” was the reply of Macbeth. In this spirit
 would I consider the books proposed for the subjects of publick lec-
 tures. By way of instance, Locke, Grotius, Puffendorff, Cum-
 berland, and Woollaston, should be preferred to the writers who
 have arisen since their day. I would object to Dr. Paley’s moral
 and political Philosophy, *as a Lecture book*, solely upon this princi-
 ple ; for it is a book of great merit, and of general utility. New
 morality,

† Stat. Theb. L. 6.

Or bounds with Hereticks John Milner (s) keep ;

Or

morality, new metaphysicks, and new politicks, are introduced *un-
awares*, from the contagion of the time.

I would call the rising Youth of this Country, to the intense, and fervent, and unremitting study of the ancient classical writers, (whom I need not name) as their primary choice. I call upon them to have the *courage* to be ignorant of many subjects, and of many authors, at their inestimable age. I exhort them affectionately, as a matter of the most serious importance, never to pretend to study, in their first academical years, what they design as the ultimate end of their labours, I mean, their profession. Their whole business is to lay the foundation of knowledge original, sound, and strong. In particular, the study of the Law, *as such*, should never be entered upon, even in limine, before the first degree in arts is obtained. The first volume indeed of Blackstone's Commentaries may be read, in the same manner as Robertson's Introduction to his History of Charles the Fifth. They are both chef-d'œuvres in their kind, and form a part of general knowledge. The specific study of the Law in the University, at that early age, confines and cripples the faculties. Such a Student may arrive at mere knowledge, as a special pleader ; but he will never be illustrious, or ornamental to his profession. I wish to observe with particular emphasis, that, when a man has once entered upon any profession whatsoever, his education has in fact ceased. They who, by a patient continuance, and undiverted attention to academical studies *alone*, have fought for the original materials of science and of solid fame, have seldom failed in their great pursuits.

I am

Or Wilberforce range lawless through the town ;
 Or Mingay be the glory of his gown ; 211

Or

I am zealous for the honour and the utility of BOTH OUR UNIVERSITIES. I am earnest in my words and thoughts. I see and hear them too frequently, and most unworthily, traduced in writing, and in conversation. I see the institution ridiculed and sneered at by the thoughtless, by the ignorant, and by the designing. But it is a common cause. They should always be termed, in literary dignity and with a prophetick spirit, the “Æneadas magnos et nobile Pallantèum !” I am for no balance of merit between them. I wish to see no sparkles from their collision ; but I would have them grow brighter and more illustrious from mutual reflection.

But if they are doomed to fall, and the mortal hour of democracy, confusion, and tyranny is approaching, THIS BOOK, till it is prohibited by a Directory, will shew that they had a friend, *bold enough to contend to the last* for their original and inherent dignity. A friend who believed, or rather who knew, them to be capable, in their high functions, to maintain and adorn the principles of happiness, and safety, and learning, and comfort, and hope, and good conscience ; against foppery, and false science, and the degradation of the intellect, and frippery, and pompous nonsense, and the insolence of sciologists, and the neglect of good writing, and of good manners. A friend who, with no false enthusiasm, would secure the permanency of THESE ILLUSTRIOUS INSTITUTIONS, with every monument of ancient arts, and eloquence, and science, consecrated by the ministry of religion to the stability of the State. (Nov. 1797.)

(m) The Rev. W. Langford, D. D. Canon of Windsor, and Lower Master of Eton School. An instructor of much industry and ability,

Or Erskine cease from impotent grimace,

And

ability, and not without liveliness. It is particular, that his Majesty never leaves Windsor for Cheltenham, Weymouth, or any other place, but all the publick papers instantly inform us of Dr. Langford's loyal attention. "The King arrived at Weymouth on such or such a day; the next week Dr. Langford set off *from Eton*, and preached before his Majesty the following Sunday." It is hardly fair to his reverend rural Brethren. His Majesty should not be accustomed only to *one* kind of excellence. The Doctor, on these occasions, suddenly disappears, and like the River Alphéus, having glided softly under the Sicilian waves, (uncontaminated by the saltiness of the ocean) rises again *sound and fresh* in the pulpit at Weymouth. This is very kind. The Doctor seems unwilling to trust the royal theology to the country curates even for a few weeks, during his Majesty's absence from the heavenly consistory at Windsor, *now his only Chaplains*, who, it is hoped, attend deeply to their theological studies. This is very considerate in Dr. Langford, and a high mark of his loyal attachment.

" Mon cher *Delpini*, sure you will agree,
 " That for (*a Bishop*) none so fit as He,
 " *Who gives the King such very good avis.*"

See the Probationary Odes, by Friar Lawrence and his (ci-devant) conventual brethren. (Nov. 1797.)

(*mm*) I allude to a learned, modest, ingenious, and laborious gentleman, who has educated many of the *first* sons of the first nobility and gentry of this country, *between* twenty and thirty years, with unremitting *personal* diligence and ability. He is but *just* promoted,

And his appeals to (t) GOD, his prime disgrace ;

Or

moted,† to the satisfaction of all who know him, and to the shame of those who had so long neglected him.

Quis gremio Enceladi doctique PALÆMONIS affert,
QUANTUM GRAMMATICUS MERUIT LABOR ?

As my notes have attracted the attention of men of high rank and consequence, (and perhaps *have reached the ear of kings*), I cannot help suggesting the impropriety and injustice of *delaying* the reward of those, who deserve so highly of their country, as the Masters of our great publick schools, and of *some* private Instructors. There are many ecclesiastical preferments perfectly compatible with their important office, and which should be conferred, “ before the spirit of distributing prebends and bishopricks shall have departed from the Ministers” (of any time,) to use the phrase of Junius.—As I would console some of my learned friends whose preferment, though it tarry, will not be (as I hope) long *in abeyance*, I wish they would, in the mean time, contemplate the energy of the following classical sentence, preferable even to the Latinity of Tully himself ;—“ *Status* “ *dicitur a stando, quia quando quis habet unam bonam Præbendam* “ *tum dicimus, “ Is bene stat.”* Epist. *Obscurorum virorum*. Enquire at Westminster, Durham, Winchester, Worcester, and Windsor. (March 1798.)

(o) Richard Warren, M. D. a learned and able Physician of the time. “ The well curved palm” is the attitude of a modern physician, when he is about to leave his patient, and which he as naturally

† Feb. 1798. Need I name DR. GOODENOUGH ?

Or Grafton's virtues, to their latest day,

Expire

rally closes upon his fee, as a lobster does his claw. As I have a high respect for the Medical art, I will gratify Dr. Warren, and many other ingenious gentlemen of the profession, with an extract from one of the Elogia written by Sammarthanus; it relates to a physician, whom he names Marefcottus. "Recorderis Marefcottum nostrum tria se sacræ arti nostræ (Medicæ scilicet) debere professum, quibus caruisset, si *propositum a parentibus sacerdotium* suscepisset; scilicet, sanitatem athleticam ætatis anno 82mo, *centum aureorum millia*, atque intimam innumerorum illustrium amicitiam." Sammarth. Elog. p. 83 and 84. N. B. Though the Doctor rejected the "*propositum sacerdotium*," for himself, yet his Brother, my Lord of Bangor, was *made into a Bishop* by fraternal skill in the reign of Lord North.

Since this note was *first* printed, (July 1797,) the public have lamented the loss of this acute and very learned physician. *Dum loquimur, &c. &c.*

(p) This allusion was evidently made since the 26th of Feb. 1797, soon after which the Bank issued the *One Pound* notes, to the great disquiet of *the faculty*.

(q) "*Siccat inequales calices Conviva Sacerdos.*" It is well known by *the Clergy* of a powerful northern diocese, that on publick days, when the *Claret* or *Burgundy* arrives at a *certain distance* from the top of the table, where *my Lord* is seated, the attracting power suddenly draws the bottle *across* the table. "*Ipse capillato diffusum consule potat.*" This is *not* an anecdote of *other times*. It is true at
this

Expire in Junius, and revive in Gray; (tt)

Sooner

this hour. (July 1797.) When avarice, pride, and meanness act upon the mind at once, I leave it to the metaphysicians to determine the curve in which it moves.—I say no more.

(r) The Bishop of St. Pol de Leon, to whom the chief care of the publick largess of this kingdom to the French Emigrants, *sacred and profane*, is committed. I refer the reader to *all* my notes on the Roman Catholick cause, in the Third Dialogue of the P. of L.

It is indeed true, that THE POPEDOM IS NOW FALLEN; but *the spirit of it*, I still maintain, is neither extinct nor asleep. By way of *Contrast*, I cannot refrain from presenting to the reader the picture of Pope PAUL THE FOURTH, as drawn by the master hand of Paolo Sarpi. I will not injure the sublimity and force of the language by a translation. He well knew the court and the policy of Papal Rome, and they knew him. “E’ ben cosa certa, que PAOLO, come quello che era d’ animo grande, e de’ vasti pensieri, teneva per sicuro di poter remediare a tutti i disordini *per la sola sua autorità pontificale*, nè riputava di aver *bisogna* in ciò di *Principe alcuno*; solito di non parlar mai con gli Ambasciatori, *se non intonandogli nelle orecchie che EGLI ERA SOPRA TUTTI GLI PRINCIPI*; che non voleva che alcuno d’essi domesticasse seco, *che poteva mutar regni*, che era *SUCCESSOR di CHI hà deposto Rè et Imperadori*.” Ist. del Concil. Trident. Lib. 5. This picture of a Pope, in the plenitude of pontifick power, should be presented to all Christian Countries, “*in perpetuam rei memoriam*,” that they may contemplate what

Sooner the black weird Brother of *the Heath* (x) 215

With

what this spiritual tyranny and usurpation once were, and what the principles of the Romish Church sacred and political (which never change in essence, substance, or spirit under any calamity) will at all times naturally introduce, whenever they obtain their full operation. *Ubi Papa ibi Roma!* in sæcula sæculorum! Let *England* look to this. (1797)

(s) To the revival of the Roman Catholick Cause in Great Britain, "Pestis ero vivens." I have given indeed more time and study to this Roman Catholic subject than any man perhaps, *at this time*, will think it deserves. I have perused many a dull and uninteresting tract, even of their own squabbles among one another, much to the loss of my own quiet. In general I pass them over, and consign them to their own dullness. But there is one pamphlet, not for any, even the least, excellence of the composition, but for the virulence of its spirit, which I call into publick notice, if the publick will, or can feel upon the subject. It is intitled "A Reply to the Report published by the Cisalpine Club on the authenticity of the Protestation at the British Museum, &c. &c, by the Rev. John Milner," printed for Coghlan, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, 1795. It is written, as the title page informs me, by one JOHN MILNER, a Provincial Priest resident (as I am told) at Westminster, not an emigrant, nor in the King's House (while the Priests lived there *en masse*,) but the priest of a private chapel in that city.

He seems by his writings, (I know no more of him) to be of the most intolerant principles, and *deliberate* in the application of them. He exhibits at once the extremes of fierceness and of impotence.

X

But

With spells appall an *innocent* Macbeth ;

Or,

But he represents the opinions of a *very large* portion of their body, by whom he is *accredited*. He is very cautious in his pamphlet, as he thinks, but his caution speaks plainer language than the frankness of the most open declaration. " It is apprehended (he says) that " the publication of the facts in question *might prove detrimental to* " *the Catholick Interest* (observe the words) *on any FUTURE applica-* " *tion to the Legislature.*" P. 36. We see this *wary* priest has not thought proper to conceal that they have *FURTHER* intentions. He tries the ground before him, but his steps are uneasy. The indulgence, it seems, is not to rest here. The lenity of our government naturally leads to other *demands*. With this clue in my hand, I have little difficulty to pass through the intricacy of this Romish labyrinth. In another part of Mr. Milner's " *REPLY,*" his indignation rises against some expressions in the declaration of the Catholics. We see the embers under which the fire is not yet extinguished. He is afraid, that *we Protestants* should think that the spirit of *his church* has suffered an abatement. " Thus to *my judg-* " *ment* (he cries out) am I and the whole Catholick body, *without* " *consenting to it*, pledged in the face of the Legislature to *condemn* " the wars of Charlemagne, *and THE CRUSADE against THE IN-* " *FAMOUS ALBIGENSES.*" P. 28. I hope we are all children of mercy, trained and educated in the benevolence and charity which Christ has taught and enforced, and if we have read the history of that infernal and murderous persecution of the devoted Albigenses, (whose *chief* crime was their determined opposition and resistance to the papal tyranny †) what opinion, or what comment shall we form on this merciless priest, who after the lapse of *centuries*, feels the *same* passion and the *same* thirst of blood against these innocent victims

Or, by the wayward justice of the land,

Great

victims of popish and arbitrary violence. *Crimine ab uno DISCE OMNES!*

In our dread and natural horror of Atheism and of Anarchy, why are *we* to revive superstition and tyranny? I have nothing to do with the emancipation of the Catholics in Ireland, but to my apprehension it is a measure full of danger. It is at one stroke to alter the fundamental law, and constitution of the country. I write in Great Britain, and direct my thoughts for this kingdom, wishing for *peace, tranquillity, and union* between the two Islands. (July 1797.)

(†) Nothing can be more offensive, more injudicious, and in some instances more profane, than when *a Barrister appeals to God* for the truth of every assertion made in a court of law, and in many cases

† The Albigenſes were a ſect of the Waldenſes, who had their riſe in the twelfth century. I know what the *malice* of their enemies have ſuggeſted againſt them. This is not a place to diſcuſs hiſtory, but I refer the ſtateſman to Thuanus L. 1. S. 16. Vol. 1. p. 221. Ed. Buckley. N. B. For their confeſſion of faith, which was preſented to King Francis the Firſt, by the wretched remnant of theſe Albigenſes, I refer the theological and political reader to Sandius's Hiſt. Eccles*. It is an honour to their religion. Sandius's words begin. "A. 1544. Merindoliani et Caprarienſes, "exiſtentefque Reliquiæ *Albigenſium* ſequentem fidei ſuæ confeſſionem obtulerunt Francisco I. Regi Galliæ, quam a majoribus "quaſi per manus acceperent, abhinc anno poſt Chriſti Incarn: "1200," &c. Sand. Hiſt. E. p. 425.

[* This *Confeſſion of Faith* is inſerted in a moſt uſeful work by an Iriſh Senator, ſigned VERIDICUS, relative to the enormities and cruelties praſtiſhed in the late rebellion in that kingdom. Printed for J. Milliken, No. 32, Grafton-ſtreet.—It is a well written and a well timed Pamphlet, and merits the ſerious conſideration of every one, who wiſhes well to the Conſtitution.]

Great Mansfield fall by *an Attorney's* hand ; (z)

Or

cases when the facts have been doubtful, and sometimes have been afterwards proved to be false. I call this a *prime disgrace*; and I hope no Barrister of ability will follow this flippant and rash habit of Mr. Erskine, in the Court of King's Bench, which *we* have all so repeatedly witnessed. Mr. Erskine's own better sense and serious thought (for I believe he has some serious thoughts) will restrain him in future. But public men must be told of their faults publicly.

(#) The fate of the present Duke of Grafton is singular. He has been *celebrated* by the first prose writer, and the first poet of the age. (1797.)

† Σφιγγος μελαινης γινευν εκμαιωμενος.

Lycophron. Cassand. v. 7.

To a scholar I would speak as a scholar. No more. At some future day, he will find himself to be under a mistake, and may perhaps acknowledge it. The very ingenious author of the Bath Guide once made a similar mistake; and, as he is a man of virtue, as well as of talents, genius, and learning, he repented of it. See, if it be extant, a Poem called, "*The Priest Dissed.*" (March 1798.)

(z) See a long law-life in 4to. of the great Earl Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench; by Mr. Holliday, in a very peculiar style indeed. For the greater part, it is a bundle of reports, and law pleadings strung together. It is astonishing to me, that Conveyancers and Attorneys, who really appear not to know how to construct a single sentence, without provoking a smile at some error in grammar, language, or metaphor, will think themselves qualified to deliver down to posterity the lives of great men. Luckily, Mr. Holliday's zeal does not offend us in rhyme. The friendship and the verse of Pope, as well as the splendour of his own abilities
and

Or one mean cause the virtuous (a) Scott maintain,
Turn law to trade, and deem religion vain ; 220

Or (b) Rose with coy submission, modest grace,
Rise to explain his sinecure and place.

Sooner Lord William, and old Q. divide

From their *Elysian Father's* (bb) holy fide ;

Or the Bank bow to Pitt's imperial creed ; 225

Or Dramatists to publick trust succeed ;

Sooner to France Thames roll his current strong,

Than men love verse, high fancy, or the song.

Taught by the muse, and by her wisdom wife,
Think not, a Poet's name I lightly prize : 230

But

and the dignity of their high exertions, have secured an eternity of reputation to LORD CHIEF JUSTICE MANSFIELD, which can never fall—even by Mr. Holliday's attempt. (Nov. 1797.)

(a) Sir John Scott, Attorney General.

(b) George Rose, Esq. Secretary to the Treasury, &c. &c. &c.
&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

(bb) His Grace the Duke of Queensberry, Lord William Gordon, et sa Sainteté *Medicinale*, Le Pere *Elisée*. *Tria lumina Gentis*. "I like to preserve all the little traits of character of the time." See Mr. Sheridan, or Mr. Puff in the Critick.

But in the wane of Empires (mark the hour)
 Vice and the Sword consolidate all pow'r ;
 Laws pass their (c) bounds ; few statesmen stand
 erect ;
 All in their country's name, themselves protect ;
 The publick hopes with publick credit sink— 235
 At *such* an hour, when men to madness think,
 What is a Poet, what is fiction's strain ?
 JUNIUS (d) might probe a Nation's wounds in vain.

As

(d) The violence, sedition, and daring wickedness of *times like these* produce the necessity of *extending* laws and regulations, and acts which are declared *temporary*, and called for by that necessity alone. When the danger is past, the Constitution is again left to protect itself by its ancient laws, if that danger can *now, or ever*, pass from us. This is what Octavius seems to mean, by " laws *passing* their bounds," &c. in this and the *following* lines ; and in this sense I hope he will be understood. (July 1797.)

(d) O magnâ facer et superbus umbrâ !

Stat. Sylv. L. 9. Carm. 7.

Junius told the nation, that " a time might arrive, at which *every*
 " *inferior consideration must yield* TO THE SECURITY OF THE SO-
 " VEREIGN, *and to* THE GENERAL SAFETY *of the State.*" Intro-
 duct.

As from a diamond globe, with rays condense,
 'Tis SATIRE gives the strongest light to sense, 240
 To thought compression, vigour to the soul,
 To language bounds, to fancy due controul,
 To truth the splendour of her awful face,
 To learning dignity, to virtue grace,
 To conscience stings, beneath the cap or crown,
 To vice that terror she will feel, and own. 246

But if in love with fiction still, at Court
 Present in verse some new Finance Report,
 How taxes, funds, and debts shall disappear,
 Or in the fiftieth, or five-hundredth year. 250
 Or tread the maze of *picturesque* delight,
 From Holwood paint with Pitt the prospect bright ;
 Without one "line of boundary" to speech,
 The summit of *conceit* with Gilpin (*e*) reach.

In

duet. to Lett. 35. This is not the doctrine of Horne Tooke, and the desperate French Factions, and seditious societies now in England and Ireland. JUNIUS had not *so learned* the Constitution of England ; nor has the Author of the P. of L. so learned it. (July 1797),

(*e*) I am under the necessity of making a strong remonstrance against *the language* of Mr. GILPIN's writings on Landscape and the Picturesque.

In Desolation's dread partitions felt, 255
 With dip, and bole, grand masses, burst, and belt,
 With shudders tremulous explore your way,
 Through plashy inundations (*f*) led astray;

'Till

Pictureſque. It is ſuch a *ſartago* or jargon of ſpeech as is wholly unneceſſary, though we are taught to believe them appropriate terms. They abſolutely appear in troops. *Dips—Boles—Grand Maſſes—Belts—tremulous Shudders—Burſts—Plashy Inundations—Partitions of Deſolation—Continents of Precipice*—and a hundred more, till the Engliſh language ſets all Engliſh meaning at defiance. Theſe terms are not the *parcé detorta* of Horace, but mere jargon and fooliſh affectation. Dilettanti and Connoiſſeurs almoſt bluſh to uſe them. A term or word may not be quite obvious or eaſy, and yet it may not be affected. But the rage of *Concetto* admits no “line of boundary,” as theſe gentlemen love to talk. To uſe the words of Shakeſpeare in one of *his own* plays, (as it *now* ſeems, for Dr. Farmer and George Steevens, Eſq. take from him and give to him *juſt as they pleaſe*). “They abſolutely make a battery through our defenceleſs parts.” Pericles Prince of Tyre, Act. 5, Sc. 1.—Simplicity in language is firſt to be fought; ſtrength and dignity will follow. Government, the arts, morality, and religion, are all concerned in its preſervation. MR. GILPIN’S works on other ſubjects have and deſerve high approbation. In all but the pictureſque he ſeems as ready as any man to ſay, “*State ſuper vias antiquas.*” (1797.)

(*f*) *Anglicé*, “Fens.”

'Till tir'd and jaded with the coxcomb strains,
Homeward you steal through Surry's (g) quiet
lanes, 260
Renounce all Gilpin's jargon, said or sung,
And talk of Nature's works in Nature's tongue.
But still keep *Method*.

A U T H O R.

Method?

O C T A V I U S.

Yes : 'tis plain,
Connection, order, *method* you disdain :
Be regular : from A to B proceed ; 265
I hate your zig-zag verse, and wanton heed.

A U T H O R.

(g) "Stealing through the quiet lanes of Surry," is an easy and happy expression (*cur non omnia?*) of Mr. Gilpin. See *Observat. on the Lakes of Westmoreland, &c.* Vol. 2. p. 268.

AUTHOR.

Say then, a simple Story shall I tell?

A MAN OF METHOD is the theme.

OCTAVIUS.

'Tis well.

AUTHOR.

There liv'd a Scholar (*b*) late, of London fame,
A Doctor, (*i*) and Morosophos (*k*) his name : 270
From

(*b*) When I am very particular in the description of a character, I abstain from giving the least hint of a real name. "Quis rapiet ad se quod erit commune omnium?" or in Le Sage's inimitable language, "qui se fera connoître mal à propos?" I only give this as *A Character*, and say no more.

(*i*) The word and title of "DOCTOR" is miserably abused. Erasmus long ago in an Epistle from Louvain in 1520 to the celebrated Cardinal Campeggio, observed with some indignation, "*Unde DOCTORIS titulo gloriantur, nisi UT DOCEANT?*" Erasmi Epist. Ed.

From all the pains of study freed long since,
 Far from a Newton, and not quite a (l) Vince ;
 In metaphysicks bold would spread his sails,
 And with Monboddò still believ'd (m) in tails ;
 At anatomick lore would sometimes peep, 275
 And call Earle (n) useful, Abernethy (o) deep ;

With

Ed. Lond. Fol. 652. I wish this were written in large characters
 over the door of the *Theatre* at Oxford, and the *Senate House* at
 Cambridge.

(k) Morosophos. i. e. *Stultè sapiens*—But more presently of Dr.
 MOROSOPHOS, the *Man of Method*.

(l) A learned and useful Professor of Natural Experimental Phi-
 losophy at Cambridge. See his Works.

(m) All the learned world know *how* Lord Monboddò believed,
 and still believes, that men had once *tails* depending from the *gable*
end of their bodies, supposing them to go *upon all fours*.

(n) James Earle, Esq. Senior Surgeon at St. Bartholomew's
 Hospital, and Editor of the celebrated PERCIVAL POTT's Works.
 I have been informed that the notes which Mr. Earle has added are
 valuable ; nor would I pass in silence the treatises he has given to
 the world in his own name, the result of extensive practice and ob-
 servation.

With Symonds, and with Grafton's Duke (*p*) would

vic,

A Dilettante in Divinity ;

A special

(*a*) A young Surgeon of an accurate and philosophical spirit of investigation, from whose genius and labours I am led to think, that the medical art and natural science will hereafter receive great accessions. (1797.)

(*p*) The Duke of Grafton, the Chancellor, and John Symonds, L. L. D. Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, have both attracted the publick attention by their various *Hints* and *Observations* on subjects of Scripture.

As I never may have so convenient an opportunity, I will also offer a remark or two, which are *new* to me, on a passage in St. Paul's Epistles, if another Layman may be heard with indulgence. There is no particular conjecture as to the peculiar meaning or force of the following passage of St. Paul in the Second Epistle to Timothy. "The *Cloak* which I left at Troas bring with thee, and the books, but especially the *Parchments*." Ep. 2. c. 4. v. 13. I would hint, that this Epistle was written from Rome when Paul was brought before Nero the second time. Εγγραφή από Ρώμης, ότε εκ δευτερα παρεστη Παυλος τω Καισαρι Νερωνι. In the 22d Chapter of the Acts, Paul was tenacious of the privilege of Roman Citizenship, and it proved of much advantage to him before the Centurion. It may be, and it is, a matter of mere conjecture, whether he might be *required* to prove himself a Citizen of Rome, when he was to make his defence. These parchments (μνημειον) might contain some documents, or be a deed or diploma of some consequence to the matter in question. But as to the *Cloak*, there is something more particular. The *Cloak* in the original, is φελωνης, or φαλωνης, which is undoubtedly a corruption

A special clerk for *method* and for plan,
Through science by the alphabet he ran. 280

Prudent,

corruption for φαυλολης, and it is so read in the Codex M. S. Bibliothecæ Viennensis. φαυλολης was *grecised* from the Roman word *Panula*.

This is no more than was done frequently in other languages and in other countries. Particularly when the seat of Empire was transferred from Rome to Byzantium, the lawyers of the Imperial Courts were obliged to *grecise* many terms of law; as φιδεικομισσαριως for *fidei commissarius*, Ρεπυδιον for *repudium*, (as in this passage, “Ευλογως η γυνη το Ρεπυδιον στειλειε κτλ.” Justinian. Nov. 22.) Κησευειν, for *Cesere*, Εξπεδιτον for *Expeditum* or *Expeditio*, κομπρομισσον for *compromissum* and other words, as may be seen in Du Fresne’s and other Lexicons, but in particular in a most singular and scarce Glossary by Meurfius.† And in the East, before the accession of the House of Timour, the *Arabian* language was prevalent in *Hindostan*, when the Hindoo Rajas had Communication with the Mahomedan princes; and it is remarkable, that the *Arabian* language is used technically in the Code of Gentoo laws. Ch. 2. S. 3. “That is a woman’s property, during the *Ayammi Shaddee*.” These words are the *Arabick* terms for *the Days of Marriage*. The trial of Mahorajah Nundocomar for forgery before the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal, will furnish many singular instances.

But

† “Joannis Meursii Glossarium Græco—Barbarum, in quo præter vocabula quinque millia quadringenta, Officia atque Dignitates Imperii Constantinop. tam in Palatio, quam in Ecclesia aut Militia explicantur et illustrantur.” Lugd. Bat. 1614. It is worthy the attention of any scholar.

Prudent, as Newton, (*q*) in domestick care,

With

But to return to the *φαινολης* or *Penula*. I would observe that when the Roman state degenerated into an absolute monarchy, many Citizens laid aside the *Toga* and wore the *Panula*, or the *Lacerna* in its stead. Augustus highly disapproved of this change in their dress. He was, as Suetonius informs us, *indignabundus*, and gave orders to the *Ædiles* on the subject; “*Negotium Ædilibus dedit, ne quem posthac in foro paterentur, nisi positis lacernis, togatum consistere.*” Octav. C. 40. But the *Penula* was still worn. As the *Pænula* was so specifically a Roman garment and worn only by Romans, St. Paul might wish, as a light confirmation of his point, to shew what was his customary dress. It may be remarked, that the *Pænula* was a vestment which the Romans generally wore upon a journey. Juvenal observes in Sat. 5. “*Multo stillaret Pænula nimbo,*” and St. Paul says, that “*he left it behind him at Troas.*”

This is only written as a mere literary remark to hint, that in the minutest passages of the Scriptures there may be some meaning; and that nothing can be so contemptible as a foolish and profane ridicule, on any passage in the sacred writings, founded on ignorance. The present remarks are intended as a matter of some little curiosity: and I look upon them in no other view. But I think there is no passage in the Hebrew, or Greek Scriptures which will not at last admit of such an illustration or explanation, I mean *philologically* or *critically*, as may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. Much general information is to be obtained from Harmer’s valuable and satisfactory Observations on the Scriptures, collected from Voyages and Travels in the East; (four volumes 8vo.) and from “*Letters from some Jews to Mr. Voltaire.*” A man of real erudition, who merits the esteem of his fellow-creatures, constantly keeps his knowledge,

With no Scriblerian (*qq*) scruples for his Heir,
 He took, not e'en in thought inclin'd to rove,
 A wife for regularity, not love.

A little

ledge, his reason, and his *prudence* connected indissolubly, or as it is well expressed by a philosopher, *Εν συναρμογῇ ἀδιαλυτῷ κατὰ λόγον ἀριστον.*†

(*q*) The celebrated and learned Bishop Newton, late Bishop of Bristol, in his pleasant and ingenious account of his own life, (written by himself,) has recorded the very useful, and œconomical motives for his marriage.

In the year 1761, Dr. Newton thought *seriously* of taking a wife *en second*. His reasons were as follow, and may be serviceable to many. “ *O Vecchi, ch' avete bisogno di Moglie!* and so on, &c. &c. *Scola de Maritati.*—“ Dr. Newton found that the study of “ sacred and classick authors ill agreed with accounts of Butchers “ and Bakers bills, and by daily experience he was convinced that “ it was not good to live alone, without a help meet for him. *And* “ *especially when he had some prospect of a Bishoprick.* Fresh diffi- “ culties and troubles opened to his view,—two houses—a greater “ number of servants—a better table and publick days—and he “ plainly foresaw, that *he must either fall a prey to servants, or look* “ *out for some clever sensible woman to be his wife, who was a pru-* “ *dent manager and œconomist, and could lay out his money to the best* “ *advantage:*

† Plat. Timæ. Loc. de. Animâ Mundi. Plat. Op. Edit. Serrani.

A little architect in all his schemes, 285
 Some say, he had *a method* in his dreams.
 Three sessions in the House he daily toil'd,
 In every plan, in every *motion* foil'd;

Till

“ *advantage* : who had no more taste, and love of pleasure *than a reasonable woman should have* ; who would be happier in staying with her husband *at home*, than in *perpetually gadding abroad* ; who, though she brought no fortune, *might save one*, and be a fortune in herself.” In short, the Doctor married on the 5th of Sep. 1761, and on the 18th of the same month he *kissed* his Majesty’s hand on his Bishoprick. The Doctor was lucky. *Oscula libavit, dein talia fatur* ; i. e. the Bishop adds, “ A lady of quality, a friend of his, said upon his marriage, *it was the wisest thing he ever did in his life* : and that she was the most proper wife for him in the world. And indeed, says the Bishop, she more than answered his *warmest wishes*, &c.” Bp. Newton’s Life, 8vo. Ed. vol. 1. p. 81.—Except in two *aculeated* closing words, his Lordship does not take into *his* account of wedded love, “ the golden shafts, the constant lamp, or the purple wings,” which Milton celebrates, and Husbands feel.

“ *O Vecchi, ch’ avete bisogno di moglie, &c. &c. &c. &c.*”

Episcopal *Air and Rondeau repeated*, by a Chorus of Doctors and Chaplains.

(99) See the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus. Chap. 1. *How* Dr. Cornelius observed all the rules given by the antients to those who desire to generate children of wit, which Dr. Morosophos

Till like grave Nicholls in a pet he swore, 289
 " I'll *move myself*; the House I move no more ;"
 Then penn'd to Pitt his monitory strain, (r)
 As Murray, clear, and as fond Randolph, plain.

Resolv'd on ease, his travels were at home,
 And Lum'sden (s) taught him to converse of Rome :

The

fophos magnanimously disregarded. He neither cared for the South
 or the West Wind.

(r) The three great, yet familiar, *Letter-writers of the age* are,
 John Nicholls, Esq. M. P. for Tregony (1797). Sir James Mur-
 ray (Pulteney) Secretary to the Duke of York in Germany, and
 the Rev. Dr. Randolph.—See " A Pair of Epistles in verse, with
 notes: the first to the Rev. Dr. Randolph, &c." 2nd edition.
 1796. I recommend them to the general entertainment, and per-
 haps instruction, of the publick.

(s) That ingenious, accomplished, and very learned gentleman,
 ANDREW LUMSDEN, Esq. F. A. S. Edinb. has since that time
 taught us all, in the most agreeable scholar-like manner. See
 " His remarks on the Antiquities of Rome and its Environs, being
 a classical and topographical Survey of the Ruins of that celebrated
 City." 4to. 1797. It is a pleasing and most judicious perform-
 ance of a Gentleman who appears to have enjoyed the united ad-
 vantages of foreign travel, studious leisure, and polite company.
 (1797.)

The arch Palladian and the Parian stone 295
 He lov'd, the pride of Chambers and of Soane. (t)
 But late, by Carter's (u) *holy* pencil won,
 Wyatt and Gothick *heresy* would shun;
 And oft in thought, by antique pavements laid,
 With Lysons (x) guide the military spade; 300

And

(t) Two celebrated architects. The professional knowledge of Sir W. Chambers, Knight, (of most *heroick* memory) was profound and substantial. Mr. Soane has more fancy and airiness of design, and is certainly a man of information and ingenuity. But he indulges himself a little too much in extravaganzas and *whims*. See the Bank.

(u) I am obliged for this information to a Fellow of the S. of Antiquaries.—Mr. Carter is a draftsman of the very first merit, but his *catholick* zeal betrayed him, assisted by some *Morosophists* of the Society, to attack THE FIRST GENIUS IN ARCHITECTURE, in this kingdom, Mr. WYATT. *Longa est injuria: longæ ambages*. It is difficult to prove that the Society of Antiquaries was instituted, solely to preserve the purity of Gothick Architecture, or to listen to the tiresome cabals of busy Baronets, and meddling Romish priests.—But to us, under the auspices of Wyatt,

O Fortunati quorum pia tella resurgunt!

Æneas ait, et fastigia suspicit urbis. (Nov. 1797.)

(x) Samuel Lysons, Esq. F. R. S. and A. S. The most judicious, best informed, and most learned amateur Antiquary in this kingdom,

And once, for purer air o'er rural ground,
With little Daniel (y) went his twelve miles round.

On
dom, in his department. *Do lubens manu Vitruvio*. His work on the remains of the Roman Villa and pavements at Woodchester, near Gloucester, (which a friend has just shewn me) is such a specimen of ingenuity, unwearied zeal, and critical accuracy in delineating the fragments of antiquity, as rarely has been equalled, certainly never surpassed. His Majesty was so pleased with some of Mr. Lysons's attempts (near Dorchester I think,) that a party of *the militia* was detached to assist him in digging among the ruins. A friend of mine was much entertained with *the three tents* erected on the spot, and a detachment of soldiers storming a fort under ground, under the orders of an Antiquary. Hence my allusion to *the military spade*.—Of the genius, judgment, knowledge, and perseverance of this Gentleman in the department he has undertaken, it is difficult to speak in terms of sufficient approbation. (Nov. 1797.)

(y) The Rev. Daniel Lysons, M. A. the Brother of Samuel Lysons, Esq. An ingenious and diligent Antiquary, but of an inferior class; I mean *as to the respective subjects of their works*. He is author of *The Environs*, twelve miles round London. But really, in these hard times, Four large Volumes in 4to. *wire-wove and hot-pressed*, and Six Guineas paid down on the table, and the books unbound, (and an appendix threatened) are rather too much for parish-registers, births, deaths, and marriages; or even for *the delights* of Islington, Homerton, Hackney, Clapton, Acton, and all the rural retreats of City innocence and pure air, in the neighbourhood of Town. The work should have been printed in 8vo. My only objection is to the typographick pomp and expence of a book on *such* a subject. I think most persons will agree with me. (Nov. 1797.)

On Sundays at Sir Joseph's (z) never fail'd,
 So regular, you might have thought him bail'd.
 With Jones a linguist, Sanscrit, Greek, or Manks,
 And could with Watſon play ſome chemick pranks ;
 Yet far too wiſe to *roaſt* a diamond (a) whole,
 And for a treaſure find at laſt a coal.

Would

(z) SIR JOSEPH BANKS, Bart. Knight of the Bath, Preſident of the Royal Society, Privy Counſellor, &c. &c. has inſtituted a meeting at his houſe in Soho Square, every Sunday evening, at which the Literati, and men of rank and conſequence, and men of no conſequence at all, find equally a polite and pleaſing reception from that juſtly diſtinguiſhed Gentleman. SIR JOSEPH BANKS is fitted for his ſtation in the learned world, not more from his attainments and the liberality of his mind, than by his particular and *unremitted* attention to the intereſt and advancement of natural knowledge, and his *generous* patronage of the Arts.

FORTUNÆ MAJORES HONOS, ERECTUS ET ACER !† (1797.)

(a) The ingenious Mr. Tenant has ſhewn, in a paper read at the Royal Society, that he can reduce a *Diamond* by evaporation to *Charcoal*. I have heard, that Mrs. Haſtings, and other great poſſeſſors of diamonds, have a kind of *Tenanto-phobia*, and are ſhy of this gentleman. A poor poet, like myſelf, who has neither diamonds nor any thing precious belonging to him, can only remind Mr. Tenant and the Royal Society of the old proverb, "*Carbonem pro Theſauro*."

† Claudian.

Would sometimes treat, his wines of chosen sort ;
 Will. Pitt, with *honest* Harry, lov'd his (b) port ; 310.
 The Bengal Squad (c) he fed, though wondrous
 nice ;

Baring his currie took, and Scott his rice.

In Scrip : not Hemings' (d) self more vers'd than he,
 The Solomons, or Nathan, or E. P. ;

Loyal

(b) I can give no better character of his old Port. We all know on such occasions, " Bacchum in remotis rupibus" is the song of *honest* Harry Dundas, in all the wildness of *highland* Dithyrambick ; while Mr. Pitt, on the battlements of Walmer, in his own and Virgil's sober majesty, " OCEANO LIBEMUS, ait."

(c) " Privatis majora fociis."—I can have nothing to say to them. Dr. Morosophos, was bolder than I can venture to be. I could write down a pleasant collection. Several of them are *Reformers*, Mr. Philip Francis, little Michael Angelo, &c. &c. &c. but none of them are disposed to extend the question of *Reform* in a more important department.

D'où ce Visage enfin, plus pale qu'un Rentier,

A l'aspect d'UN ARRET, qui retranche un quartier ?†

Qui vous a pu plonger dans cet humeur chagrine ?

A-t-on par quelque edit REFORMÉ LA CUISINE ? Boileau, Sat. 3.

(d) Dr. Morosophos now and then dabbled in the funds. The Gentlemen of the *Stock Exchange*, or *The College*, (as it is termed in City-wit) are much indebted to that eminent calculator of the *different payments*, Mr. Hemings. Boyd, Benfield, Solomon Solomon, Nathan Solomon, E. P. Solomon, Thelluffon, Old Daniel Giles, Mr. Battie, Lord Lansdowne, Dr. Moore, Little Count Rupee, and all those who *look an eighth better or worse for the opening*, know that

† Mr. Pitt is supposed to have taken his hint of the *quadruple* assessment from Boileau, and to have *improved* upon it.

Loyal and open, liberal of cash, 315
 (Not your damn'd dollars (*e*), or Bank-paper trash)
 Nor tax, nor loan he fear'd, at table free,
 And drank the Minister with three times three; (*f*)
 Till with a pun old Caleb (*g*) crown'd the whole,
 " Consols, and not philosophy, console." 320

He
 that I am right, in pronouncing the panegyrick of this learned claf-
 sick on *the Stock Exchange*.

" Prens moi le bon parti ; laisse là tous les livres.

" Exerce-toi, mon fils, dans ces hautes sciences;

" Prens, au lieu d'un Platon, ce Guidon des Finances."

Avis de Boileau, Sat. 8.

(*e*) This verse was evidently written after the 26th of Feb. 1797, after the order of Council was sent to the Bank of England, when the whole nation was made to pass *through the pillars of Hercules*; or in plain English, to take dollars for current silver.

(*f*) Certainly Dr. Morosophos did this, before Mr. PITT (fame rabidâ TRIA guttura pandens) conceived the idea of *the triple assessment*, or, perhaps, *three times three*.—(Nov. 1797.) Sir Robert Herries, though no great poet, understands this subject better than I do. We read in Ovid, aurea *prima* sata est ætas, et vindice nullo, &c. &c. You may compare Sir Robert's very sensible *Autumnal Sketch of Finances* in 1797. The tints of Autumn are favourable to painters of sketches. " The leaves are falling thick around us. " They strow the brooks in Vallombrosa, and imbrown the heights " of Holwood." See " An Address to Mr. Pitt on the Triple Assessment." p. 14.

(*g*) Caleb Whitefoord, Esq.—N. B. If you do but touch him, puns stand as ready as quills upon *the fretful porcupine*. I wish him health and spirits for many a year, in a green old age; and then with the Epicinion of Horace, Vitâ cedat, uti conviva satur,

He talk'd, like Indian (*b*) Rennell, rather long ;
 And would at times regale you with a song :
 But seldom that ; in musick though a prig,
 The little Doctor swell'd, and look'd so big :
 Nay to Greek (*i*) notes would trill a Grecian ode,
 In diatonick kind and Lydian mode, 326
 And then with Burney, as his fit grew warmer,
 Convers'd of Stentor, the great (*k*) *throat-performer* ;

Or

(*b*) Major James Rennell, the great Geographer of India, *ὁ πρῶτος*. A gentleman to whose accuracy and extent of knowledge this country is considerably indebted. But this has nothing to do with his *conversation*.

(*i*) Dr. Morosophos, the man of method, was rather troublesome to his friends on this subject of Greek Musick. He wished to pass for another Meibomius. But there is still reason to think that he never saw the three hymns to Calliope, Apollo, and Nemesis, printed with the Greek musical notes to which they were sung, at the end of the Oxford edition of Aratus in 1672, by Dr. Fell, or the more accurate copy of these hymns in Mr. Burette's Memoire on this subject. Memoire de l'Academie des Inscriptions Tom. 5.—Dr. Morosophos knew but little of the system of the Lydian Mode in the diatonick genus. There is also reason to think that he knew as little, as Bishop Horsley, of the Προσλαμβανόμενος, the ὑπατὴ ὑπατῶν, or the Παρυπατὴ μεσῶν, &c.

(*k*) “ Stentor is celebrated by Homer as the most illustrious *throat performer* of antiquity.” Burney's Hist. of Musick. 4to. vol. 1. p. 340.

Or with Raimondi's fire, and warlike art,
 Play'd some French General's *obligato* (*kk*) part. 330
 Banks (*l*) gave him morning lessons how to dress,
 And Morgan (*m*) whisper'd courage and finesse.

A Poet

(*kk*) I allude to Signor Raimondi's exquisite and interesting piece of instrumental musick intended to *express* A BATTLE. It is called A BATTLE SYMPHONY. It consists of eight different movements, in which General Raimondi powerfully calls on the imagination of the hearer to assist the Composer. The third movement amuses and alarms me the most. "It announces THE COUNCIL OF WAR, composed of EIGHT GENERALS represented by EIGHT different INSTRUMENTS *obligati*, which at last, in their accord, in a *general cadence*, EXPRESS THEIR UNANIMOUS RESOLUTION OF "GIVING BATTLE!" *Bravo, Maestro!!! E. Guglielmi che ti lo dice.* In this manner, Dumourier, Custine, Pichegru, Miranda, Hoche, Berthier, Angereau, and Buonaparte, have each played their *obligato* parts in Europe, as assigned them, *con furia*, by the Convention and the musical Directory of France. Europe has by no means approved of the *general cadence*: but THE CONCERT is still proceeding in all the harmony of horror, and barbarick symphony.

Rendono un alto suon, ch' à quel s'accorda

Con che i vicin *cadendo* il Nilo afforda!†

But with respect to Great Britain, I hope and trust that a Band of our own British Musicians will put to silence and *drown* all their *obligato* parts, on their citizen rafts and barges, by a general cadence, and a well-executed, masterly, *choral performance* of OUR OWN WATER MUSICK. (Feb. 1798.)

(*l*) Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. &c. I speak only of "Morning habilliments."

† Ariosto. O. Furioso. L. 16.

A Poet too he was, not very bright,
 Something between a Jerningham and (n) Knight;
 He dealt in tragick, epick, critick lore, 335
 With half, whole plans, and episodes in store,
Method was all; yet would he seldom write;
 He fear'd the ground-plot wrong, or—out of fight.
 At last THE DOCTOR gave his friends a work! 339
 (Not verse, like Cowper, or high prose, like Burke,)
 CHAMBERS ABRIDG'D! in sooth 'twas all he read,
 From fruitful A to unproductive Zed.

OCTAVIUS.

What then? for ever shall we wildly stray,
 And pluck each hare-bell in the flow'ry way,

Or.

(m) Maurice Morgan, Esq. an eminent writer, author of the pleasant *Extravaganza* on the *Courage* of Sir John Falstaff. Mr. Morgan is known to his friends by the name of *Sir John*. In his politicks, he is of the *Lansdown School*. (1797.)

(n) Knight and Jerningham.

“ *Soyez plutôt maçon, si c'est votre talent,
 Ouvrier estimé dans un art nécessaire,
 Qu' écrivain du commun, & poste vulgaire.* ”

Avis de Boileau, A. P. ch. 4.

Or void of judgment, fire, or critick force, 345
 Stoop to each golden apple in the course?
 I never can with argument dispense;
 Pope gave the verse, but Warburton (*o*) the sense.

A U T H O R.

'Tis true; by plan and syllabus (*p*) confin'd,
 Knight thus composes first the reader's mind. 350
 To rouse attention is the poet's art;
 Knight calls to sleep, and acts a civil part:
 Save to his view when foul Priapus (*q*) rose,
 He wak'd to lust, in stimulating prose.

But

(*o*) Octavius is right in some degree. The commentary of Warburton on Pope's moral Poems is peculiarly valuable, and explains many seeming inconsistencies. Pope thought so himself.—Warburton appears on this, as well as on some other and more important occasions, to have been selected for the peculiar excellence, that *idiosyncrasy*, (if I may use the term) of his genius, learning and understanding. ΕΠΙΛΕΚΤΟΣ ΓΕΝΟΜΕΝΟΣ ΚΑΤΑ ΤΗΝ ΦΥΣΙΝ ΕΞΑΙΡΕΤΟΝ ΙΔΙΩΜΑ.†

(*p*) Par *classes* et par *titres*,

Dogmatizer en vers, et rimer par chapitres.

Boileau Sat. 8. 115.

(*q*) Concerning Mr. Knight's Treatise on the Worship of Priapus, in addition to what I before said (P. of L. Dial. i. v. 134. Note.

† Clement. Alexand. Stromat. Lib. 6. p. 480.

But though that *Garden-God* forsaken dies ; 355
 Another Cleland (r) see in Lewis (s) rise.
 Why sleep the ministers of truth and law ?
 Has the State no controul, no decent awe,

While

Note (g) I shall offer the spirited words of Clemens Alexandrinus, from his *λογος Προτρεπτικος εις τους Ελληνες*, or “ *Admonitio ad Gentes* ;” “ Ταυτα υμων της ιδυπαθειας τα αρχετυπα, αυται της υςτης αι θεολογιαι, αυται των συμπορευοντων υμιν Θεων αι διδασκαλιαι.—Πανιστοι, και γυναι κοραι, και ΜΟΡΙΩΝ ΕΝΤΑΣΕΙΣ ταις γραφαις απογυμνημεναι.—Ηταιρηκεν υμιν τα ωτα, πεπορευκασιν ει οφθαλμοι, ει οφεις μεμοιχευκασι. Ω βιασαμενοι τον ανθρωπον, και το ενθεον τε πλασματος ελεγκει απαρχαντες! κτλ.”—Clem. Alex. Edit. Commelin. 1616, p. 30, &c.—I now dismiss this odious Treatise on Priapus for ever.
 —N. B. The learned reader will recollect that Clemens Alexandrinus lived in the third century under Alexander Severus and Caracalla, was a native of Athens, and that the famous Origen studied in his school.

(r) John Cleland, author of “ The Memoirs of a Woman of ‘ Pleasure,’ ”

(s) M. Lewis, Esq. M. P. author of ‘ The Monk, a Romance, ‘ in 3 Vol.’ (Vol. 2. Ch. 6. and 7.) See my Observations at length in the preface to this Fourth Dial. of the P. of L.—The publication of this novel by a member of Parliament is in itself so serious an offence to the publick, that I know not how the author can repair this breach of publick decency, but by suppressing it himself. Or he might omit the

While each with each in madd'ning orgies vie,
 Pandars to lust and licens'd blasphemy? 360

Can

the indecent and blasphemous passages in another edition; there is neither genius nor wit in them, and the work as a composition would receive great advantage. "I wish he may at least take this advice. I will give Mr. LEWIS an extract from the ninth Book of the History of Procopius, called the *Historia Arcana* of the Emperor Justinian and the infamous Theodora. The words are these.

" ΑΛΛΟ ΤΕ ΜΟΙ ΕΝΔΕΙΝ ΗΘΩΣ ΠΕΡΙΜΗΝΙΜΟΝΕΥΣΑΙ ΤΥΔΕ ΔΕ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΗ ΟΥΔ' ὀτίουν οἰμαι.
 ' ΑΠΑΝΤΑ ΓΑΡ ΑΥΤΗ ΤΑ ΤΗΣ ΨΥΧΗΣ ΠΑΘΗ ὅΤΟΣ ΑΝ ΑΞΙΟΧΡΕΩΣ ΣΗΜΕΝΑΙ ΔΙΑΡΚΩΣ ΕΙΗ.
 ΕΠΕΙ ὅΤΙΣ ΑΛΟΓΗΣΑΣ ΤΗΝ ὙΠΕΡ ΤΩΝ ΠΕΠΡΑΓΜΕΝΩΝ ΤΗΝ ΕΙΣΧΥΤΗΝ, ἢ ΑΠΑΞΙΟΪ ΤΟΙΣ
 ΕΝΤΥΓΧΑΝΕΣΙ ΕΔΕΛΥΡΟΣ ΦΑΙΝΕΣΘΑΙ, ΤΥΤΩ ΔΗ ὙΔΕΜΙΑ ΠΑΡΑΝΟΜΙΑΣ ΑΤΑΡΠΟΣ ΑΣΑΤΟΣ ΑΛΛΑ
 ΤΗΝ ΑΝΑΙΔΕΙΑΝ ΑΕΙ ΤΗ ΜΕΤΩΠΗ ΠΡΟΒΕΒΛΗΜΕΝΟΣ, ΡᾶΣΤΑ ΤΕ ΚΑΙ ὙΔΕΝΙ ΠΟΝΩ ΕΣ ΤΩΝ
 ΠΡΑΞΕΩΝ ΤΑΣ ΜΙΑΡΩΤΑΤΑΣ ΧΩΡΕΙ." Procop. Histor. Arcan. Lib. 9. p. 46. Ed.
 Fol. Lugdun. 1623.—I wish Mr. Lewis may read and profit from this pas-
 sage. (July 1797.)

Novels of this seductive and libidinous tendency excite disgust, fear, and horror, in every man and woman who reflect upon those virtues which *alone* give support, comfort, and continuance, to human Society. The interests of Society and the essential welfare, and even the very existence, of this kingdom, authorise any man, though conscious of manifold frailties, to speak in the manner I have done. For we cannot long deceive ourselves. Poetical men, of loose and ungoverned morals, can offer to us or to themselves but feeble consolations from wit and imagery, when left to solitary reflection

Can Senates hear without a *kindred* rage?

Oh may a Poet's light'ning blast the page,

Nor

flection and the agony of remorse. I never found this subject so well represented, and so unanswerably enforced to every understanding, capable of *recalling itself* from vicious conduct and irregular inclinations, as in this short sentence: "*Whoever WHOLLY give themselves up to Lust, will soon find it to be the least fault they are guilty of.*"

In this place I cannot help recommending, with peculiar earnestness, the attentive perusal of one of the most instructive and useful short pieces of Biography which I ever read, in the life of Dr. Johnson, by the learned Sir John Hawkins: from p. 222 to p. 232. It is particularly important to many young men who live in the allurements of a great and high-viced town, or among freethinking literati, and the more calm and sober Sensualists. Men who live in London, and keep much company, will feel the force of the observations. It is the account of *Mr. John Dyer*, a man of genius, politeness, and learning. The conclusion of it in the words of Sir John Hawkins is very impressive. "I have been thus particular in
 " the history of *this accomplished and hopeful young man*, whom I
 " once loved with the affection of a brother, *with a view to shew*
 " the tendency of idleness, and to point out at what avenue Vice may
 " gain admittance in minds, seemingly the most strongly fortified. The
 " assailable part of his mind was laxity of principle: *at this entered*
 " infidelity, which was followed by such temptations to pleasure as
 " he could see no reason to resist. These led on desires after the means
 " of gratification, and the pursuit of them was his DESTRUCTI-
 " ON."

Nor with the bolt of Nemesis in vain
Supply the laws, that wake not to restrain. 364

Is ignorance the plea? since Blackstone drew
The lucid chart, each labyrinth has a clue,
Each law an index: students aptly turn
To Williams, Hale, judicious (t) Cox, and Burn;
Obscenity has now her code and priest,
While Anarchy prepares the dire Digest. 370

Methinks

To conclude. Whatever I have said on the subject of this Novel, called THE MONK, I shall leave as matter of record, whether the Novel is altered, or not. The tenor of the whole is reprehensible. I leave it as a protest against such a work, published in such a manner, by a Gentleman in the high, honourable, and responsible station of a Member of Parliament. It is hoped and expected that no similar work will ever again be given to this country. (Added; Nov. 1797.)

(t) Samuel Cox, Esq. of the Court of Chancery, the Editor (at his leisure hours) of the reports of Peere Williams. I am not very conversant with *professional* law books, but a learned person shewed me Mr. Cox's mode of illustration, and desired me to consider it. I really think, that it seems as a model for all future Editors of Reports of former years. This plan is evidently the mode of a most judicious understanding and of a well-read Lawyer. Transeat in exemplum! (1797.)

Methinks as in a theatre I stand,
 Where Vice and Folly faunter hand in hand,
 With each strange form in motley masquerade,
 Featur'd grimace, and impudence pourtray'd; 374
 While Virtue, hov'ring o'er th' unhallow'd room,
 Seems a dim speck through Sin's surrounding gloom,
 As through the smoak-soil'd glafs (u) we spy so far
 The circling radiance of the Sirian Star,
 Faint wax the beams, if strong the fummy tint,
 Till the Star fades, a mathematick point. 380

Sure from the womb I was untimely torn,
 Or in some rude inclement season born;
 The State turns harsh on fortune's grating hinge,
 And I untaught to beg, or crouch, or cringe:

For

(u) " If the eye glafs be tinted faintly with the smoke of a lamp
 " or torch to obscure the light of the star, the fainter light, in the
 " circumference of the star ceases to be visible, and the star (if the
 " glafs be sufficiently soiled with smoke) appears something more
 " like a mathematick point."

Newton's Opticks, Prop. 7. Theor. 6.

For me the fates no golden texture weave, 385
 Though happier far to give than to receive.
 Yes ; with unvaulting sober wishes blest,
 Ambition flies with envy from my breast ;
 For friendship form'd, I feel, in realms above,
 My Saturn temper'd by the beam of Jove. 390

I cannot, will not, stoop with boys to rise,
 And seize on Pitt, like Canning, (x) by surprise, (xx)
 Be led through Treasury vaults in airy dance,
 And flatter'd into insignificance.
 I cannot, will not, in a college gown, 395
 Vent my *first* nonsense on a patient town,
 Quit the dull Cam, and ponder in the park
 A six-weeks Epick, (y) or a Joan of Arc.

I leave

(x) George Canning, Esq. M. P. Under Secretary of State, an *Etonian* of much ingenuity, liveliness, and learning.

(xx) The Novels, Farces, most of the Plays, Romances, Ballets, and Pantomimes, of the day. are all founded on—*Surprise*. Why not the ministerial *Coups de Theatre* ?

(y) Robert Southy, author of many ingenious pieces of poetry of great promise, if the young gentleman would recollect what old Chaucer says of poetry,

“ Tis every dele
 A rock of ice and not of steel.”

I leave these early transports, and the calm
 Complacence, and the softly trickling balm 400
 Self-consolation sheds ! more sweet than all
 Burke felt in senates, or Impeachment's Hall ;
 Borne to that course, where thund'ring from afar
 The Great Auruncian (z) drove his primal car.

E'en now, when all I view afflicts my sight, 405
 All that Horne Tooke (a) can plot, or Godwin (b)
 write ;

Now

He gave the publick a long quarto volume of epick verses, JOAN OF ARC, written, as he says in the preface, in *six weeks*. Had he meant to write well, he should have kept it at least six years.—I mention this, for I have been much pleased with many of the young gentleman's little copies of verses. I wish also that he would review *some of his principles*.

(z) Lucilius.

(a) Mr. HORNE TOOKE in the conclusion of his " Diversions " of Purley," makes an apology for applying himself to subjects so trivial as grammatical discussions, in the year 1786. He uses the words of an Italian poet, which are very remarkable, though they never have been much noticed.

" Perche *altrove* non have

Dove voltare il viso,

Che gli è stato interciso

Mostrar CON ALTRE IMPRESE altra virtude."

Z

The

Now when Translation to a pest is grown,

And

The hour was however approaching, when *his countenance* was to be *turned to other* thoughts, and he was to display *other* talents which had almost slept since the time of Junius. At the blast of the French revolution he awoke from grammatical slumber ; and found that *other* enterprises awaited him. We have traced his proceedings till his trial at the Old Bailey for high treason, Nov. 4. 1794. His *plans* were UNFOLDED, and though he was acquitted, and " Execution was not done on Cawdor," yet it is not impossible that hereafter, (after his decease,) some honest chronicler may be found,

" Who will report (in private)
That very frankly he confess'd *his treasons*,
Implor'd *his country's* pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance." (Macbeth)

Till that hour arrives, I shall wait for the continuation of his grammatical researches, which are promised to the world, with the celebrated wish of the Satirist ;

Ut vellum his potius *nugis* tota illa dedisset
TEMPORA SÆVITIÆ !

From the abilities and uncommon erudition of Mr. Horne Tooke I dread much, and from the calmness and mildness of his conversation I should apprehend perhaps more. But as I think THE WHOLE KINGDOM is fully, and deeply, and solemnly, and *unalterably* impressed with the nature, the malignity, the extent, the influence, and the terror of the grand Revolutionary Principle, and the desperate fury of Reforming societies and embodied factions, I trust Great Britain and her Ministers will never suffer the arm of justice and of vigilance to remit, or to relax its energies. (Nov. 1797.)

And Holcroft (*c*) to French treason adds his own ;
 When Gallick Diderot in vain we shun,
 His blasted pencil, Fatalist, (*d*) and Nun ; 410
 When St. Pol (*e*) sounds the sacring bell, that calls
His Priests en masse from Charles's ruin'd walls ;
 When Thelwall, (*f*) for the season, quits the Strand
 To organize revolt by sea and land ; 414

Z 2

When

(*b*) See an account of this weak and contemptible writer, William Godwin, and his *Political Justice*, in Dialogue III. of the P. of L.—See also a future note in this Fourth Dialogue.

(*c*) *Thomas Holcroft*.—An Author, a translator of plays and novels, and a *would-be* directing Statesman, tried for High Treason at the Old Bailey in 1794, and acquitted. Horne Tooke cannot be much pleased with this compeer. *Scurra degravit prior*. See the fable. (1797.)

(*d*) The names of his posthumous novels, translated for the benefit of Great Britain.

(*e*) The Bishop of St. Pol de Leon, to whom the care of the French Emigrant priests is committed *en masse*. The reader may recollect they *were* maintained in the old mansion built by Charles the Second at Winchester.—See the Preface to this 4th Dialogue of the P. of L.

When Barristers (*g*) turn authors ; authors (*b*) prate ;
 Charles Fox allegiance dares to calculate,
 And with his sulph'rous torch relumes the pile
 With unaverted (*i*) face, and ghastly smile : 418

Now

(*f*) This indefatigable incendiary and missionary of the French Propaganda, *John Thelwall*, has now his *Schools of Reason* in country towns, &c. &c. *περισσως εμμαινομενος*. (July 1797.)

(*g*) Mr. *Barrister* Erskine.—See more of him and his pamphlets on the French war in a future note.

(*b*) I refer to the House of Commons.

(*i*) In ancient times among the Romans, when *the publick ministers* of funeral obsequies *set fire* to the pile, *they turned aside their faces*.

Triste ministerium ! subjectam more parentum

Aversi tenere facem.

(Virg. *Æn.* 6.)

Not so the Right Honourable CHARLES JAMES FOX !

As Mr. Fox *loves Greek* and *reads Greek*, (*nugari solitus Græcè*) I will give my opinion of Mr. Fox's *tongue* and eloquence in that language. I shall then say of it ; *ηγλωσσα πυρ, ο κοσμος της αδικιας, η σπιλυσσα ολον το σωμα, η φλογιζυσσα τον τροχον της γενεσεως, και φλογιζομενη υπο της Γεεννης, ακατασχετον καλον, μεστη εν θανατηφορον*. If Mr. F. would attend to *this Greek author*, he might learn the *καλη αναστροφη*, and the *πρωτης σφιας*. Even Mr. Fox may possibly read *what I say*.

As Mr. Fox is *now* (June 1797,) *studying* Mr. Gibbon's *History*, he will find many an instructive lesson for his publick conduct.

Mr.

Now when, beneath the dread FRATERNAL (ii)
frown,

THE HARP revers'd grates discord on the Crown ;

When

Mr. Fox, *I know*, cannot always *construe* Mr. G's *English*, and often consults his friends on the *meaning* of many passages and sentences ; but without much success. His friends can confirm what I say, if they think proper.† I always feel an interest in Mr. Fox's studies, whether he is reading Gibbon, or *culling simples* on St. Ann's Hill with Aspasia, or poring on the *Odyssey*, in lamentation over his *departed* friends in the H. of C. in the old Bard's language,

Αρνυμενος ἢ τε ψυχὴν καὶ Νόστον Ἑταίρων,
ἀλλ' ὅδ' ὡς Ἑταρὸς ἐρρυσάτο, ἱεμενος περ.†

But his Ἑταῖροι or friends are said to have left him only on *one* account ; his good humour and ability having never forsaken him. The account is this, deep, short, and full :

“ Ἐπεὶ Τροίης ἱερὸν πτολίεθρον ἐπερσε.† ”

On this subject I would *now*, § add a remark or two. I would remind Mr. Fox, on the subject of *Radical Reform*, or any similar subject, that the Historian *De Bello Civili* has recorded this expression of *Caius Gracchus* ; “ Ἀθροὺς τὴν βουλήν (*Senatum*) καθήρηκε. The

† Perhaps Mr. Fox may understand and *construe* the following sentence from the *luminous* Historian. “ An aspiring candidate may “ be tempted to *build his greatness on the public confusion*, but it is “ the interest as well as *the duty of THE SOVEREIGN to maintain the “ authority of the laws.*” Gibbon, Vol. 7. p. 80. Ed. 8vo.

† Od. L. 1. † Od. L. 1. v. 2. § March, 1793.

When Transatlantick Emigrants can roam

But

The Historian proceeds to say, that when THE MEASURES of *Caius Gracchus* had been tried, and had taken effect, his words were found to be true. Τὴ δ' ἔργῳ προέχοντος ΕΞ ΠΕΙΡΑΝ. μείζονος ἐτι ἐμφανῆσαι τὸ ἐπὶ τῇ Γραχχῷ—Ταχὺ τε περὶν ἀνεστραφῆναι τὸ κράτος τῆς πολιτείας!!!† Are the words plain to this learned modern Grecian? Does Mr. Fox understand? Let me also add, that in after times *the Tribune* Vatinius conferred on *Cæsar* the government of *Cisalpine Gaul*; and, what is singular enough, in the very same days *Gabinus*, a Consul of profligate character, assured *the people*, “Errare Cives, si tum Senatum aliquid in Republicâ posse arbitrabantur.” Cicero. Orat. pro Sext. 12—See the great Chapter De Mutatis Mutandis, by THE NEW TRIUMVIRATE in England. (a)

Mirantur taciti, et DUBIO PRO FULMINE pendent! (b)

The further I extend my researches, political or historical, the less do I find any thing which, in governments and states, and in the revolutions of Governments, is absolutely new in kind, but in degree, new beyond comparison. But as to the objects of fear, caution, and apprehension, I see them more and more; the events of

(a) Appian, De Bello Civili, Lib. 1. p. 363. Edit. H. Steph. 1592.

(b) Sir R. Walpole spoke with spirit on the *Seceders from Parliament*, in 1742. Mr. Coxe in his important and very valuable Memoirs, observes that, “The consequence of this measure was to the *Seceders* disappointment and speedy repentance, to the Ministers satisfaction and triumph. They even flattered themselves with the hopes of being called back to their posts. They soon experienced the ill policy of their conduct. The nation was not inflamed by their conduct.” See and read the Memoirs, of Sir R. Walpole. Vol. 1. 4to. page 606.—Mr. Fox, who, as well as every other statesman, will certainly peruse this curious and instructive work, should remember a saying of Lord Bolingbroke, the enemy and opposer of Walpole; “History is philosophy teaching by examples.” (March 1798.)

† Stat. Thebaid. L. 10.

But to return, and praise *our* (*k*) English home.

Now,

of which will be *new* and treble indeed to Great Britain, if we do not find mercy in this day of wrath, horror, and convulsion. Yet at the same time, I think I see our means of Defence increased, and the spirit, generosity, and resolution of OUR GREAT NATION raised and animated to act, AS ONE MAN. If ever there was a time, when the Ministers of a Country might feel *an assurance within themselves* that THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES, on which they have acted, have been just and justifiable, and that they might throw themselves on the judgment of their Country; in my opinion, it is the present hour. The state of Europe has PROVED the intentions of France from the first moment of her Revolution; and every historical document daily confirms the proof. Though I profess no personal predilection for MR. PITT, yet I join in the common gratitude for his firmness, unbending and inflexible perseverance in *general* principles, which, under Providence, may yet prove our salvation. Upon very serious and mature reflection, I feel a rooted and unconquerable veneration for this great and transcendent character.

Ut TE, FORTISSIME TEUCRUM,
Accipio agnoscoque libens! ut verba Parentis,
Et vocem ANCHISÆ MAGNI mentemque recordor!

(iii) I allude to THE UNION OF French *Brotherhood* in Ireland with their *Book of Death*.—See the Reports of the Irish Parliamentary Committee, and the memorable speech of the Rt. Hon. John Earl of Clare, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, in the H. of Lords on the 19th Feb. 1798, on the motion of the Earl of Moira. (Reprinted, Wright, Piccadilly.) The verbal variations of the editions of it are of little consequence. The whole of it should be read, as spoken by that eloquent, learned, well-informed, patriotic, and undaunted Statesman. (March 1798.)

Now, when the French *defend* us (*l*) in disgrace,
French swords, French fraud, French priests, and
French grimace ; 424

When England changes arms—At such a view
Must I find *method*, *verse*, and patience too ;
My *verse*, the thunder of a Patriot's voice,
Cries loud to ALL, who ENGLAND make their choice,
“ Throw wide that portal ; let no *Roman* wait, 429
“ But march with Priestley through the *dextral* gate.

[(*m*)

OCTAVIUS.

(*k*) See Mr. Cooper of Manchester's Account on his return from America, and the Letters of some wandering Journeyman Weaver or Carpenter, I forget which, &c. &c. “ *Imprudens liqui patrios Penates, &c.*”

(*l*) I allude to the French Emigrant Regiments, enrolled in the *British* army. Surely this is a measure of government unwise, and unaccountable on any sound principle ; a project of desperation, one would think. Is this a time for Englishmen to say,

Mutemus clypeos, *Danaümque* insignia NOBIS
Aptemus ?

(July 1797.)

(*m*) “ Through the *dextral* gate !” —My allusion is this. In ancient times, the most frequented roads to the city of Rome had *double* gates. They who came *into the city* passed through the left-hand gate ; and *they who went out of the city* took the *right hand* gate. See Nardini *Roma Antica*, L. 10. c. 9. Pliny, in his *Natural History*, in the Chapter de *Roma*, Lib. 3. c. 5, speaking of the

OCTAVIUS.

Talk thus, e'en Horsley shall applaud: proceed.

AUTHOR.

The tears that Britain sheds, her wounds that
bleed,
Call for a soft'ring hand, the balm of PEACE;

Not

the gates of the city, says, "that *twelve* of the *thirty-seven* gates " should only be *numbered once*. (*Semel numerari*)." The expression is odd, but it alludes to such of those gates as were *double* in this sense. This was not unknown in other Italian cities. The *Porta de' Borsari* at Verona (in the opinion of the Marquese Scipio Maffei, *Verona Illustrata*, Part 3,) was in reality a twin or double gate, though it has been mistaken by some antiquaries for an arch of triumph.

In times like the present, I would never shut those *double* gates in any city, when the turbulent, discontented, and factious wish to retire into *foreign* parts. We all remember, that Sir Arthur Hazelrig, John Hampden, and Oliver Cromwell, *being ready to sail for America*, were STOPPED by Order of Council! Hume's words are very strong and remarkable in this *lecturing* age. "They (i. e. " Hampden, Hazelrig, and Cromwell) had *resolved* for ever to " abandon their *native* country, and fly to the other extremity of " the globe, where they might *enjoy lectures* and discourses of any " length or form that pleased them." Mr. Hume adds, very significantly, "The King had afterwards full leisure to repent this *exercise* of his authority." Hume's Hist. Vol. 6, p. 311, Ed. 8vo. 1773.

Not stypticks, which the sanguine tide increase;
 Such as State-quacks, or Barristers expose 435
 For fame and sale, and sleeping might disclose.
 In state affairs all Barristers are dull,
 And ERSKINE nods, the opium (o) in his skull.

Saw't

(n) Erskine.—Mr. *Barrister* Erskine is famous for taking opium in great quantities, (I have often heard him speak in praise of it) and if he proceeds in this manner, it is apprehended that his *political* faculties will die of too large a dose, of which there are *many* symptoms already. But *all* my observations are confined to his *political* conduct and career. They are not extended to his professional character, which is great, or to his private life, which no man is inclined to respect more than myself. But his political doctrines are plunging and dangerous. Mr. Erskine has informed the publick, that HE *has not the talents of a statesman*, which, in common with the kingdom at large, I readily admit as part of my political creed; though it is so very plain, as hardly to be an article of faith.

In his late flimsy and puerile “View of the Causes and Consequences of the present French War,” he comes forth to the publick *μαλα σοφιστικως και σωματως*, to use an expression from Themistius; but I cannot stifle him in the words of that orator, before the Emperor Constantius, as *ατυχη μοιρας φυσει μετεχον, ζωνον θρανιον, ενειβεν δοθεν τοις τηδε εις επιμελειαν*. (a) I positively will not translate this Greek, either

(a) Themist. Orat. p. 3. Ed. fol. Harduini, 1684.

Saw'st thou, (or did my troubled fancy dream?)
High o'er yon cliff, in majesty supreme, 440

Vengeance

either for the Barrister himself, or the country members, or the electors of the town of Portsmouth; but I shall leave it to be rendered faithfully by the Rev. Dr. Parr, or Mr. Erskine's language master. Indeed in this age we require nothing but what we call, eloquence; though the term is miserably abused. But *such as it is*, eloquence in the political world is like charity in the Christian character; without it a man is counted dead.

In ancient times however, in one particular there was a great and essential difference from the present. Perhaps it may not be without use to hint, and to remind some persons, that in Greece and Athens, "apud Greciam, (in the opinion and triumphant language of Cicero,†) quæ semper ELOQUENTIÆ PRINCEPS ESSE VOLUIT, atque illas omnium doctrinarum inventrices *Athenas*, in quibus SUMMA DICENDI VIS et inventa est et PERFECTA;" in Greece and Athens, I say, Orators and Barristers were never permitted to make any *epilogus* or *peroration* whatsoever in the courts of law, or in the senate. "Epilogos ILLI mos civitatis abstulerat," says Quintilian; (l. 10. c. 1.) and from WHOM? From DEMOSTHENES. On which passage the learned Turnebus observes, "Non licebat ATHENIS affectum movere, ac ne Epilogo quidem uti;" and yet DEMOSTHENES appeared under *this* restriction. What does Mr.
Erskine

† De Orat. l. 1.

Vengeance his attribute, (and, as he trod,
The conscious waves roll'd back!) the passing God,
That

Erskine think? Has he ever read the *Pleadings for the Crown*, or
Περὶ Παράπρεσβειας? §

MR. ERSKINE always appears to me below his natural size, when he speaks in the House of Commons. I have too often disliked his manner, and his matter. In Westminster Hall he is without an equal. He has no rival in the eloquence adapted to the Bar and a Jury. But as he confesses himself no Statesman, he should have spoken with more modesty and deference on political subjects to those, who are confessedly great statesmen in the esteem of the country. I will leave in Mr. Erskine's ear the words which Demosthenes thundered against *Androtion*. It cannot however be supposed for a moment, that I can mean to compare a gentleman of genius and distinction like Mr. Erskine, with such a being as *Androtion*. I only give the words, and Dr. Parr may translate them if he pleases.

“ Εἰ ἀνδραποδῶν ἡ Πολις, ἀλλὰ μὴ τῶν ἀρχεῖν ἑτέρων ἀξιοῦντων, ὡμολογεῖτο εἶναι,

28

§ Mr. Erskine, if he ever read this last oration, may perhaps recollect the allusion to the *Water-Clock*, by which the length of publick speeches was regulated. Οὐδ' ἐγχεί μετὰ ταῦθ' ὕδωρ ὑδεῖς ἐμοί. The use of this *Clepsydra* is proved from various authorities by the learned Sigonius, concerning the customs of the Athenians. I am told it is in contemplation to have *Clepsydræ* or *Water-Clocks* in either House of Parliament, and in all the Courts of Law at Westminster. What an useful invention for the Publick! Such a custom might be safely adopted even from a *tyrannical democracy*. We should never forget, *such* was the Constitution of *Athens*.

That shook old Ocean's empire? from beneath
 Strange threat'ning notes in hollow murmurs
 breathe,

Hoarse

ὣς αὖν, ὦ Ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, τὰς ὑβρεῖς πνεύσθε τὰς τῆς αἰσχύνης, ὥς κατὰ τὴν ἀγορὰν ὑβρίζεν, ὥς ἐν ταῖς ἐκκλησίαις, ἐπὶ τῇ βήματι, δαλῶς, καὶ ἐκ δαλῶν ἐμὴς βέλτερος, καὶ ἐκ βέλτερονων†.

In conclusion, I recommend to all persons who have an itch for writing or speaking, in publick or private, *from* Mr. Barrister Erskine *down* to Mr. Dent and his dogs, to study with care the following passage from Lord Shaftesbury, in his advice to an Author. The words are these: "Where the harm would be of spending
 "some discourse, and bestowing a little breath and clear voice
 "purely upon ourselves, I cannot see. We might peradventure be
 "less noisy and more profitable in company, if at convenient times
 "we discharged some of our articulate sound, and *spoke to ourselves*
 "viva voce, *when alone*." Advice to an Author, Sect. I. This anticipating remedy of Soliloquy the noble adviser prescribes against the disease, called "THE LEPROSY OF ELOQUENCE," which is now a British Epidemick. Mr. Erskine, as I have been informed, has been under a regimen for a long time to no effect, and a Committee of Physicians and Surgeons (appointed by the House) who have examined Mr. Erskine's case, and the state of his blood, have reported it as their opinion, that this Leprosy of Eloquence, with which he is infected, is like the Leprosy of Naaman the Syrian, that
 it

† Demosth. Orat. Κατὰ Ἀνδροτιανός. Gr. Ed. Benenati. 1570. page 398.

Hoarse through the deafen'd shrouds ! But hush'd
the blast, 445

THE TRIDENT IS CONFIRM'D : the dream is past. (o)

Oh, strong against ourselves, and rashly bold !
No voice, as in the Hebrew fane of old,
From Britain's center to her utmost bounds,
From parting (p) angels in sad accent sounds : 450

Paine

it will *cleave to him for ever*, except he rightly adheres to Lord Shaftesbury's anticipating remedy of Soliloquy, and abstains from speaking in *all* places but in the Court of King's Bench.—*Illa se jactet in aula ÆOLUS !* (July 1797.)

(o) These lines were written and inserted here at the latter end of the month of May, 1797.

Proh dolor ! Imperium Pelagi, sævique Tridentis
Cui nunc sorte datum ?

A patriotick poet may be, I hope, in this instance prophetic :
" The Dream is past." Behold the confirmation by Admiral Viscount Duncan, Earl St. Vincent, and Earl Howe, the great Naval Triumvirs. I trust we shall never again say,

Eunt tutis TERRARUM CRIMINA velis !

Ex quo Jura Freti, majestatemque repostam
Rupit Jafoniâ Puppis Pagasæa rapinâ ! (Nov. 1797.)

(p) I trust that Great Britain is *yet* firm, and that the guardians of her laws and constitution will stand bold, undaunted, and with deliberate valour. My allusion in the verse is this. After the profanation of THE TEMPLE at Jerusalem, under the Roman Emperor Titus,

Paine may blaspheme, Tone, Tooke, and Thelwall
mourne,

OUR Ark (q) is still by hallow'd hands upborne!

I too

Titus, we read (it is recorded by their own Historian) that the voices of guardian angels were heard at the dead of night, crying out through its inmost recesses, *μεταβαινωμεν εντευθειν*, "Let us depart hence!" See the seventh book of the Jewish War, by Josephus, pag. 1280. Edit. Hudsoni Oxon. I recommend the perusal of the whole of that wonderful section. (Cap. 5. L. 7.) The Historian, in some parts of it, is scarcely inferior in spirit, language, and sublimity, to Æschylus himself. Surely at this most awful hour when, I am almost tempted to say, the moral and the natural world seem to be breaking up together, when the most powerful European states, and populous cities have been convulsed or overthrown, can we hear, without secret emotion and without a kindred horror, what the Historian calls, the "*Ρωμαϊκων ταγματων αλασγμος συμφερωμενων*, the *των Στασιαστων πυρι και σιδηρω κεκυκλωμενων κραυγη*? Can we read unmoved, *Ουτε ηλικιας ην ελπεος, ητ' εντροπη σεμνοτητος! Λιμω μαραινομενοι και μεμνηκοτες εις οδυρμους και κραυγην ευτονησαν. Συνηχει ητε Πειραια, και τα περιξ ορη, βαρυτεραν πεινυντα την ορμην. Τη θυρυζεν τα Παθη φοβερωτερα!* κτλ.— I will make *no* apology for presenting the learned reader with this passage, as Longinus would say, "*Ουτω μεγαλοι οι λογοι, και εμβριθεις αι εννοιαι. ολον σωματιον δραματικον και εναγωνιον.*" (Sect. 9. de Sublim.) I expect his thanks and not his censure, if he is worthy to read it.

(q) The *Abbé BARRUEL* has done a publick service to Europe, by his eloquent and perspicuous delineation of *the History of Jacobinisme*, in his work intituled "*Memoires pour servir à l'histoire du*
"*Jacobinisme.*"

I too will call, loud through the gathering storms,

Godwin

"*Jacobisme*." I by no means subscribe to all the Abbés opinions and particular doctrines, or to his whims and fancies. But in the disposition of the whole work, I perceive the hand of a master. He has discovered, and traced from the very source, the *original* Cabal and its impious infamous leaders; and he has laid down their scheme, and disposed the proofs from *their own* authentick writings and works, in a convincing, orderly, and logical arrangement. It is the best historical and critical commentary extant (except the events themselves) on Mr. Burke's first works, called "*Reflections on the Revolution in France*." 1790. It is worthy to be read by *all* who are interested in the great cause of God and man, and I hope it will be read and studied.

Finis et Ætas.

Tota retro ; SERÆ VOLUMUS DECUS ADDERE MORTI !

It is for such paramount reasons, that the Legislature and all the Magistrates of Great Britain are loudly called upon *to controll* (while they *yet* can controll with effect) *by the law, and by the law alone*, such works as those by Thomas Paine, and all the spawn of lewdness, infidelity, and democracy, in their vigour or in their datage. They are called upon to repress *by law* such popular works or novels as *THE MONK*, by M. Lewis, Esq. M. P. which I have stated † amply, and, as I think, have proved, to be indecent and blasphemous; and to watch over the proceedings of Dr. Geddes §, the new Translator of the Bible. The plain questions are these: "ARE WE TO BE RRESERVED?" "and, CAN WE BE PRESERVED?" The French Revolution is

now

† Preface to Dial. IV. of the P. of L.

§ Ib. Pref. to Dial. IV.

Godwin (r) and Volney, (s) Ruin and Reform ;

The

now matter of history, I mean of history speaking in every language of every nation of Europe. One establishment upholds another ; and the fall of any one draws after it *a long Ruin*. Read the Memoires of the Abbé BARUEL, and doubt, if you can, whether LITERATURE has power to kill, and to make alive. Atheist Statesmen always co-operate with Atheist Philosophers, but are generally duped by them. “ Ils prennent leurs ordres sans le savoir,” said D’Alembert, in the plenitude of his impudence.

The grand triple Conspiracy and *crushing* Cabal, under all its horrid formularies, against religion, regal power, and social order under moral restraint, has shewn what is the force and potency of LITERATURE, stimulated and conducted by an exterminating philosophy. LET ENGLAND BEWARE AND LOOK TO HERSELF ! †

(r) GODWIN.—“ Ecce iterum Crispinus !” and I wish I need not proceed with the line, “ Et est mihi sæpe vocandus in partes : Monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum.”—In my note in Dialogue the third of the P. of L. I thought I had taken leave of WILLIAM GODWIN ; but he has again obtruded himself upon the publick. As one of the publick, I shall give a few remarks on his late book, called “ The Enquirer, or Reflections on Education, Manners, and Literature, in a series of *Essays*.” Of his Enquiry concerning Political Justice, the author differs in opinion from

† See also “ the Proofs of a Conspiracy against all the Religions and Governments of Europe, carried on in the Secret Meetings of Free Masons, Illuminati, &c. &c. by J. Robison, A. M.” A book of great importance and solemn warning to this Country, which should be perused with Abbé Baruel’s work. They reflect a powerful light on each other.

The Sophists unabash'd yet rear their head, 455
 Their

from me. He declares, in his Preface to his *Enquirer*, that "An Enquiry *thus* pursued on Political Justice," (i. e. as he, William Godwin, has pursued it) "is undoubtedly IN THE HIGHEST "STYLE OF MAN!!!" But as I have given my opinion upon it in the Third Dialogue of the P. of L. I shall say nothing here. Yet I might add, as it is recorded of the infidel Boaster before Thebes,

Si tardius artus

Cessissent, potuit fulmen meruisse secundum. †

I shall take *but a few chapters* of his new book, for really I should fatigue myself and my reader past all sufferance, if I were to go through with it. The spirit and the manner is the same in *all* these Essays. "The present volume," (i. e. the *Enquirer*) he informs us, (Preface, p. 8.) "is presented to the *contemplative* "reader, not as *dicta*, but AS THE MATERIALS OF THINKING, "and that they are committed to his mercy." He adds, "that "with as ardent a passion *for innovation* as ever, he," (i. e. William Godwin) "feels himself more patient and tranquil." This is pleasant to himself certainly, but whether his opinions and their consequences will promote *patience* and *tranquillity* in *other* men, is all that we are concerned to know and to expose. He professes to write a moral work. It is miscellaneous and unconnected, whatever he may think. I would premise, that there is a difference in considering a moral and a mere metaphysical Enquiry. In the latter, it is just and necessary to take in all the parts of a system, to know its efficacy and apparent truth; but in a *moral* work there is not the same necessity, and for this plain reason. Mankind are *guided in their actions*, not by system, but *by single impulses*; by detached maxims, by aphorisms, by sentences, which have frequently the force of whole volumes.

Whatever

† Thebaid. L. 10.

Their colours gaudy, though but idly (*t*) spread.

Better

Whatever impels to action *singly and by itself*, may be considered also apart, and held forth either to approbation, or to censure. For this important reason I shall offer to the publick notice some passages from "The Enquirer, by William Godwin." The book perhaps has been read very little; but as it is published and may be read, I am sure it ought to be criticized, not from its excellence, or the ability of the writer, but from the subject matter.

His first Chapter or Essay is, "*Of awakening the Mind.*" He begins with *so very wise* a sentence, that we are naturally prepared for *much instruction*. I have indeed been told, that Mr. Godwin's mother, like little Isaac's in Sheridan's Duenna, used to call him "*Little Solomon.*" What is this sentence? verbatim as follows: "*If individuals were universally happy, the species would be happy!*" Again. "*When a child is born, one of the earliest purposes of his institutor ought to be, to awaken his mind, to breathe a soul into the, as yet unformed, mass.*" Whether the *mass* is the *mind*, or the *mind* the *mass*, and at what time *the soul* is to be *breathed into the mind*, is not quite clear; but it is *very instructive*. Mr. Godwin also thinks, that "*it is not the absurdest of paradoxes to affirm, that the true object of juvenile education is to teach no one thing in particular; but (the reader will be rather surprised) to provide, against the age of five-and-twenty, a mind well regulated, active, and prepared to learn.*" It is to be remembered, that the *general* education of mankind is the object under consideration. If the reader's mind is not *awakened* by such an alarum of nonsense, I think he must be deeply intranced, as fast as a modern watchman, or Mr. Godwin himself, when he wrote the chapter.

Next comes Essay 2. "*On the utility of talents.*" From this we learn, in Mr. Godwin's own words, that "*The only com-*

Better be dull than wicked ; from the heart

The

“ plete protection against the appellation of *fool*, is to be the possessor of *uncommon* capacity ;” and that “ a *self-satisfied, half-witted fellow* is the *most ridiculous* of all things.” This is also *very instructive*, and lets us into the secret of Mr. Godwin’s wits, and his self-satisfaction. But I cannot think Mr. G.’s instructions will “ produce in his pupil or child (if he has either) “ *one of the long-looked-for saviours of the human race.*” It might perhaps produce another Anacharfis Cloots, the *Orator* of the human race. Then come “ The Sources of Genius, in Essay 3. The sentiments are either so trite, or so absurd, or so wicked, that it is difficult to choose. One of them I must select.—Of the children of *peasants*, Mr. G. observes, “ That at the age of “ fourteen the very traces of understanding are obliterated. They “ are enlisted at the *crimping house of oppression*. They are *brutified* by immoderate and unremitting labour. Their hearts are “ *hardened*, and their spirits *broken* by all that they *see*, and all that “ they *feel*, and all that they *look forward to*. THIS IS ONE OF “ THE MOST INTERESTING POINTS OF VIEW, in which we consider the *present order of Society!!!* It is the great *slaughter house* of genius, and of mind. It is the *unrelenting murderer* “ of hope and gaiety, of the love of reflection, and of the love “ of life.” (p. 16.) This it is, I suppose, as this atrocious but foolish writer would call it, to *promote patience and tranquillity* among mankind ! Mr. G. has not yet done. Essay the 4th is on the same Sources. Here he proves too much for himself. He says, p. 19. “ There is an insanity among Philosophers, “ that has brought Philosophy itself into discredit.” (p. 19.)

At

The life-springs issue, and their force impart;
Better

At the close of the eighteenth century, Mr. G. speaking of the succession of events, and the manner in which we acquire ideas, delivers this sentence seriously and philosophically, with a view to be *instructive*, as I suppose. "If any man was to tell me that if I pull the trigger of my gun, a *swift and beautiful horse* will immediately appear *starting* from the mouth of the tube; I can ONLY answer, *that I do not expect it*, and that it is contrary to the tenor of my former experience. But I can assign NO reason (!!!) why this is an event *intrinsically* more absurd, or *less likely to happen than the event* I have been accustomed to witness. It may be *familiarly illustrated* to the *unlearned* reader, by remarking, that the *process of generation*, in consequence of which men and horses are born, has *obviously* no more *perceivable correspondence* with that event, *than it would have* for me to pull the trigger of a gun!!! I pass by the gross indecency of the illustration, that I may just hint, what it is to be a modern philosopher, and *instruct the unlearned* in the new way. I am ashamed to analyse any other opinions in this Essay; but as Mr. G. is supposed by some persons, to be "A man of talents," I suppose also Mr. G. has the properties of "A man of talents," as he *himself* has declared them to be; and that "He (himself) can *recollect up to what period* he was *jeune*; and *up to what period* he was *dull*. He can call to mind the *innumerable* errors of speculation he has committed, *that would almost disgrace an idiot*." (p. 28.) For my own part, in the present instance, I have nothing to do with *recollection*. Mr. Godwin and his book are *before me*. So much for "A man of talents." I cannot oppress the reader with all his desolating, unfounded, and silly opinions on all trades, professions, and occupations; wholly subversive of the order

Better to write stark nonsense ; better preach

With

order of society, and as I believe, of any supposable order whatsoever of any regulated human society.

But if the reader wishes to be amused with the acmé or height of absurdity and wildness, I earnestly recommend him to read Mr. G's account of "*The Walk of a man of talents*," (Mr. Goodwin himself, for instance,) "*and of a man without talents*," (such as myself) "*from Temple Bar to Hyde Park Corner*." (p. 31 and 32). It is really *refreshing* in the extreme. Nothing can be superior to it, but his "Gun of generation," just described, "and his self-tilling plough, without the intervention of man," in his other book on Political Justice, Vol. 2. p. 494. Ed. 8vo. I will give Mr. Godwin's *own* account of this *famous* Walk, especially as the publick are accustomed to observe all kinds of men, and women too, *between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner*. "The *chief* point of difference" (says Mr. G.) "*between the man of talents and the man without*, CONSISTS in the *different ways* in which their minds are employed during the *same interval!!!*" This is the proposition, ludicrous and absurd enough of itself, but now let us hear the *proof*, or illustration. "They," (i. e. the *man of talents and the man without*) "*are obliged*, let us suppose, "*to walk from Temple Bar to Hyde Park Corner*. The DULL MAN goes *strait forward*: he has so many furlongs to *traverse*. He *observes* if he meets *any of his acquaintance*; he *enquires* respecting their health and their family. He *glances* perhaps at the shops as he passes; he *admires* the fashion of a buckle, and the metal of a tea urn. If he *experience any flights of fancy*" (i. e. between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner) "*they are of a short extent*; of the same nature as the *flight of a forest bird* clipped of his wings, and *condemned* to pass the rest of his life in a *farm-yard*. On the other hand, THE MAN OF TALENTS gives *full scope* to his imagination. He *laughs and*

"*cries.*

With filky (*u*) voice, and sacred flow'rs of speech,
In

"cries. Unindebted to the *suggestions* of the surrounding objects, "his whole soul is employed!" We are now to prepare for the employment of the whole soul of a man of talents from Temple Bar to Hyde Park Corner, and the Reader will observe that he has enough to do. "HE" (the man of talents) "enters into nice calculations; he digests sagacious reasonings." (All this is done between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner). "In imagination he declaims or describes, impressed with the deepest sympathy, or elevated to the loftiest rapture. He passes through a thousand imaginary scenes, tries his courage, tasks his ingenuity, and thus becomes gradually prepared to meet almost any of the many-coloured events of human life. He consults by the aid of memory the books he has read," (N. B. a man of talents never reads in the streets,) "and he projects others for the future instruction and delight of mankind." (I always said Mr. G. himself projected his book on Justice, and this on Education, in the streets; Sic tu trivius, indocte solebas.) If he observes the passengers," "the dull man only observes his acquaintance) he reads their countenances, conjectures their past history, and forms a superficial notion of their wisdom and folly, their virtue or vice, satisfaction or misery. If he observes the scenes that occur, it is with the eye of a connoisseur or an artist." (The dull man above minds only buckles and tea urns.) "Every object is capable of suggesting to him a Volume of Reflections." (Mr. G. must mean his own volume now before me, called Reflections on manners, education, and literature.) "The time of these two persons in one respect resembles; it has brought them both to Hyde Park Corner. In almost every other respect it is dissimilar." Here is the denouement, or of *Eugenia* of Philosopher GODWIN, and I have no doubt, he thinks it a discovery in Terra jam cognita,

In soft *probation* (x) for a Foundling's gown, 464
To

as he will allow the ground to be between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner. I cannot say the Parallel is quite in the manner of Plutarch; but it is *very instructive*. No man can ever be again at a loss to know a man of talents, from a man without, *in the streets*. I had often been puzzled, till I met with this instructive volume of Reflections.

When the Reader has considered this, and all the other parts I have produced, and thousands which I have omitted, he will remember that MR. GODWIN has *set HIMSELF up* for a Legillator, a Reformer, a Philosopher, a destroyer of ancient prejudices, and a builder of new systems, a guide through the darkness of the world by this new light; and he expects the obeisance of mankind. I am sure, I cannot even conceive that any man or woman will worship BEFORE SUCH AN IMAGE of Democracy and Tyranny, whoever may sound the cornet, sackbut, or dulcimer at the dedication. It is not an image of gold; it is an image of *iron mixed with miry clay*.

This it is to instruct the world, to reform it, to make it happy. Mr. G. comes in such a questionable shape, that I know not when to finish my questions. I might go on chapter by chapter in this manner. Let any man look at his opinions, and *the nature* of his knowledge and his pretensions. I must copy two thirds (at the least) if I wished to express, and to expose, all that is reprehensible in this volume, or wicked, or ridiculous, or trite beyond belief. I would hold up Mr. G's. own propositions, in his own words, to all persons who have understanding, and let them judge. Let them fairly decide whether his impiety be not *even less* than his folly; and the weakness of his understanding more visible than the plunging violence of his exertions. *Dat operam, ut cum ratione infaniat.*

Mr.

To please some guardian Midas of the town,
Who

Mr. Godwin is at best but a mongrel, or an exotick. He is grafted upon the stock of Condorcet, and the French rabble on French ground; but he has not even the *raciness* of that teeming soil. English minds will not long bear the grossness of such an imposition. We are better and earlier taught, than he wishes we should be. Reason indeed disclaims Mr. Godwin; of eloquence, and good writing, (in spite of all his dogmatism) he knows nothing; and of the Belles Lettres nearly as much as can be attained, or rather *picked up*, in a modern academy, in some London Square, or at Islington. But for Mr. Godwin we are to lay down Plato and Xenophon; for him we are to relinquish Aristotle and Tully; to him Locke is to give way, and the simplicity and tempered humour of Mr. Addison is to be lost in Mr. Godwin's effusions. I really am fatigued with this man. Nothing but the importance of the consequences and effects of his wild, weak, wicked, and absurd notions, (I cannot dignify them with the name of principles, or *αξιωματα*) could have prevailed upon me to have wasted irretrievably so much of my time upon them.

From the period when *Philosopher* HUME first garbled his neglected "Treatise on Human Nature," and published it in the form of Essays, and set up a kind of *shop-shop* of morality in the suburbs of Atheism, we have had nothing but Essays upon Essays, till—we all know the consequence. And last of all comes *Philosopher* GODWIN, and sets up his trumpery shop too in the same quarter; though he is willing to wait upon ladies and gentlemen at their own houses, with his "Gros paquet de toile verte § *Verte* rouge," upon the principles and practice of the celebrated

Fripier

§ *Green* is the symbol of the *Irish*, and *Red* of French democratick factions.

Who gives his vote from *judgment* and from *taste* ;
Better

Fripier in *Gil Blas*, and with the same kind of justice. He presents you with his second-hand suits, with his "*habits de drap tout unis*," and his "*habits de velours un peu passés*;" demands his *soixante ducats*, and then addresses you with the same cool effrontery; "*Vous êtes bien heureux qu'on se soit adressé à moi, plutôt qu'à un autre. Graces au ciel, j'exerce rondement ma profession: JE SUIS LE SEUL FRIPIER qui ait DE LA MORALE.*" So much for *Philosopher* GODWIN, or LE PHILOSOPHE FRIPIER, *malgré sa morale!*

To the learned world in particular (if they have ever drudged through the works of Mr. Godwin as I have done) I will address a few words from the second book of the *Pyrrhonick Institutions* of Sextus Empiricus, as applicable to WILLIAM GODWIN, after all the observations I have made on his writings.

" ΕΞΟΜΕΝ ΔΙ' ἑ ΤΟΝ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΝ ΤΟΥΤΟΝ διακρίναι, τε ἀπο τῶν ἄλλων ζῶων, καὶ ΕΙΛΙΚΡΙΝΩΣ ΝΟΗΣΑΙ δυνατομέθα." §

(s) Volney.—See Dial. 1. (note e) of the P. of L. for an account of Mr. Volney's book, entitled, "*Ruins, or a Meditation on the Revolution of Empires.*"

(t) "Mocking the air with colours idly spread."

Shakspeare's *King John*.

I wish to refer the reader to an excellent, very seasonable, and important pamphlet called "*Reform, or Ruin*" by J. Bowdler Esq.—It is well written.

(u) All Doctors (and Bishops too) should remember it is one thing to preach, and another to print and publish their sermons. It is also high time for BISHOP HORSLEY (*qui au travers de toute* fa

§ Sexti Empyrici Inst. Pyrrhon. l. 2. c. 5.

Better with Warner move with *measur'd* haste,

To

sa piété n'est pas Auteur impunément ; et qui a la satisfaction d'arracher les Voluptueuses aux plaisirs, ‡ et d'affermir dans leur devoir des Epouses ébranlées par des amans séducteurs ; though I cannot say, qu' on trouve ses homélies, et ses ouvrages également forts et délicats) it is high time I say, for my Lord Bishop Horsley to remember, that it was said of the Archbishop of Grenada, "Voilà un Sermon qui sent furieusement l'Apoplexie.†" I do not think that the Archevêque de Grenade, (I beg pardon) Bishop Horsley (for I think, he never will be an Archbishop) will appoint me to be his Secretary, or in the inimitable words of Le Sage, be desirous "avoir près de lui un homme (comme moi) qui ait de la littérature, et une bonne main pour mettre au net ses homélies."|| —I may add, that if I should take a walk through his literary grounds, I fear I should be found *damage-feeant* ; and if I were to enter the premises at Rochester or Westminster, and be prosecuted for it, I should certainly direct my counsel to plead a special "*Nil habuit in tenementis.*" (See Lord Raymond's Rep. 1550.) For though his Lordship, as Plaintiff, is but an *Assignee*, he may take advantage of the *estoppel*, for it runs with the land. See Co. Lytt. 152. and Salk. 276.

Truth, erudition, and ability, always fail in their effect, if their professors enforce them with violence, or asperity in the manner,

‡ See his *Magdalen Homily*, and his speeches in the H. of L. in cases of Adultery.

† Gil Blas, liv. 1. ch. 15.

|| Ib. liv. 7. ch. 4.

§ Ib. liv. 7. ch. 2.

To lend *new pleasure* (y) to a pedant's ear, 465
Appeal

manner, or with imprudence in the choice of subjects, and in the place of delivering them.

(x) I allude to any *popular* preacher. It is really humiliating and degrading to the Clergy to preach *probationary* sermons, on any vacancy of a chaplainship at any of the charitable foundations, before *such a set* of judges. One is for voice and action, another for what he calls learning, others for the tender passions, some for appeals to reason, and others again love *logick* and close argument. No Divine can satisfy such judges, but such a Doctor, as is described by John of Salisbury, "Doctor sanctissimus" "ille Gregorius, qui *melleo prädicationis imbre totam rigavit et inebriavit Ecclesiam!*" It is high time to put these affairs on a more respectable footing for the Clergy.

I think indeed, that the business, elections, &c. belonging to all Hospitals, and all publick Charities, should be transacted *by a Committee* of the Subscribers, *elected annually*. A Committee composed of twenty-one persons would be sufficient, and *the present mode of canvassing for offices might be entirely suppressed*, which is much to be desired. It might be easily carried into effect. The propriety of such a measure being generally adopted in London, and near the metropolis, is evident; and I wish this hint may be attended to by men of sense and judgment.

(y) See a Treatise lately published, entitled "METPON APIETON, or a *New Pleasure*, recommended in a Dissertation on Greek and

Appeal to Bryant, nor his judgment fear ;
 Better to state-arithmetick be bred,
 Tell Jacobins and Tories by the (yy) head ;

Prove

and Latin Profody, (1797.)" It is without any permission, and I think with considerable effrontery, dedicated to Mr. Bryant in a style perfectly new. If almost every page of this treatise were not sillier, wilder, and more extravagant than the preceding, I might be tempted to take some notice of its multifarious contents. For they are very numerous indeed ; from the laws passed in King Priam's reign (*I beg Mr. Bryant's pardon*) under his marine Minister, when Troy was attacked and *invaded* by the Grecians, down to the present French war and the incomprehensible Cavalry Act, under George the Third of Great Britain. As it does not appear to me possible for this Author, (I use *his own* words in *his own* treatise) to "*put off the monkey and bring out the man,*" I shall say nothing further of this farrago of learned nonsense.

(yy) Mr. Burke gave it as his opinion, in his "Two Letters on the Proposals for peace," (1796) that there are 400,000 political citizens in Great Britain, of whom 80,000 are pure Jacobins, and the other four-fifths perfectly sound," &c. &c. In this particular instance I shall only say of this great and venerable man, what one of Dante's Commentators says on a passage in the *Purgatorio* : "Per verità, *è un gran capriccio* ; *ma in ciò segue il suo stile.*" Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, and Burke, all abound

Prove that no dogs, as through the streets they range,
 Give bone for bone in regular (z) exchange; 470
 Or

in similar *capriccios*; but I will add Dr. Johnson's admirable words; "He that can put these (*capriccios*) in balance with their beauties, must be considered not as nice but dull, as less to be censured for want of candour, than pitied for want of sensibility." Life of Milton.

(z) Here is another little *capriccio* of a man of no common sagacity, the late Adam Smith. He says seriously, by way of illustration; "No body ever saw a dog make a fair and deliberate exchange of one bone for another with another dog." Smith's Wealth of Nations, Vol. 1. p. 20. Ed. 8vo. This philosophy is nearly of the same date as Adam's ancestor † in Eden, and I can only say in reply, "Who ever expected to see a dog do so?"—We have all heard and read of that snarling sect, the Cynicks, and if we could convert dogs into philosophers, or what is harder still, philosophical propositions into meat and bones, (which I fear is more than most Scotch Professors can do) I should apply metaphorically the following lines from a celebrated Poet, a great observer of human nature :

"So

† In the most extensively learned book I ever saw, (for the size of it) and the best arranged, I mean the "Philosophia Generalis &c. per Theophilum Gale," there is actually a Chapter, "De Philosophia Adami." L. 1. C. 1. s. 5.—"A Capriccio!"

Or frame, with Marsh, (a) strange theorems to try
Some manuscript's divine identity;
With Hargrave to the Peers approach with awe,
And sense and grammar sink in Yorke and law (b);
Better

" So when *two dogs* are fighting || in the streets,
With a *third dog* one of *the two dogs* meets;
With angry tooth he bites him to the bone,
And *this dog* smarts for what *that dog* has done."

(a) A learned and ingenious Critick, the Rev. WM. MARSH, (Translator of Michaelis's Introduction to the New Testament, to which he has added many valuable notes and illustrations) published in the year 1795, " Letters to Archdeacon Travis, on the subject of a Greek Manuscript in the Publick Library at Cambridge, printed at Leipzig, but sold in London by R. Marsh, Fleet-street." Mr. Marsh's theorem is so totally new, and so unparal-
lelled, that I shall laugh hereafter at any man who tells me, that the chances *for* or *against* any thing are only 100,000 to 1.

" *General Theorem*, by which *the Identity* of Manuscripts is determined, from a coincidence in their Readings." (Letters, p. 70.) —I omit it in *this* edition of my Poem, as the theorem is judged to be too long and uninteresting.

(b) See lately published, " The Jurisdiction of the Lords House

|| i. e. For a bone, or for any thing which is an object of fair and deliberate exchange.

Better be White, though dubious (c) of my fame,
Or wisely sink my own in (d) Homer's name; 476

Better

House of Parliament, by Sir-Matthew Hale," and an introductory preface by F. Hargrave, Esq. the Editor. 1796. Mr. Hargrave is universally acknowledged to be one of the founded and most learned lawyers in the kingdom. But when he will *step out of his way*, and turn rhetorician, and fancy that he is writing like Cicero de Oratore, there is some difference between the Roman, and the English advocate. Mr. H. in his preface thus writes concerning the Rt. Hon. Charles Yorke, the short-lived and lamented Chancellor: "*He was a modern constellation of English jurisprudence, whose digressions from the exuberance of the best juridical knowledge were illuminations; whose energies were oracles; whose constancy of mind was won into the pinnacle of our English forum at an inauspicious moment; whose exquisiteness of sensibility, at almost the next moment from the impressions of imputed error, stormed the fort of even his highly-cultivated reason, and so made elevation and extinction contemporaneous; and whose prematureness of fate—has caused an almost insuppliable interstice in the science of English equity.*" Pref. p. 181. I really think Mr. Hargrave has dived through all the celebrated ten fountains of invention, from which "*§ he has taken in water for an happy voyage over the procellose ocean of his funeral parentation*" of CHARLES YORKE.

I pretend not to comprehend this passage in all its sublimity, but upon one principle, which, as it appears to me, is the grand, though secret design of Mr. Hargrave, to leave *upon record* to his brethren: It is this: "THAT A LAWYER, WHO WRITES SO
"CLEARLY AS TO BE UNDERSTOOD, IS AN AVOWED ENEMY
"TO HIS PROFESSION."

Better to disappoint the publick hope, 479
 Like Warton driveling (e) on the page of POPE; (f)
 While

(c) See the learned and very ingenious (but rather declamatory) Sermons by Professor White of Oxford, at the Bampton Lecture. But in this, as in many other cases, it seems, "Garth did not write *his own* Dispensary."—I always thought the charge ridiculous: yet learned men would "write about it and about it." Any thing will serve for a controversy. Enquire of Messrs. Ireland, Malone, and Chalmers, at the *Shakspeare Manufactory* in Norfolk-street, in the Strand.

(d) The Rev. Dr. Parr will best explain this verse. See his *sublime* Apostrophe, "*Spirit of Henry Homer!*" &c. &c. &c. Letter to Dr. Coombe, by an occasional Writer in the *British Critick*.

(e) The Bookfellers may say in Sir Philip Sidney's words: "What fools were we, to mingle such *driveling* speeches among "(WARBURTON's) noble thoughts! (Sir P. S's *Arcadia*.)"

Pan etiam Arcadiâ dicat se iudice victum.

The typographical errors in Latin, Greek, and English in this edition are numerous beyond all belief; so numerous as to be very inconvenient to the reader.

The reason why I have, in the following passages, examined the edition so particularly, is this. There is no Author in our language, whose works admit of such important illustration, moral, religious, critical, and argumentative, as Mr. Pope's. This opportunity has been now unfortunately lost; and it must be seen that our great poet has been disgraced, and a fond admiring Nation is left to lament the negligence, inattention and impropriety, (I use the mildest terms) with which this work has been performed, except in the *critical* part of Dr. W's notes,

While o'er the ground that Warburton once trod,
The Winton Pedant shakes his little rod :

Content

which I *generally* approve. I have *proved* this in the following remarks ; and I have given the most cogent reasons.

My sole object is the good of the kingdom, which I will strive to support *systematically*, WHOEVER OR WHATEVER MAY STAND IN THE WAY. "Hoc illis dico, qui me non intelligunt."

(*f*) See the new edition of Pope's Works by the Rev. Dr. JOSEPH WARTON, late Head-master of Wincheffer School. The mildest words I can use are, "Tantumne rem tam negligenter?" I praised (and liberally enough as some people thought) Dr. Joseph Warton's Common Place Book on Pope, in the First Dial. of the P. of L. and I still think it very entertaining and instructive. But when a learned man appears, as the professed Editor of the most distinguished and the most interesting Poet of the nation, and when the publick have been taught to expect the work as of great promise, we require something more *than mere copying his own old common place remarks* from one book, to put them in the form of notes at the bottom of the pages of another. It is mere book-making beneath the character of so learned a gentleman as Doctor Warton. It is to steal from one's own self. Yet the town is patient: "Marcus dixit, ita est." But I will not say so. Had this been done merely by the Bookellers, or by the whole worshipful Company of Stationers, it would have remained without notice from me. It would have been *an edition made with a pair of Scissars*, nothing more. But at the end of the Advertisement to this edition I find these words: "For the rest of the notes (except those by Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton) I am answerable."
"JOSEPH WARTON."

Content *his own* stale scraps to steal or glean,
 Hash'd up and season'd with an old man's spleen; (*ff*)
 Nor ev'n the Bard's deformity can 'scape, 485
 " His pictur'd person and his libel'd (*g*) shape; "

Ah,

When the ILLUSTRIOUS friend of Pope, WILLIAM WARBURTON, (sublime even in his exorbitances, and dignified in sagacity and erudition,) condescended to become an Editor, I should have preferred reprinting his edition as it stood. But, in some particulars, I am indeed ashamed of the present edition, as it is *now* offered to the publick. If Dr. Warton had neither time, nor spirits, nor industry, nor leisure, nor inclination, *he should not have undertaken a work* so important to the world. But as there is no other new edition to be had of an elegant form, type and paper, (and this is *very pretty*) many persons will desire to have it, and I am sure I will not refuse it a place in my library.

(*ff*) See Dr. Warton's *personal* notes on Pope and Warburton *passim* throughout the work, splenetick in the extreme.

(*g*) Poets are often prophets. POPE little thought that, fifty years after his death, a learned editor would revive some *imputed trash*, (perhaps) *not his own*, and actually give to the malignant curiosity of some folks, " His libelled person and his pictured " shape." Prol. to Pope's Satires, v. 353.) It is strange that Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Pope should have the same fate. The figure of Mr. G. has been presented to the world and to posterity by *his friend* Lord Sheffield (See Mr. G's Posthumous Miscellanies, 4to. Vol. 1.) and Mr. Pope's contemptible appearance by *the kindness* of his editor.

Ah, better to unlearn'd oblivion hurl'd,

Then

I have many and great objections to this edition; but I shall only state a few. An edition of Pope is a fair and a very proper subject of criticism. I think the title page contemptuous "With notes and illustrations by J. WARTON, D. D. and *others*." To include WILLIAM WARBURTON, Bishop of Gloucester, and Author of the Divine Legation, under the title of *others*, required an assurance equal at least to the dilettante spirit which too frequently prevails in Dr. Warton's comments. In this instance, as he says of the great Samuel Johnson, "*temulentus videtur*." Mr. Pope himself said to Dr. Warburton, "*No hand can set my works in so good a light, or so well turn their best side to the day, as your own*." Upon which Dr. Warton remarks; "Without incurring, I hope, the censure of being a short-sighted and malevolent critick, I venture to say, that *our Author's* fond expectation of his Commentator's setting his works in the best light, was extremely ill-founded."§ I believe Mr. Pope will be found the best judge of his own interest. Dr. Warton may remember these lines:

" Criticks I saw, *that other names deface,*
And fix their own, with labour, in their place;
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, AND LEFT THE FIRST BEHIND."

Such was the inscription in a Temple, from which it will be difficult to erase the name of William Warburton, and substitute the name of Joseph Warton. I have no personal partiality for Warburton; he was long before my time. Nor have I the honour (such I should indeed esteem it) of an acquaintance with Bishop Hurd, his venerable friend and compeer. But I was born to admire erudition and genius, and to vindicate them when they are insulted.

Dr.

Then give to Perry (*b*) what I owe the world;

And

Dr. Warton's life of Pope is not well written as to the matter or the manner. The style is defective and often vulgar. I shall instance a passage or two. The perpetual vulgarism of the term "*our author*,"—"Dennis pursued *our author* in bitter invectives, against every work he *gradually* published." p. 18. "After arriving at eminence by *so many capital* compositions, *our author*," &c. &c.—p. 24. "Which, as an uncommon curiosity, *one* would have been glad to have beheld." p. 11. "Dr. Warton's defence of the Essay on Man ultimately got him a wife and a bishoprick." p. 45. "Into what a *mass* has he raised and expanded so slight a hint!" p. 21. Dr. W. is fond of "*delicious lines, and delicious passages*," &c. I cannot specify more of them in this note. He commends Voltaire too often, and too much. He is also perpetually praising the German Professor Heyne, who has insulted our English universities and public schools in his writings. Yet *we* have republished *his* Virgil, and all his ponderous dissertations. Professor Heyne was originally a mechanick: he was not born with taste, and he never acquired elegance. His learning is without discernment. More embodied dullness, or a heavier mass of matter than *his* Virgil I never saw. The shrine of the Poet is indeed loaded with offerings, but it is illuminated with rays from Gottingen.—I must observe further.

It was very bold and *very indecent* in the Reverend Dr. Warton, to publish Pope's Imitation of the Second Satire of his first Book of Horace. Pope never || printed it in his works himself;
Dr.

|| Dr. W. indeed says, vol. 1. Life, p. 56. "Pope suffered his friend Doddsley to print it as *his* writing in one edition 12mo." I never saw it, but can believe the Doctor. Pope was undoubtedly ashamed of it.

And idly busy in my choice perplex,

Throw

Dr. Warburton refused to admit it: no common edition whatsoever of Pope has admitted it. It is printed only in a vulgar appendix in two volumes. But if Mr. Pope had actually described every nymph in the seraglio of "the pious Needham," must the Reverend Dr. Warton publish such a poem, merely because Mr. Pope had written it?—This sixth volume of Dr. Warton's Edition should be reprinted; and this scandalous poem, and some other parts of it, omitted. With the Commentators † on Shakspeare, Pope, &c. of modern days, there is no such thing as an invocation to "*Intermissa* VENUS; for the Goddess has actually deserted her beloved Cyprus, "*In hos TOTA ruens*. (See Horace for the rest.)

"Te, Venus Regina, *pio* vocantur

"Thure WARTONI ET STEPHANI decoras

"Transfer in ædes."

I have indeed no doubt the poem is by Pope. As to mere wit and point in the imitation, it is perhaps the best. But what then? Mr. Pope's works are distinguished for peculiar correctness in taste and morals; and are intended for the most general, and the most unqualified perusal. Dr. W. might as well have printed Mr. E's *Geranium* in his comments, or any other light and vigorously of a *very* young man, forgiven as such and forgotten, as the following lines, if the reader will believe they are printed in POPE'S WORKS;

"Or

† See The P. of L. Dial. 1.

Throw years of labour on a single text,

490

(Alike

“ Or when a tight neat girl will serve the turn,

“ In errant pride continue * * * !

“ I'm a plain man, whose maxim is profest,

“ The thing at hand is of all things the best.”

Vol. 6. p. 51.—see also p. 49. worse still.

I, though an anonymous layman, refuse to print the passage *in full*, which the Reverend Doctor Warton has printed and sanctioned with his name as Editor of Pope's Works. “ *Nobis non licet esse tam disertis, qui musas colimus severiores.*” If Mr. Pope had often written *thus*, his works must have been consigned to the library of a brothel. *This* edition of Pope's works will be sent into every part of the civilized world. This will be so; and can it be said, that I speak without reason? Surely I am not pleading for publick decency in vain. The Doctor at least should have dedicated this sixth volume to the Ladies—of the Commons. To what other ladies could I present this volume? Yet so it is. “ Doctors rush in, where laymen fear to tread.” But because Pope called this, “ Sober advice from Horace,” the Doctor thought there could be no harm in it. Dr. W. observes, that “ the first step in the literary, as well as in the political world “ is of the utmost consequence. (a)” I would remind the Doctor of *the last step* in *both* these worlds, which he seems to have forgotten.

I think the political principles in the notes are frequently false, and in many instances dangerous. I cannot copy whole notes; but I wish any sensible man would refer to the passages and examine them. If they are right, in such a world as this and in such a state of society as the present, I will give up the whole of my objections.

Dr.

(a) Pope's Life, p. 14.

(Alike to me, encas'd in Grecian bronze,

Koran

Dr. W. tells us first from Sir Thomas Browne, "That there is a *certain list of vices* committed in all ages, and *declaimed against* by all authors, which will last as long as human nature, or digested into common places, may serve for any theme, and never be out of date till doomsday." (Vol. 4. p. 318.) Instead of a spirited vindication of moral satire, Dr. W. laughs at the effects of it, and very unadvisedly seems to discourage even *the endeavours* after a reformation of manners. If I am asked how? I answer thus. Dr. Warton tells us, from a *certain Wit*, "Mount in the pulpit with Bourdaloue, or take the pen with La Bruyere, it is only so much time lost; the world will go on as before." The morality of Voltaire cannot surely be the morality of Dr. Warton. He lastly informs us, that Pope, in those Dialogues, "exhibits many and strong marks of petulance, party spirit, and self-importance, and of assuming to himself the character of Cenfor-general." (vol. 4. p. 345.) As if in answer to this unjust and outrageous character, by a singular anticipating sagacity, Pope seems himself to have replied to the Doctor, in *his own* concluding note to these Dialogues, in language, sentiment, and dignity, beyond all praise.

I may add, that if this mode of arguing against every *endeavour* to reform the manners of mankind, and to recall them to virtue and wisdom, is to be *adopted*, we are indeed in the high road to ruin and revolution. Fortunately there is as much sense as there is policy, or truth, in this indiscreet and dangerous doctrine. I might as well say; "There is always a certain list or catalogue of diseases, infirmities, and miseries attendant upon every human being in every stage of his earthly existence, and which will appear, disquiet, and lay waste the species in all ages. The

art

Koran or Vulgate, Veda, Priest, or *Bonze*)

And

art of medicine never can wholly remove them, and they will *never be out of date till doomsday*. What is the use of the physician and his skill? We should never apply to him, but suffer silently, till our dissolution takes place, without any attempt to remove the pain or misery which flesh is heir to, even when it is in our power to mitigate, or perhaps to cure them." I really cannot pass doctrines like these without animadversion, especially when they are either recommended, or approved, by a Doctor of the Church whose office is to declare, pronounce, and enforce the doctrine of moral reformation. He should not forget the constitution of the natural and moral world. "Good is set against evil, and life against death. So look upon the works of the Most High; *there are two and two, one against another*."—I feel I am right in submitting such remarks as these to the publick.

As to political sentiments, I own I was surprised to read many notes, but particularly these words in vol. 4. p. 333, on the compliment Virgil paid to Cato. "A much *honester* passage" (says Dr. Warton) "is that in which Virgil had the courage to represent his hero assisting the Etruscans in *punishing* † their tyrannical king, in the 8th book of the *Æneid*. v. 494."

"Ergo omnis furis surrexit ETRURIA justis,
REGEM AD SUPPLICIUM præsentî marte REPOSCUNT."

Dr. W. knows that Julius Cæsar was not Mezentius. I am sure the Doctor cannot approve and recommend this passage, which has been in the mouth of every modern Regicide from the murderers

† *Punishing* is the modern democratical word for *murdering*.

And lend to truth itself unhallow'd aid,

In

derers of Charles I. to the murderers of Louis XVI. But why perpetually call out these passages to publick notice? Why dwell upon the "morgue et grandeur des Souverains," "the authorised type of a Lion, &c. &c." (Vol. 4. p. 330.) in times like these? We all love liberty as well as Dr. W. but a wise and good man discerns the signs of the Times. These are the under-murmurings of a spurious, bastard, half-republicanism. I like them not.

I write with indignation against *such* an edition of *such* a poet. Does any Husband, or Father, think of cautioning his wife, his daughter, or his son, against *any* part whatsoever of Pope's works? If this edition becomes general, it will be necessary to do so. I have no personal dislike to Dr. Warton: my business with him is solely, as Editor of Pope. Nothing can justify him. Am I to spare publick criticism on an edition of Pope's works, because of Dr. Warton's age, (is it in the title page?) or the variety and extent of his learning? Surely not. They are both strong against the deed. Dr. Warton's own words of himself are, "*I am answerable.*"

Pope was in his hands in double trust. First, as he is the most moral and correct poet of the nation, the confidence of his fame and character should have been preserved, even by the partiality of an editor. Secondly, Dr. W. stood bound to his country, from his sacred profession, not to contaminate the rising youth of either sex, by such filthiness and rank obscenity as would disgrace the vilest magazine. By this he has committed a great offence against the publick, which he cannot repair. I am sure I have spoken nothing of Dr. W.'s private character. But his edition is open to me, and to the whole world. It challenges my notice: and executed as it is, it demands the very spirit of Satire.

"Ense

In all the rashness of a scholar's trade,

And

"Ense velut stricto Lucilius ardens infremuit." The very indecent chapter of "The Double Mistress," in *this scandalous Sixth Volume*, should have been omitted, in the Memoirs of Scriblerus. (Vol. 6. p. 150.) In the Second Volume there are a few trumpery, vulgar, copies of verses which disgrace the pages. I am ashamed of the low taste which could suffer them to appear before the publick. I again and again, disclaim any personal harshness or severity on the character of Doctor Warton, with whom I am not even acquainted. All I call for loudly is, that *the sixth volume* should suffer what every catalogue yearly informs me, poor Hollingshead once suffered. I never before heard that *tenderness* was due to an edition of any work. But in these days, if an idea or opinion is but absurd, it will be considered as deep and sagacious,

I shall not make any further remarks on Dr. W's criticisms on Pope at present, they are often very just, curious, and gratifying, but chiefly taken from his old Essay. I cannot now proceed. *Nos genera degustamus, non bibliothecas discutimus.**

If I have written at large on this subject, it is because I thought it important. Nothing is intended *personally* to Dr. Joseph Warton in this note. It is only directed *against the Editor of Pope's works*; and whoever, with the character of a scholar, had published them *in this manner*, would have received the same strong reprobation from me.

This Poem on the P. of L. is designed to represent and hold forth, to the people of Great Britain, whatever directly or indirectly strikes at, or affects, the existence of the publick morality,

or

* Quint. Lib. 10. C. 1.

And fall, like (i) Porfon.

OCTAVIUS.

You may spare your pains, 495
He gives no ear to any modern strains,
Save

or of the principles by which the Constitution of England, or of society itself in a polished and well guarded-state, is maintained in vigour and in sound health. Dr. Warton may be, and I doubt not he is, a sensible, well-informed, agreeable, and very ingenious man, and of amiable manners in private life. Of these I have said nothing; I am sure I am not disposed to contradict or to question them. But, in his office and character of *Editor* of Pope's works, I most solemnly impeach him of a high crime and misdemeanor before his country, as I have proved at large. It is a material part of my work, to mark the offences, errors, or aberrations of men of eminence in literature. *Neque me Phæbi cœrtina fefellit.* If I shrink from this duty on any considerations whatsoever, I hope I shall be despised and neglected. We should naturally look to so learned and ingenious a man as Dr. W. (I always esteemed him as such) for instruction and improvement in classical taste, and moral sentiment. But when a Pilot, of long experience, not only neglects the care of the vessel intrusted to his skill and fidelity, but almost voluntarily directs it into the port of an enemy, or by extreme negligence and inattention exposes it to the danger of a shipwreck, he should not be surprized, if he meets the fate of Palinurus.

Gubernaculum (*non vi, sed SPONTE,*) revulsum,
Cui datus hærebat CUSTOS, curfusque regebat,
Præcipitans traxit secum!

Save those, by Oberèa (*k*) fondly sung,

What

(*b*) *Perry*, put synonymously for the printer of any factious newspaper.

(*i*) See Mr. Professor Porfon's Letter to Archdeacon Travis, of which the world has now heard *quite enough*. Mr. Professor Porfon, *you may begin again*, but pray write no more in Mr. Perry's *little democrattick closet* fitted up for the wits, at the Morning Chronicle office. It is beneath you; I speak seriously. I know your abilities. It may do well enough for some other *ingenious* men, if a certain political Dramatist's computations will leave them *any* abilities at all, which I begin to doubt. What is genius, without a *regulated* life! Young men *about town* (to use that detestable phrase,) will at last allow it, (if they look at all the tattered, sin-worn fragments of their species, whom they meet in their walks.

To shew the deformity of Vice to the rising hope of their Country, the policy of ancient Sparta exhibited an inebriated Slave. As to the pursuits of heedless pleasure in excess, it has been wisely observed, that "The Constitution of nature marks out the course we should follow, and the end we should aim at. To make pleasure, and mirth, and jollity, our *business*, and to be constantly hurrying about after some gay amusement, some new gratification of sense, or appetite, to those who *will consider* the nature of man and our condition in the world, will appear the most *romantick* scheme of life which ever entered into thought. Yet many go on in this course, without learning better from the daily, the hourly disappointments, listlessness, and satiety, which accompany this fashionable method of wasting away their days."

I think

What time Opano (*l*) trembled on her tongue.

AUTHOR.

Censure or praise let others seek or fear :
 Look at *my* verse, the superscription there, 500
 The cause that I defend : 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
 The statesman's, and the peasant's. In my line,
 All

I think indeed that the words of *Junius* are as true in a moral and religious sense, as they are in their political and original application. “ If life be the bounty of heaven, we scornfully reject the *noblest* part of the gift, if we consent to surrender that
 “ CERTAIN RULE OF LIVING, without which the condition of
 “ human nature is not only miserable, but *contemptible*.” §.

As the *descent* to a life *merely sensual* is accelerated in a proportion always increasing, I wish most affectionately, that if any ingenious and sensible, though perhaps thoughtless, young man of fashion, fortune, and *talents*, should happen to read this note, he may above all things remember this great sentence from *Junius*, and write it upon the tablet of his heart.

(*k*) See “ An Epistle from Oberea, Queen of Otaheite, to Joseph Banks, Esq.” (now Sir Joseph Banks) Mr. Porson's favourite modern poem, which he can say, or rather *sing* to his friends, as I am told. It is very ingenious, but rather too free; the versification is exquisite. I believe it is the only piece of modern English verse Mr. P. will read.

(*l*) *Opano* or *Tabano* was the manner in which the name of Banks was pronounced at Otaheite. But in this learned language,

§ *Junius*, Letter 20.

All find in me a patron and a friend,
 Unseen, unknown, unshaken to the end. 504
 Yes, from the depths of Pindus shall my rhymes,
 Through this mis-order'd world, these lawless times,
 Be heard in Albion and her inmost state;
 All that the good revere, and bad men hate,
 In spirit and in substance, as of old,
 The Muse in her *Asbestos* (m) shall enfold. 510

This is my *Method*.—Though I sometimes stray
 From Euclid's rigid rules to Fancy's way;

Yet

guage, as Mr. Zachary Fungus says to his brother Isaac in the
 Commissary, "Pshaw! you blockhead, I tell you THE NAME
 "does not signify nothing."

(m) I know not whether I need mention it, but it was an ancient Roman custom to wrap dead bodies, before they were placed on the funeral pile, in a cloth made from a stone called *Amiantus*, *Linum vivum*, by some called the *Asbestos*, on which fire had no power. (See D'Aubenton, *Tableau Méthodique des Minéraux*, p. 10. Edit. Par. 8vo. 1784.) N. B. Mr. D'Aubenton, a gentleman of amiable character and of great accuracy of mind, is now (1797) resident in Paris, advanced in years, and by quietly yielding to every revolutionary torrent in the republick, has escaped the general exterminating massacre of the active Citizen Literati in the hall of *French Justice*. "*His armis illa quoque tutus in aula.*"

Yet have I mus'd on Granta's willowy strand,
 The sage of Alexandria (*n*) in my hand, 514
 And mark'd his symbols deep; while o'er my ear
 Truth pour'd her strain in harmony severe.
 I fought the Stagirite; and could divide
 (No Scotchman near, no Gillies (*nn*) by my side)
 His sober sense from pride of intellect,
 What Locke confirm'd, or warn'd me to reject. 520
 Thence soaring on the balanc'd wings of thought,
 (As Kepler hinted, but as Newton taught,)
 My mind in calm ascension to the height
 Of the world's temple, through th' abyfs of light,
 Mid wand'ring fires and every starr'd abode,
 Explor'd the works and wonders of the God,
 Who

(*n*) Euclid.

(*nn*) Since writing this verse, I am happy to say, that I think we are much indebted to Dr. Gillies for offering to the Publick, *at this period*, an English translation † of the two most important treatises on morality and politicks, which antiquity can boast. No man can read these works without being wiser and better, particularly the Politicians of the day. (March 1798)

† Aristotle's *Ethicks and Politicks*, 2 vol. 4to. 1798.

Who fix'd the laws of order, time and place,
 In his own great *sensorium* (o) boundless space.
 The Chemist's magick flame, the curious sport
 Amber first gave, would oft my fancy court, 530
 Led through creation's consecrated range,
 Each flower, and plant, and stem, with every change
 Of vegetative life, *in order* brought,
 I magnified Linnæus, (p) as I thought;
 But spurn'd unfeeling science, cruel tales 535
 Of Virgin (q) rabbits, and of headless (r) snails,
 And

(o) "DEUS, *in spatio infinito*, tanquam *in sensorio suo*, res intimè cernit, &c. &c." Newton Princip. Schol. General. sub fin.

(p) But not in the spirit of that silly man, who inscribed these words under the print of Linnæus: "DEUS creavit, *Linnaeus* disposuit."—There is more folly in the inscription, than any intention of impiety; it is the mere rage of antithesis without reflection. But in this botanizing age, it should not pass without observation to *all* naturalists. There is a sublime picture of a

And through the realms of Nature as I trod,

Bow'd

heathen Poet, which is not unworthy of any man who acknowledges "The WORKER distinct from the work,"

Stabat anhela metu, SOLUM *Natura* TONANTEM

Respicens! *

(*q*) *Virgin Rabbits*.—I allude in general to all needless, and cruel experiments upon animals. All that breathe, and feel, and enjoy the gift of life from their Creator are entitled to protection from man, under those limits and degrees, which an honest and upright mind knows without being told. But in this place I particularly allude to an anecdote *related to me by a friend*, of a Paper read at the Royal Society in the course of the last winter, (1797,) on the subject of generation. The animal, chosen for these savage experiments by the merciless Doctor, was the Rabbit. Decency and humanity alike forbid the exposure of the process, and the mutilation of the parts of generation, before and after the animal was impregnated, and I think, in one or two of them, before the coitus. Surely to sit calmly and to watch with an impure, inhuman, and unhallowed curiosity the progress of the desires, and the extinction of the natural passions in devoted animals, after such mutilations and experiments, is a practice useless, wicked, foolish, degrading, and barbarous. There is no justification to be offered. The mystery itself is not to be disclosed to man. But we will know every thing: I wish we would recollect that we must account for our knowledge. When an experiment, for any purpose useful to millions of our fellow-creatures, has been once made upon an animal, it should be *finally* recorded by men of science and veracity, as authentick and satisfactory,

not

* Stat. Achil. L. 1. 482.

Bow'd at the throne, and saw (1) the pow'r, of God.

In

not to be repeated. Sometimes, *as I was told*, the idea of cruelty exercised upon these animals was for a moment lost in the ridiculous terms, which were perpetually repeated in these papers, which occupied three or four sittings of the R. S. *My friend told me*, that he actually thought that SIR CHARLES BLAGDEN, KNIGHT AND SECRETARY to the R. S. had been provided with specimens, and that he expected to see *Virgin Rabbits*, *married Rabbits*, and *matron Rabbits* produced from a basket on the table to lick, as in scorn and contempt; the very mace of a society, which night after night could sit and hear such a cruel farrago without indignation, but with half-smiles and simpers at the *virginity* of these unprotected, devoted, miserable animals. When Papers are publicly offensive, they should be publicly reprobated, and *not suffered to be produced* before the Royal Society; upon a pretence of promoting natural knowledge. WHY HAS THE SOCIETY A COUNCIL? THE COUNCIL should be a literary and philosophical *Grand Jury*. If it is not so, it is of no use whatsoever, but to gratify the silly vanity of dilettanti noblemen and *busy Romish Baronets*. I should think Mr. PLANTA, the very learned, judicious, accurate, and well informed Secretary to the R. S. would be of my opinion. To make such experiments as these, is to offer an insult to the *Sacrarium* of the Most High. For my own part, I would extend the famous speech of the Barons in the age of Henry the Third. I would thunder in the ears of the President and of the whole Royal Society, as a body, "*Nolumus Leges NATURÆ mutari!*" (1797.)

(r) Here is another savage instance to no end or purpose whatsoever, but mere cruel sport of curiosity. The Abbé Spalanzani asserts that snails *re-produce their heads*, after the amputation of the original capita. And he made experiments numerous beyond belief. But in the Academie des Sciences 1778, the reader

In morals, in religion, in the state;
In science, *without order*, ALL I hate.

540

OCTAVIUS.

Speak then, the hour demands; Is Learning fled?
Spent all her vigour, all her spirit dead?
Have Gallick arms and unrelenting war
Borne all her trophies from Britannia far?
Shall nought but ghosts and trinkets be display'd, 545
Since Walpole (z) ply'd the virtuoso's trade,
Bade sober truth revers'd for fiction pass,
And mus'd o'er Gothick toys through Gothick glafs?
Since states, and words, and volumes, all are new,
Armies have *skeletons*, (v) and sermons (w) too; 550

So

will find Mr. Cotte differs from the humane Abbé, and says,
"that *out of thousands of snails* who have *suffered* the operation,
there have not been above *five or six* of them which have, as it is
pretended, *reproduced their heads*."

(z) *Νουμίσμα καθορᾶται.*

St. Paul.

(z) The late ingenious Earl of Orford, Horace Walpole. The spirit of enquiry which he introduced was rather frivolous, though pleasing, and his Otranto Ghosts have propagated their species with unequalled fecundity. The spawn is in every novel shop.

(v) The language of the House of Commons. It should have been in other terms. "Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia

So teach our Doctors warlike or divine,
 Simeon-by Cam, or Wyndham on the Rhine.
 Where is *Invention*? is the modern store,
 The same that old Chaldæa knew before;
 All that the Gallick sage, with ill-starr'd wit, 555
 Kens from his ancient (x) telescopick pit?

A U T H O R.

All is not lost: (y) the spirit shall revive:
 Lowth yet instructs, and Blayney's (z) labours live;
 With

talía tangunt." Sorrow is sacred, and should have the language of consolation even from the lips of a Statesman.

(w) See Claude's *Essay on a Sermon with an Appendix*, containing one hundred *Skeletons* of Sermons, &c. By Charles Simeon, M. A. Fellow of King's College Cambridge. 1796.—This is as ludicrous and absurd in a Divine, as the term is offensive and unfeeling in Parliament during the miseries of war.

(x) See the "*Origine des Decouvertes attribuées aux Modernes*" 4to, par Monsieur DUTENS. 1797. The work is rather entertaining, but by no means encouraging, if the ingenious Author did not generally substitute *conjecture* for *proof*. He observes, page 130, in his tenth chapter, "that *the bottom of a pit*, from whence we may see the stars at noon-day, may be *imagined* to be *the primitive telescope*." Mr. Dutens may sit in calm contemplation at *the bottom of his ancient pit*, and from that natural primitive telescope see whatever best pleases his fancy. For my own part I prefer the prospect from a cliff with the assistance of modern ingenuity, whether *invented* by Democritus or Dollond.

With all who wander by the sacred fount,
 (A chosen band!) encircling Sion's mount, 569
 Fast by the fanes and oracles of God,
 And mark, with King, (a), where waves his awful rod.

The

(y) I have in various parts of this Poem spoken of those writers, who have done honour to Great Britain. It is not indeed possible for me to name all those who, even now, form that constellation of ability and talents, which has been or may yet be displayed; and which Plutarch might call, in language somewhat lofty, (I think in his *Treatise de Placitis Philosophorum*) the *Πολλων και συνεχων Αστρων συμφωτιζομενων αλληλοις ΣΥΝΑΥΓΑΣΜΟΝ*.

(z) The deeply-learned Translator and Commentator on Jeremiah, &c. &c. B. Blayney, D. D. Regius Professor of Hebrew; and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford.

(a) As *The French Revolution and its Consequences* must occupy and alarm the thoughts of every man who reflects, and stands in awe of the misery and desolation which have been brought upon the earth, and of the judgments which may be yet impending over Europe, I think I may be excused by many persons for the note which I am now writing. But first I recommend to all those who either ignorantly, or inconsiderately, or impiously, or presumptuously deny, reject, or vilify *the Scriptures*, to pass it over entirely. To them it will be foolishness. They have neither part nor lot in such a discussion. But under this restriction, and under this impression, I am inclined to extend the subject a little, and would call the publick attention with much earnestness to some few parts of a book, printed in the beginning of the year 1788 in 4to, intitled "*Morsels of Criticism, tending to illustrate some passages in the holy scriptures upon philosophical principles, and*"

The truth of evidence, the moral strain,

Nor

an enlarged view of things : by EDWARD KING, Esq. F. R. A. S. printed for Robson and Robinson, in 1788." The title of it is objectionable on every account, open to ignorant ridicule, and unadvised ; but had a second edition of the work been called for, it might easily have been altered.

The author of it appears to me, (*I speak from his book*) to be a gentleman of extensive erudition and ingenuity, and of accurate biblical knowledge, perhaps a little too fond of theory, and sometimes a little whimsical in his application of natural philosophy ; but never without a serious intention and a profound piety. He never forgets *the nature* of the subject he is treating. He seems to approach the sacred writings with that prostration of mind, that distrust of his own powers, and that self-abasement, which are *required* of those, who desire to look into the hidden things of God. I speak of the spirit by which he appears to me to be conducted, and (I repeat it) *I speak from the work alone*. I shall contend for no interpretations given by Mr. King ; but I propose them to publick consideration. I never observed more caution and more wariness than in this writer.

We know, that it is declared, that "the book of Prophecy is sealed *till the time of completion*." But the events of the world, of the Christian world, are so awful and so alarming as to induce us to believe, that they happen not without the immediate providence, and decree of THE SUPREME BEING against the superstition and corruptions of man, and for the fulfilling of *the preparation* for those times, when "the Kingdoms of this world must (*in defiance of all human policy*) become the kingdoms of God and of his Christ."

The direct and circumstantial evidence for Christianity is indeed very extensive, and it is also so minute and clear in many parts of it, and so cogent, as to form the strictest argument, which a matter of fact can admit as a proof. But exclusive of

its

Nor Hurd has preach'd, nor Paley taught in vain ;
Socinus

its doctrines and specifick precepts, there is one point in which this Revelation can never be sufficiently considered, and which without study never will be comprehended, or even imperfectly conceived. Without seriousness, it should never be approached. It is this: "*The general design of SCRIPTURE*, considered as "*historical*, may be said to be, to give us an account of the *World* " in this one single view, AS GOD'S WORLD! by which it appears "*essentially distinguished from all other books*, except such as are " copied from it."† But on this idea it is not my province to enlarge; I mean only to present it as the grand, luminous, leading, and introductory idea on this awful subject. I would conduct the reader into a safe and proper train of thinking, and leave him to pursue his own meditation. I have also read words, which are deemed *apocryphal*, but worthy the highest power. "*All " these things were made THROUGH ME ALONE, and through none " other: BY ME ALSO SHALL THEY BE ENDED, AND BY NONE " OTHER !!!*"‡ Such are the words,

I will therefore offer to persons so disposed, some passages from this work, *written several years before the present events* had taken place in Europe, or could be conceived to be possible. I am not speaking in this note of *any other parts or interpretations in this work* of Mr. King. I am as little disposed to superstition and enthusiasm as any man living; and I do not give them as additions to the idle prophecies and random conjectures which have appeared in such numbers. I have too much reverence for the reader, and for myself on such a subject. Mr. King offers them only as his interpretations of scripture, submitted to a calm discussion. But the circumstance which peculiarly strikes me is this; that they were written *without any specifick reference* to any nation

in

† Butler's Analogy Part 2. Ch. 7. ‡ Esdras, B. 2. Ch. 6. v. 7.

Socinus droops, and baffled Priestley flies, 565
And

in Europe, but simply and in general, that *SUCH* times and *SUCH* events might be expected *in some part* of the Christian world.

The first passage I shall present, is a portion of Mr. King's explanation of the 24th Chapter of St. Mathew's gospel, principally of the 29th verse. || In regard to which he says, "We may remark, if the words are to be understood, as spoken merely emblematically, then the images made use of are such as are well known to *predict* (consistently with their constant use in many other parts of prophecy) *a great destruction and almost annihilation of many of those lawful powers which rule on earth, however beneficial any of them may be to the earth; and A DREADFUL LESSENING OF THE DIGNITY AND SPLENDOUR OF ALL GREATNESS, AND A SUBVERSION OF ALL GOOD ORDER AND CIVIL GOVERNMENT.* Than which nothing can be expected more formidable. Dreadful indeed must be a *TIME, (if such an one is to come) WHEN men are let loose upon each other, possessed of all their present improvements and advantages, but unrestrained either by law and civil government, or by science and good principles; scorning the admonition and authority of those who ought to maintain justice, and assisted by the more rude and barbarous parts of the world, whom they shall find too ready to increase THE UNIVERSAL UPROAR.*" Page 262—3.—At the conclusion of the Remarks on the Revelations, Ch. 16. v. 13 and 14. he says: "*Here while we maintain due reverential fear, our interpretation must end. Nothing but the events themselves, when they come to pass, can rightly explain the rest. And they will certainly speak LOUDLY ENOUGH for themselves,*"

|| Of course I refer the reader to the book itself for the tenor of the whole argument.

And at the strength of Horsley (b) shrinks, and dies.

Nor

“ *selves*, as those before have done. Only I must just remark,
 “ that it *seems*, as if *persecution* and the horrid influences of *super-*
 “ *stition*, and of *ignorance*, and of *barbarism* were allowed to pro-
 “ duce their dire effects, during *the first* part of the period of the
 “ time described *under the Vials*; and as if, IRRELIGION, VANI-
 “ TY, AND A TOTAL WANT OF ALL SERIOUS PRINCIPLE, AND
 “ A MISAPPLICATION OF THE REFINEMENTS OF CIVILIZATION,
 “ were to be ALLOWED to produce THEIR MISCHIEF *also* at the
 “ latter end of that period!” page 453. See also, p. 456 and 457,
 which I could wish to copy, the words are so important, and the
 style so dignified. In the conclusion of which Mr. King observes,
 on the finishing of the mystery of God, “ that as there should be
 “ false Christs and false prophets, so there should be also a dread-
 “ ful subversion of all good government and order, and that *men*
 “ should be let loose upon each other, in defiance of all civil power
 “ and just rule, and of legal restraint.” He subjoins some words
 too remarkable to be passed over. * “ It will be happy for those
 “ who shall live some years hence, if they can prove me guilty of
 “ a mistake in this point. I speak and write with cautious rever-
 “ ence and fear; acknowledging that I am liable to error, and by
 “ no means pretending to prophecy: but still apprehending myself
 “ bound not to conceal the truth, where any matter appears to be
 “ revealed in Holy Scripture; and especially when the bringing an
 “ impending denunciation to light, (if it be a truth) may be an
 “ awful warning and caution to many, AND PREVENT THEIR
 “ BECOMING ACCESSARY TO THE EVIL.†”

* Page 461.

† The following passage from the great Historian Josephus, on the inattention and ignorance of man in regard to the divine predictions, is remarkable. The words are these:

ΤΑΥΤΑ ΜΕΝ, ΙΚΑΛΩΣ ΕΡΕΦΕΝΙΣΘΑΙ ΔΥΝΑΜΕΝΑ ΤΗΝ ΤΕ ΘΕΟΥ ΦΥΣΙΝ ΤΟΙΣ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΙΝΟΙΣ, ΕΙΡΗΚΑΜΕΝ,
 671

Nor second stand in theologick fame,

Sagacious

I must own, I am so struck with these passages, that without any knowledge of this most distinguished Layman *but from his work*, I could *almost* be induced to address him, in the sublime apostrophe of one of the most eloquent Fathers of the ancient Church;

“ Ἀνθρώπε τῷ Θεῷ, πιστέ θεράπον καὶ οἰκονομὴ τῶν τῷ Θεῷ μυστηρίων, ἅμῃ ἐπιθυμίων τῶν τῷ πνεύματι, καλῶ Σε στύλον καὶ ἰδρυματὶς τῆς Εκκλησίας, λόγον ζῶντος ἐπεχόντα, καὶ πιστεῶς εἰσίσμα, καὶ πνεύματος καταγωγίον.”†

Thus || did this very learned and most pious man, in a strain of serious, temperate, and impressive eloquence, deliver his opinion and his interpretation. They will stand before us and our posterity, as the memorial of that lonely wisdom, that reverential application, of the divine word, and of that silent dignity, which can *only* be attained by a retirement (at intervals) from the world which GOD hath made to HIM alone, and by that worship in spirit and in truth, which when joined to human erudition, and to the other cultivation of the understanding, will produce FRUIT

UNTO

ὅτι ποικίλη ἔστι καὶ πολυτρόπος, καὶ πάντα καθ' ὅραν ἀπαντὰ τεταγμένως, ἃ τε δεῖ γενεσθαι προλεγεῖ τὴν τε τῶν ἀνθρώπων Αἰγνοίαν καὶ ἀπιστίαν, ὑφ' ἧς ὕδεν προῖδειν ἐβόησαν τῶν ἀποκησομένων, ἀφύλακτοὶ τε ταῖς συμφοραῖς παρὰδοθήσαν, ὥς ἀμνησθῶν αὐτοῖς εἶναι τὴν ἐξ αὐτῶν πείραν διαφυγεῖν!

Joseph. Antiq. Jud. Lib. 10. S. 3. p. 449. Ed. Hudson. Oxon.

† Gregor. Naz. Orat. 19. (Op. edit. Prunæi. p. 216. Paris 1609.) It was pronounced before the great Basil, when seated upon the archiepiscopal throne of Cæsarea. (A. C. circ. 374.)

|| In the beginning of the year 1788. Mr. K's book was probably written some years before it was offered to the publick.

Sagacious Hey (*c*), and Rennell's (*d*) learned name,
 And Douglas, (*e*) bail'd afar from earliest youth
 Great victor in the well-fought field of truth. 570

To

UNTO LIFE. But I conclude; humbly acknowledging and deeply feeling myself wholly unequal, and altogether unworthy, to speak of the awful sublimity of such subjects. My office can be but ministerial; it is mine only to lead the aspirant to the door of the temple, and to retire.

(*b*) The Right Rev. Samuel Horsley, Bishop of Rochester. In my opinion, the controversy so ably maintained by this learned Prelate against the Herefiarch Priestley, is his peculiar praise. Bishop Horsley reminds me of the celebrated Divine, Charles Leslie. He has often the same strength, the same acuteness, and sometimes the same coarseness of manner. But the argument is cogent, and the arms are irresistible. In theological controversy, Charles Leslie and Bishop Horsley always appear to me, "*Æacidæ similes, Vulcanique arma capeffunt.*"

(*c*) The Rev. John Hey, D. D. late Norrison Professor in the University of Cambridge. The arrangement, the learning, the accuracy, and the extent of his researches in theology, are conspicuous in his laborious and important work, entitled "*Lectures, &c.*" read as Professor.

(*d*) The Rev. Thomas Rennell, D. D. Author of a very able, learned and eloquent Apology for the Church of England, preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, before the Sons of the Clergy, May 10, 1796.

(*e*) The Right Rev. John Douglas, D. D. Bishop of Salisbury; a Prelate whose erudition, penetrating sagacity, and well-directed efforts

To me, all heedless of proud fashion's sneer,
 Maurice (*t*) is learn'd, and Wilberforce (*v*) sincere,
Though

efforts have discovered and overthrown many strong holds of literary imposture. The names of Lauder and Bower are only remembered to their infamy:—The Bishop's Treatise on Miracles, called "The Criterion," should be reprinted. Why is it not again presented to the publick? (Oct. 1797.)

(*t*) *The Reverend Thomas Maurice, Author of "Indian Antiquities, in 6 vol. 8vo," and of "the History of Hindostan, its Arts and its Sciences, as connected with the History of the other great Empires of Asia, during the most ancient periods of the world."* Vol. 1. 4to. is only yet published. The publick are well acquainted with their merits. But it is with the most serious concern, that I read what Mr. Maurice has declared in his dedication, that "*This History commenced under the patronage of the Court of the East India Directors, is dedicated to them, in humble hopes of their continued support of a work, which MUST SINK WITHOUT THAT * SUPPORT.*" Learning has felt a degradation from these words. I am not to be told, that researches like these of Mr. Maurice are liable to the caprice of erudition, and of uncertain application, and that his style, matter, and manner are frequently too luxuriant and diffuse. The foundation of a temple may be strong, though every ornament on the pillars may not be just.—(Nov. 1797.)

(*v*) See, "A practical View of the prevailing religious system of Professed Christians in the higher and middle classes in this country,

* The E. I. Company subscribed for a certain number of Copies. This is not patronage.

(Though on his page some pause in sacred doubt)
As Gisborne (*b*) serious, and as Pott (*c*) devout.

Not

country, contrasted with real Christianity." By William Wilberforce, Esq. M. P. for the county of York.—Some very serious persons have their doubts as to the theological principles of this work in their *full* extent, and I fear it is *too rigid and exclusive* in its doctrines. There is also too much of a *sectarian* language, which cannot be approved. But of the intention, virtue, learning, and patriotism of the eloquent and well informed Senator, I have the most honourable and decided opinion. His work is vehement, impassioned, urgent, fervid, instant; though sometimes copious to prolixity, and in a few parts even to tediousness. Perhaps it is the production of an orator rather than of a writer. I should think it had been *dictated*. Throughout the whole, there is a manly fortitude of thought, firm and unshrinking. But for my own part, for obvious reasons, I dislike the term, "*Real Christianity*," as exclusively applied to any *set* of propositions drawn from the gospel. If I regard external circumstances, I would not indeed take theology from Athanasius or Bossuet, morality from Seneca, or politicks from Lansdowne or Siéyes. But I will own, that from a scrutiny into the publick and private character of Mr. Wilberforce, I am *inclined* to think that his enemies would be *forced* into an acknowledgment, (as it is recorded in the words of a prophet), that "they can find no occasion against this man, except they find it against him concerning the law of his God." A reader of his work must be good or bad *in the extreme*, who may not receive some advantage from such a composition. I am indeed unworthy to praise it, and I feel myself so. If I may descend from divinity to mere philosophy,

I shall

Nor yet ungrac'd may Sullivan (*d*) remain, 575
 Serene in fancy, nor in science vain ;
 But

I shall add, that if Mr. Wilberforce proceeds and acts upon the sublimity of such principles, we may apply to him the expressions drawn from the fountain of Plato by his most enthusiastic votary, Plotinus. “ Ἀφ’ ἑαυτῆ μεταβαίνει, ὡς εἰκὼν πρὸς ἀρχετύπον, τέλος ἔχων τῆς πορείας !” He will best comprehend the high and holy sentence which declares what is the life of such men ; “ Ὅσα θεῶν καὶ ἀνθρώπων θείων καὶ εὐδαίμωνων εἶδος, ἀπαλλαγῇ τῶν ἄλλων τῶν τῆδε, εἶδος ἀνθρώπου τῶν τῆδε, ΦΥΓῆ ΜΟΝΟΥ ΠΡΟΣ ΜΟΝΟΝ !” Plotini Ennean : 6. L. 9. c. xi.

(*b*) The Reverend Thomas Gisborne, M. A. Author of an Enquiry into the Duties of Men, &c. and of the Female Sex, &c. &c. eminently entitled to the publick esteem and gratitude.

(*c*) The Rev. J. H. Pott, M. A. the learned and excellent Arch-deacon of St. Alban’s. In his writings instructive, laborious in his office, and exemplary in his life, and in his profession.

(*d*) Richard Joseph Sullivan, Esq. F. R. S. and F. A. S. author of “ Philosophical Rhapsodies, &c.” and of a work entitled “ A View of Nature, in Letters to a Traveller among the Alps, with Reflections on Atheistical Philosophy now exemplified in France, in six vol. 8vo.” A work of labour and of general utility, digested from original writers with judgment, and with an upright virtuous heart, in a pleasing and instructive manner.

It

But still, though oft his various works I scan,
I quit the volume, when I find the man.

Herschell (*f*), with ampler mind and magick glass,
Mid worlds and worlds revolving as they pass, 580
Pours

It appears to be intended merely *as an introduction* to works of deeper science; and I consider it in this light. I dwell with affection on such a character as Mr. Sullivan; and, if this were the place, and if India were the theme, I might make honourable mention of the works and excellence of his Brother, John Sullivan, Esq.

(*f*) Dr. Herschell's new doctrine concerning the *Materia Solaris*, has attracted much attention among the learned. I offer to their consideration a curious passage, which I met with when I was reading with a very different purpose. The Platonick PROCLUS, in the third book of the Commentaries on the *Timæus* of his great Master, mentions that Aristotle (whom, surely with justice, he calls ὁ θαυμαστός Ἀριστοτέλης) hints, *that the Sun and the Stars are not absolutely bodies of fire*. The words are these: "Τὸν τῶν Ἀστέρων χορόν, καὶ αὐτὸν τὸν μέγαν Ἥλιον, οὐκ ὄντα ἐκ πυρὸς." Procli Comment. in *Timæum Platonis*, Edit. Basil. Gr. 1534. p. 141. There is another singular passage (not so explicit as this from Proclus) in the first book, de *Cælo*, of the Second Ennead of Plotinus the Platoniorum Coryphæus, as he has been called: he talks also, rather quaintly from Aristotle, of a "Πῦρ τῇ τῶν Ἀστέρων προσφορὸν φύσει." Plotin: Ennead. 2 L. 1. page 99, &c. Edit. Basil. cum comment. Ficini—The reader is referred to Dr. Herschell's most curious paper "On the Nature and Construction of the Sun and Fixed Stars." Phil. Transf. Part. I. 1795.

Pours the full cluster'd radiance from on high,
 That fathomless abyfs of Deity.
 Who in the depth abstruse of intellect
 A greater now than Waring (g) fhall expect?
 Lo, where Philosophy extends her fway, 585
 Guides future Navies o'er the tracklefs way,
 More voluble and firm; fo, ftrong in thought,
 The royal Synod Atwood (b) fate and taught.
 Who may forget thee, (i) Beattie? ruftick (k) Burns,
 And all his artlefs wood-notes Scotland mourns. 590
 With

(g) Edward Waring, M. D. Profeflor of the Mathematicks in the Univerfity of Cambridge. (1797.)

(b) See a Paper in the Philof. Tranf. 1796. Part I. entitled "The Conftitution and Analysis of geometrical propofitions, determining the pofitions affumed by homogeneous bodies which float freely and at reft, on a fluid furface, alfo *determining the ftability of fhips* and other floating bodies, by GEORGE ATWOOD, Efq. F. R. S." The R. S. prefented Mr. Atwood with their medal on this occafion.—The names of Herfchell, Atwood, Maskelyne, Cavendifh, Woollafton, Milner, &c. dignify the Royal Society. We have yet fome "Mafters Builders in the Sciences," as Mr. Locke once expreffed himfelf. (Preface to his Effay on the H. U.) (1797.)

(i) James Beattie, L. L. D. Author of "The Minftrel, a Poem in two books." It is for ever to be regretted that this true Poet,

D d.

and

With England's Bard, with Cowper, who shall vie?
 Original in strength and dignity,
 With more than painter's fancy blest, with lays
 Holy, as faints to heav'n expiring raise. (1)

See,

and most excellent man never finished his exquisite poem. My mind dwells upon it, particularly on the First Part, even from my boyish days at school.

(*) Robert Burns. The Ayresshire Ploughman. An original Poet.

(1) William Cowper, Esq. Author of "The Task." — Τὸν Μῦθον ἰσὺν θεοῖς! Such are the words of the divine Ascræan, in his Theogonia. Of these Muses seated on *our own* Parnassus, it may be said,

"There did they sit, and do their holy deed,
 'That pleas'd both heaven and earth."

Bishop Hall's Satires. B. I. S. 2.

The conclusion of the Poet's work is so sacred, so dignified, so unequalled in simplicity and unaffected piety, that I hope none will read it without those sensations, and without that improvement, it seems designed to inspire.

"BUT ALL IS IN HIS HAND whose praise I seek;
 In vain the Poet sings and the world hears,
 If HE regard, not, though divine the theme.
 'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
 And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
 To charm HIS ear, who looks upon the heart:
 Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
 Whose approbation—prosper even mine."

See, with the fire of youth how art combines, 595
 When Milton's muse with Westfall's (II) pencil joins!
 For Athens Cumberland (III) seems born alone,
 To bid her comick Patriot be our own.

High

(II) The magnificent edition of Milton by Boydell and Nicol, with Westfall's designs. *MUSARUM DONA VOCAREM.*

(III) RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq. an author of various talents, and of very considerable learning. It is scarcely necessary to enumerate his compositions, in particular his dramatick works, which have received the sanction of publick esteem. In my opinion he has done *very great* service to the cause of morality and of literature. He is author of a work called "The Observer," and from the translations, in that work, of the fragments of the Greek comick writers, I believe all learned readers will agree, that he is the only man in the kingdom (with whom we are *publickly* acquainted) equal to the translation of Aristophanes. I wish it were to be the amusement of his retired hours. I shall never think he has been "publick too long." But as he has quitted *the stage*, (as he has affirmed himself, though Poets sometimes will make *False Impressions*,) such a translation would be an easy, yet an adequate and honourable employment for a man of unquestionable genius, versatility of talents, and knowledge of the world, and a *consummate master* of the poetical language of our best ancient dramatick writers. Let us hope that Aristophanes may yet be our own. (July 1797.)

High from the climes of Latium's happier day
 The Muse on Roscoe (*m*) darts her noontide ray;
 And with each soft, each reconciling pow'r, 601
 Sheds gleams of peace on Melmoth's (*n*) closing hour.
 Lo, Granta hails (what need the Sage to name?)
 Her lov'd Iapis on the banks of Cam; (*o*)

While

(*m*) William Roscoe, Esq. the historian of Lorenzo de Medici called the Magnificent. See the P. of L. Dialogue III. at the conclusion.

(*n*) WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq. a most elegant and distinguished writer, "near half an age with every good man's praise." His translation of Cicero and Pliny will speak for him, while Roman and English eloquence can be united. Mr. Melmoth is a happy example of the mild influence of learning on a cultivated mind, I mean of that learning which is declared to be the aliment of youth, and the delight and consolation of declining years. Who would not envy this "FORTUNATE OLD MAN" his most finished translation and comment on Tully's *Cato*? or rather, who would not rejoice in the refined and mellowed pleasures of so accomplished a gentleman, and so liberal a scholar? (1797.)

(*o*) I wish, (and every Etonian and every member of the University of Cambridge of good character will join me heart and hand) that this great, disinterested, virtuous, and CONSUMMATE SCHOLAR AND PHYSICIAN, *now* by learning and religion conducted

While to the goal in their sublime career 605
 Bryant and Burke (p) the torch triumphant bear.
 Whence

conducted with dignity to the close of life, may be known by this affectionate verse to all posterity, "*The lov'd IAPIS on the banks of Cam.*"

DIIS DILECTE SENEX, te Jupiter æquus oportet
 Nascentem, et miti lustrârit lumine Phœbus
 Atlantisque nepos; neque enim *nisi charus ab ortu*
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.
 Hinc longæva viret lento sub flore Senectus,
 Nondum deciduos *servans* TIBI frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vicens, et adultum mentis acumen.
 Ergo Ego te Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi
 MANSE PATER, JUBEO LONGUM SALVERE PER ÆVUM!

MILTON AD MANSUM.

I know not what should restrain me on this occasion. For the eternal honour of the University of Cambridge, *in this our age*, to the following names which I have selected with the severest judgment of which I am capable, GRAY, HURD, OGDEN, BALGUY, and BRYANT, I will add the name of her *Dilectus Iapis*,—ROBERT GLYNN!

TANTO HOMINI FIDUS, TANTÆ VIRTUTIS AMATOR?

(Nov. 1797.)

(p) It is to be wished, that these TWO GREAT MEN may now conclude their political and literary labours. *Finem dignum et optimo viro et opere sanctissimo faciant!*" (b)

Since

(b) Quintil. Lib. 12. Cap. 11.

Whence is that groan? no more Britannia sleeps,
But o'er her lost Musæus (*q*) bends and weeps.

Lo,

Since writing the above, when I heard of the death of that
UNEQUALLED man, the Rt. Hon. EDMUND BURKE†, I could only
say, to my friend,

Ἡ μάλα λυγρὴ

Πευσταὶ ἀγγελίης, ἢ ἔκ ὠφέλλει γενέσθαι·

Κεῖται ΠΗΛΕΙΔΗΣ!

Such was my veneration for THIS GREAT MAN, when living,
such is the depth of my homage, and the secret affliction of my
spirit at his departure. It appears to me expedient and grateful,
that we should all remember and revere THE MAN to whose *primal*
exertions (it cannot be repeated too frequently) we *originally* owe
the publick sense of the moral, political, and religious danger of
England from the grand *crushing* CABAL, grounded and rooted in
France, and branching out and overshadowing all Europe. I
speak, as I think, in sincerity. We cannot indeed, without
much reflection, understand the *full* nature and extent of the
publick

† July 1797.—See Mr. Burke's character, in "The Imperial
Epistle from Kien Long, Emperor of China, to George the Third
of Great Britain." v. 117. page 19. Edit. 8vo. As far as de-
pends upon me, the words of Pindar shall be verified on this great
man :

Τὸν μὲν ὅτε θανόντ' Αἰοῖται

Ἐλπίοντ'· ἀλλὰ οἱ

Παρα τε πυρὰν ταφῆν

Θ' Ἐλικωνίαι παρθένοι

Ἔσται, ἐπὶ θρήνον τε πολυφάμον ἐχέουαν. Ἐδοξεν

Ἀρὰ δ' Ἀθανατοῖς

Ἔσθον γέ φῶτα καὶ φθιμενον ὕμνοις Θείαν δίδομεν.

Pind. Isth. O. 3.

Lo, every Grecian, every British Muse
 Scatters the recent flow'rs, and gracious dew, 610
 Where MASON lies ; he sure their influence felt,
 And in his breast each soft affection dwelt,
 That love and friendship know ; each sister art,
 With all that Colours, and that Sounds impart,
 All that the sylvan theatre can grace, 615
 All in the soul of MASON "FOUND THEIR PLACE!"

Low

publick obligation to Mr. Burke. I would not vindicate any man from the cradle to the grave ; much less a politician and a statesman. The very region of Politicks is baneful ; it is too frequently, "the soil the *Vices* like." Every statesman, in or out of power, knows his own meanness, the turbulence of his passions, the rattles of office, the irritation of opponents, the jealousy of rank, and the impatience of consoled power. All this is true. But still, when I have revolved the various labours of EDMUND BURKE, and THE CAUSE HE HAS MAINTAINED, (as it *generally* regards government, religion, and society, not the details of the war and its conduct) I say, with this allowance for the feverous frailty of the passions, and the taint of mortality in all our best actions, I would record in lasting characters, and in our holiest and most honourable temple, the departed Orator of England, the Statesman, and the Christian, EDMUND BURKE ! "*Remuneratio ejus CUM ALTISSIMO!*" (1797.)

(q) The Rev. William Mason, M. A. author of *Elfrida*, *Caractacus*, *Musæus*, a *Monody* on Mr. Pope, *The English Garden*, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Low sinks the laurell'd head; in Mona's land
 I see them pass, 'tis Mador's drooping band,
 To harps of woe in holiest obsequies, 619
 " *In yonder grave, they chant, OUR DRUID lies!*"

HE (r) too, whom Indus and the Ganges mourn,
 The glory of their banks, from Isis torn,
 In learning's strength is fled, in judgment's prime,
 In science temp'rate, various, and sublime;
 To him familiar every legal doom, 625
 The courts of Athens, or the halls of Rome,
 Or Hindoo Vedas taught; for him the Muse
 Distill'd from *every* flow'r Hyblæan dew;
 Firm, when exalted, in demeanour grave,
 Mercy and truth were his, he lov'd to save. 630
 His mind collected; at opinion's shock
 JONES stood unmov'd, and from the Christian rock,
 Cœlestial brightness beaming on his breast,
 He saw THE STAR, and worshipp'd in the East.

Thou

(r) SIR WILLIAM JONES. One of the Judges of the Supreme
 Court of Judicature in Bengal, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Thou too, OCTAVIUS, that dread hour must feel,
 Nor eloquence, nor wit, nor patriot zeal, 636
 Nor piety sincere without the show,
 Nor every grace Pierian pow'rs bestow
 From pure Ilyssus, and the Latian shore,
 What Swift, or great Erasmus felt before, 640
 May save thee!—yet, yet long, so friendship calls,
 May guardian angels hover round the walls,
 Where love and virtue fix their blest abode,
 Friend of thy country, servant of thy God! (s)

OCTAVIUS yes, it is, it shall be mine, 645
 With praise appropriate (b) still to grace my line;
 To

(s) In this political and depressing period, it is some comfort to divert the attention for a moment to such characters of literary and poetical excellence as The Rev. William Mason, and Sir William Jones: and to be able to add *my own* Octavius. OCTAVIUS OPTIMUS, are the legitimate words of Horace. With an allowance for the partiality of friendship, (and who that ever felt such an affection will refuse to grant it) and with sorrow that *now* he must *neither be understood nor named*, I assert with truth, that OCTAVIUS is formed to move among the highest and the foremost in the state, though contented and submitting to act in a station, certainly not without honour, yet inadequate to his faculties. “*Exornet atatis nostræ gloriam!*” (1797.)

To mark where Genius foars, beyond controul,
 With Mantuan judgment and the Theban soul;
 Correct,

(*b*) It is pleasing and satisfactory to think, that *all* books which are absolutely *required* to strengthen, exalt, purify, and inform the understanding, and consequently to correct and enlarge the affections and the heart, are of easy access and of easy price. With the luxury of learning and the modern elegance of types and paper, I have nothing to do, but *earnestly to deprecate all needless extravagance, and brilliant folly in new publications*, if they are designed to be of service to the world, and to be purchased. The august and sublime monuments of religion and of genius may be adorned without blame, or rather with great commendation. When the Bible, Shakspeare, and Milton appear in all the splendour of typographick art, and the magnificence of decoration from the pencil, who does not feel a secret pride in the honour reflected on the discerning liberality of his country? Such books may be considered as typographical pictures of eminent artists. Pictures however are not necessary for the closet of a student; but they may adorn the museum of a nation or an university, and dignify the repositories of the opulent and patrician literati. Atticus is magnificent in such patronage, though Rutilius may incur some censure. This is a noble and laudable use of the superfluity of wealth. It is also political in the highest degree. In times like these, men of talents and genius, when unemployed and let loose upon the world, become too frequently the pest of society, and the canker worms of the community.—It is indeed high time to awake out of sleep, and to discern the peculiar use of every blessing. In all our actions, we should have a view to the stability of society and of well-regulated government. It becomes

Correct, majestick, copious, full, and strong,
In arts, in arms, in eloquence, or song ; 650
Still proud to vindicate unseen, unknown,
The State, the Laws, the Altar, and the Throne.

OCTAVIUS.

Here close the strain; and o'er your studious hour
May truth preside and virtue's holiest pow'r !
Still be your knowledge temp'rate and (e) discreet,
Though

comes *us all* to observe and separate the essential and unvarying laws of order from the principles of confusion, and the dictates of sound sense from the wildness of ungoverned fancy, and of presumptuous intellect. The grand end and aim may at last be *thus* effected; and we may, by choice and conviction, turn from *lying vanities* to the spirit of truth and of life.

(e) The advice of Octavius is good, but not applicable to a man so insignificant as his friend. But to men of knowledge and of ability in every department of life it is of deep importance. I lament and am indignant, when I think of such a scholar as Dr. Parr, and the waste of erudition and talents. Let him stand for a genus. "Knowledge alone is not our proper happiness. Men of deep research and curious enquiry should just be put in mind, *not to mistake what they are doing.*" The want of

Though not as Jones sublime, as Bryant great; 656
Prepar'd

of discretion and prudence has ruined more men of learning and genius than the time would allow me to mention. Without this sobriety of intellect nothing is strong, nothing is great. Without this prudence, without this discernment of time and circumstance, and *the habit of regularity*, without an *attention* to the decencies of society and of common life, and of the principles by which all men, however gifted, *must* indiscriminately be conducted, all our attainments are nothing worth. They will never procure us esteem or respectability among men. The world will but smile at such scholars; and ministers, when called upon to promote them, will tell you not without reason, "*they are not producible.*"† Let me give two passages on this subject, one from Milton, the other from Dr. Johnson, variously applicable and of deepest consequence.

" He who reads

Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unfettled still remains,
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore."

P. R. b. 4. v. 322.

To men of genius (as at least they are called) Dr. Johnson gave this solemn admonition: "This relation (of the life of
" SAVAGE)

† The words of the Duke of Newcastle on such an occasion, when he was Prime Minister in George the Second's reign. They were spoken of A MAN, whose genius, talents, eloquence, and erudition honoured and supported the Church of England. *And he was not promoted.*

Prepar'd to prove (*f*) in Senate, or the Hall,

That

"SAVAGE) will not be wholly without its use, if those who, in
"confidence of superior capacities or attainments, *disregard the*
"common maxims of life, shall be reminded *that nothing will sup-*
"ply the want of prudence, and that negligence and irregularity,
"long continued, will make *knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and*
"genius contemptible." Dr. Johnson's Life of Sayage, at the
conclusion.

"Deign on the passing world to cast thine eyes,

"And pause awhile from letters, TO BE WISE."

(*f*) No factions ever proceeded to attempt A REVOLUTION in
any country, but first under the pretence and through the Me-
dium of A REFORM. We have been told with effrontery and
with fallhood, that the Constitution of England exists only in
the imagination; yet we may read the Bill of Rights. The fact
is this. Modern framers of political constitutions will never be
satisfied, till they are laid down like the elements of mathema-
ticks in the manner of Euclid; Definitions, Axioms, Postulates,
primary propositions, and subsequent propositions, built upon
and proved by the preceding, with corollaries and deductions.
One strange writer, (perhaps it is the first time the reader ever
heard of him) says, "A CONSTITUTION must be produced *en-*
tire, and at the same time: it must be simple in its construction,
and PERFECT in all its parts." Malkin's Essays on Civilization,
8vo. (1795) p. 122. I had fondly thought that Lord Bacon had
distinguished the works of nature from those of art, in that
masterly and memorable sentence, "Natura omnium partium
rudimenta simul parit et procreat."§ I suppose a political Con-
stitution

§ De Augment. Scient.

That states by learning rise, by learning fall ;

Serene,

stitution is the work of human art. Indeed if Mr. Malkin were describing a *perfect* poem, epick or tragick, he could not have expressed himself more critically. Yet thus it is, that *our* present theoretical writers sport with man and his passions. They certainly consider *us all* as passive machines, and *they apply their laws*, with as much cool indifference to their fellow-creatures, and with as little feeling, as they would *apply the axe*, or any mechanical instrument, to lop a tree or to raise a weight. Their systems uniformly proceed on this principle. They never vary. Mercy is not in all their thoughts; there is no allowance for human frailty, no revision of judgment. Man has offended: he *must* die the death. Gnosius hæc Rhadamanthus habet DURISSIMA REGNA. We have all seen and felt, *what* the revolutionary principle is.

We must never for a moment forget, *that* THE OBJECT OF FRANCE, *from her first revolution, has been and is* TO CHANGE THE GOVERNMENT IN EVERY STATE IN EUROPE, *and in every other part of the world which she can pervade or influence.* Look in Germany, in Belgium, in Italy, in Switzerland, in Spain, in the isles of the Eastern or of the Western Archipelago; cast your view, broad and unrestrained, from the dominions of the Porte to the banks of the Ohio or the Mississippi, not a state, not a fortress, not a work, not a fragment of nature or of art, not a cliff, not a torrent, not a precipice, but has felt the shock and impulse of revolutionary terror. *Abyssus abyssum invocat!* One deep has called upon another, the winds have blown the signal
of

Serene, not senseless, through the awful storm,

In

of encounter, and the cataracts are roaring and conflicting; or in the resounding language of the poet of Panopolis §,

Συνερχομένων νεφών μυχῆσσι βοῶντων

Βρονταὶν ἑαυδαίως ἐβόων οὐρανὸς ἤχῳ!

I must claim excuse and indulgence for my expressions; if indeed it can be required at an hour like the present. My mind is either borne down, or hurried away with the terrors of impending desolation, and the overthrow or confusion of fixed, regulated, established government. My sensations are solitary; but they are deep. Τὴν ψυχὴν μὲν διέρχεται βοῶσα. I have indeed the consolation of affectionate and honourable friendship, and I am not without the approval of a few who are wise and good: but I cannot say, that “in my life-time I have had too much of noise and compliment. †” I have risen in silence: and in peace and privacy it is my desire to set, and to depart. But can any of us see what we have seen, and not labour to avert it from our own country? If I could conceive a man of less political significance than myself, (not from my endeavours but from my situation,) I would call even on him for assistance. But I would also add still more fervently, that if all and each of us, who *feel* the time, and the power of these days of darkness and of desolating tyranny, can be persuaded in the spirit of seriousness and of temperate national piety, “to offer up prayers and supplications, with

§ Nonnus Dionys. Lib. 41. v. 84. p. 1059. Edit. Hanov. 1610.

† An expression in the affecting Will of the Rt. H. Edmund Burke. What declaration, what testimony, what experience will convince us of the “Vera bona atque illis multum diversa, remotâ erroris nebulâ?”

In principle sedate, to shun Reform;

660

To

with strong cries unto HIM, WHO IS YET ABLE TO SAVE US FROM DEATH;" who knows, but that "We may yet be heard, in that we have feared?"

The object, the undiverted object of France is THE OVERTHROW OF ENGLAND! NOS NOSTRAQUE, the form of our government, the fundamental laws, and the principles by which property is acknowledged, and SECURED. These have been attacked by assault, by storm, by breach, by sedition, by the arms of ribaldry, of obscenity, of blasphemy. At one time they open upon us the floodgates of treason and madness, at another they sap the foundation by a circuitous stream winding and working unperceived. We appeal to facts and actions, not to promises and declarations. They know that a Revolution can alone be effected by a political Reform: there is no other mode, I speak not of conquest by war.

A State may prove bankrupt; but I would inculcate it with peculiar earnestness, *that, A REVOLUTION IS NOT THE NECESSARY CONSEQUENCE OF BANKRUPTCY.* I view with fear the finances of Great Britain, but not without a rational hope of final, though tardy restoration. || The proposal of Reform is my specifick apprehension. I would strenuously resist all the proposers of Reform: Mr. Pitt formerly, and Mr. Gray at present. I

confess

|| In the year 1740, Lord Bolingbroke wrote to Sir W. Wyndham on the state of publick affairs, during *the Secession* from Parliament.

"The British Constitution of Government is at A GREAT CRISIS, *which must turn either to life or death.* The disease cannot be long borne. God knows, whether *the remedies* can." Coxe's Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole. Correspondence; Vol. 3. p. 351.

Fifty

To mark man's intellect, its strength and bound,

Nor

confess I never could understand the great Lord Chatham's celebrated expression of "infusing a portion of *new* health into the constitution to enable it to bear its infirmities." Junius (in his very last letter) calls it "brilliant and full of intrinsic wisdom." For my own part, I think it is but false glitter, and full of intrinsic nonsense, when applied poetically. It is the mere rage of metaphor. It is to call the mind a sheet of white paper, till at last we are brought to think the resemblance to be the very thing signified. The use of metaphor is to illustrate, not to prove.

Government, take it in any of its complex forms, can be carried on but in three ways: by unfulfilled principle and undeviating virtue in the Governors, and perhaps in the people; by force

Fifty eight years have passed since this was written. The state of the National Debt at that period, and the danger of *Jacobitism*, may be compared with the burthen of the present time, and the horrors of French *Jacobinism*. The present *Seceders* from Parliament will do well to consider their predecessors in this ridiculous, or rather wicked, scheme. Bolingbroke, in a subsequent letter to Sir W. Wyndham, says; "The *Jacobite* party in Britain" is an *un-organized lump of inert matter, without a principle of "life or action in it, capable of mobility perhaps, but more capable of divisibility, and utterly void of spontaneous motion."* (Coxe's Memoirs. Vol. 3. p. 555.) If it were possible to describe a party by its opposite qualities, how curious and fearful is it to contrast the modern French *JACOBIN Faction* in Great Britain! Whatever be its size, or dimensions, it is nothing but *organization, quick matter, life and action, immobility in principle, full of spontaneous motion, one and indivisible.*

Sic furis CACI mens effera; nec quid inausum
Aut intractatum scelerisve dolive!

Nor deem stability on change to found ;

To

force and terror ; or by mitigated law and influence. Who does not wish for the first ? Who expects to see it ? In states highly civilized, the mixed mode of law and influence on the minds of free agents appears to me the only mode in which tranquillity, security, and general happiness can be tolerably preserved, with the allowance of human frailty. I detest corruption, open or secret, as much as any man. But when I see an assembly formed on any principles however sublime, or deep, or disinterested, I remember it is formed of men. Menander said long ago ; *Ἀνθρώπος ἴαντι προφασίς*. It is man ; his name explains the rest. I never will consent to think, that Government is a matter of perpetual experiment. I would graft new regulations upon the old principles by a very gradual removal of what is absurd, obsolete, useless, or an incumbrance. It was the boast of Citizen Lord Stanhope, that he would teach the Judges law, and the Bishops religion. I have no such ambition : but at present I would recommend to Charles Abbott, Esq. M. P. the new *Digester* of our Laws, not to be too subtle in the process. Mr. Abbott is a gentleman of learning, virtue, ability, and upright conduct ; but in such a cause the best among us must be warned of the danger of experiment. *Ὁ καιρὸς οὗτος, ἡ πείρα σφαλερή*, said the Father of Physick, in the depth of his aphorismick wisdom. But caution is not timidity. It is not every political chemist who can throw off into his work the spirit of legislation, unmingled with the grosser dregs and feculence of the mass.

Let us *now*, and at all times, be vigilant with determinate courage. We know, beyond the possibility of a doubt, *what* freedom, *what* equality of power among the citizens, what fraternity, what

To feel with Mirabeau, that "Words are Things," (g)
While

what comfort, what happiness, and what security France has offered, and *given* too, to all countries, which have either bowed voluntarily, or have been subjected, to her tyranny. Take Cicero's expressions, As to themselves; "Licet, quod videtur, publicum judicare: quod judicaverint, vendere." As to other nations, friend or foe; "Perspici non potest, utrum severitas acerbior, an benignitas quæstuosior sit." Such are the words in that elaborate and consummate Oration by Cicero on the Agrarian Law, which every man would do well to read and consider in the original, or in a translation. It is peculiarly pertinent to the present time. When Demosthenes raised his mighty voice against a decree proposed by Aristocrates, he bespoke the attention of his audience as to a private man, who had neither part in the administration of the state, nor influence from his connections. He bespoke their favour on *this* ground. He thought the interest of Athens was alone a sufficient plea. "Επειδαν ἔχι των ἐνοχλητῶν ὑμας; ὕδα των πεπολιτευμένων καὶ πιστευομένων παρ' ὑμῖν ὡς, πῶς ἄν τι τῶν τῶν φημι δεῖξιν πεπραγμένων."† For my own part *without any other pretensions*, political or literary, than the love I feel to my country, her laws, her religion, her ordinances, and her government, and the labour I have exerted to understand and to preserve them, I would earnestly and affectionately remind my Countrymen in this perilous and pressing hour, of the eloquent words of Demonax, as they are recorded by Lucian; "Constitutions and doctrines like *these you will never decree, till you have first removed or overthrown THE ALTAR OF MERCY!*" The words of the original are full of dignity: Μη προτερον, ὦ Ἀθηναῖοι, ἰσφισσεσθε, ἀν μὴ τὴν ΕΛΕΟΣ τοῦ ἑωμον καθελητε ‡.

† Κατὰ Ἀριστοκράτους. Demosth. Ed. Gr. Benen. 1570. p. 493.

‡ Lucian. Demonax. p. 555. Ed. Fol. Bourdelotii.

While in Delusion's ear their magick rings,

Through

(g) A celebrated saying of the famous Mirabeau, in the beginning of the French revolution.—I would, in this concluding note, observe with great earnestness and affection to my Country, that in all the departments of society, government, religion, or literature, the French have at all times maintained ONE UNVARYING SYSTEM OF DECEPTION, when under the ancient monarchy, or ~~now~~ under the iron, unrelenting tyranny of their new republick. Their manner of reasoning is, and always has been, sophistical. We are in perpetual danger of being misled by the appearance of reason. We have always ground for distrust. Take a specimen from thousands and tens of thousands of instances. Many years ago, in a collection entitled "Lettres Historiques et Politiques," a French Statesman used these words to Mr. D'Alembert, "Je ne veux point admettre dans les arrêts de Conseil *un vrai* " *trivial*, une clarté trop familière. Je veux *un vrai de recherche*, " *une clarté elegante, une naïveté fine, toute brillante de termes* " *pompeux, relevés inopinément de phrases arrondies, de voca-* " *tifs intermediaires et d'adverbes indéfinis.*"* Nothing can be more characteristic of French Statesmen. Be but sufficiently *unintelligible*, have but your *vocatifs intermediaires* et your *adverbes indéfinis*, and the business is done. Language without meaning, phrases to blind the people, and ideas to delude. But when the scheme is accomplished, and when they obtain the power, their language is perfectly intelligible.

Next take an instance in Literature. Men of learning have always had a proper value for the Greek language, for reasons

too

* Lett. Hist. et Polit. Vol. 4. p. 176.

Through states, or armies, in the camp, or street,
And

too obvious for me to state. In general the French are ignorant of it. Indeed Mr. Camus (the Deputy) some time ago published an edition of Aristotle §, *Περὶ Ζῴων*, moderate enough as I thought from a slight inspection. But in general the French Philosophers, who by their works prepared the Revolution, are perpetually despising or ridiculing the Greek language. I only speak of their *manner* of effecting their purpose. One of the acutest, most dangerous, and most insidious of them all, Mr. D'Alembert,

§ I know not whether the French have been taught by the Citizen Commentator Camus to have recourse to the metaphysics of Aristotle, when he declares that "Equality is really Sameness," or as the Stagyrice himself expresses it, ἡ ἰσότης, ἑνότης.† The French Commentators never vary in their sense. With his "Magna Moralia," they have nothing to do; but they seem marvellously to agree with him respecting *the dignity and priority* of the science and practice of (THEIR) *Politicks*, in every state of Europe. Ἡ Πολιτικὴ κυριωτάτη καὶ ἀρχιτεκτονικὴ. Τίνας γὰρ εἶναι χρῆμα τῶν ἐπιστημῶν ἐν ταῖς πόλεσι, καὶ ποίας ἐκαστὴς μάθαιναι, καὶ μέχρι τίνος, ἌΥΤΗ ΔΙΑΤΑΣΣΕΙ! I am grieved to add the words which follow: Ὁρῶμεν τὰς ἐντιμωτάτας τῶν ἀνταρξῶν ΤΠΟ ΤΑΥΤΗΝ ΟΥΤΕΑΣ!‡ I cannot also help observing that *mutatis mutandis*, the letter of a modern French General to any State resembles one from a Grecian Courtezan, in Alciphron's collection. The fraternal and meretricious demand are not much unlike. Philumena says to Crito, "Why do you trouble yourself to write so often? I want *Fifty* (or fifty million) PIECES OF GOLD; I do not want letters: *If you love me, GIVE ME MONEY!* Farewell. (Health and *Fraternity!*") The Greek is more emphatick: Πεντηκοντα χρυσῶν δεῖ, καὶ γραμμάτων οὐ δεῖ. Εἰ μὲ φιλᾷς δός." Alciphron. Lib. 1. Ep. 40. Edit. Bergleri 1791. p. 61. (1798.)

† Arist. Metaphys. L. 10. C. 3.

‡ Arist. Ethic. Nichom. L. 1. C. 2.

And now a School revolts, and now a FLEET.

Go,

bert, has these words. "*Ab, si vous saviez le Grec!—Ceux qui sçavent, ou croient savoir, l'Hebreu, l'Arabe, le Syriacque, le Copte ou le Copte (as if he cared how it was pronounced) le Persan, ou le Chinois, pensent et parlent de même, et par les memes raisons.*"|| We see, that the French Philosopher by confounding the Arabick, Coptick, Syriack, and Chinese with the Greek, insinuates that there is an equal use in them all, that is, to the generality of scholars and to the world at large, little or no use at all. This does not merit any answer; but we see the nature of a French Philosopher's proof, and the manner of his argument. In short, he either knows every thing, or there is no manner of use at all in any thing that he does not know.

I think from continued observation, I understand the nature of these men. Their literature, their politicks, their philosophy, all terminate in the same point. "*Croyez Moi,*" are the words, whether they speak to an individual, or to the nations of the universe.

Now, since the Revolution, from reasoning they have betaken themselves to single words. Deception still. Mirabeau said true, "Words are things." I cannot help observing that the Athenians (whose government was popular, and consequently tyrannical, and manured with the blood of her own citizens) had a custom of softening the appellations of things, which naturally conveyed an idea of terror. This may be found in a most curious extract, preserved by the very learned Photius from the 4th book of the *Ckreslomathia* of HELLADIUS BESANTINUS; the words are these,

|| D'Alembert *Melanges de Literature et de Philosophie*. Vol. 5. P. 526.

Go, warn in solemn accents, bold and brief,

The

these. "Το μη δυσφημα λεγειν πασι τοις Παλαισις φροντις ην, μαλιστα δε
" τοις Αθηναίοις" διο και το Δεσποτηριον, Οικημα εκαλυν, και τον Δημιον Κοιτον,
" τας δε Εριννας σεμνας θεας κτλ." Photii Bibliothec. Sect. 279.
p. 1593. Ed. 1653. In the same manner the French apply the
terms *Equality*, *Liberty*, *Fraternity*, and similar words, for Ty-
ranny, Desolation, Oppression, and Plunder. This is well un-
derstood. It would be presumption to enlarge on this subject to
a kingdom so enlightened, so dignified, and I may add, so PRE-
PARED as Great Britain.

We have every thing to lose. We have under our own form
of government, comfort, protection, honour, security, and hap-
piness. The price of preserving them is indeed great, very great;
but the price of anarchy, reform, and *inextricable* confusion,
would be greater beyond all calculation. We have a foe power-
ful, and perhaps unrelenting. But all States yield at last to cir-
cumstances; and policy may grant what affection would refuse.
The most ardent wish of my heart is a SECURE PEACE, after a
war for ever to be deplored, bloody, fatal, and expensive beyond
all example; but which I always believed, and still believe, to
have been INEVITABLE. We have *still* many and great resources;
but the times never called with so loud and so commanding a
voice for wisdom, discernment, and integrity, for temperate,
timely, and *gradual* concession with dignity and security, and for
an œconomy rigid and undeviating, *on the parts of our governors*.
The times call equally for obedience, *systematick acquiescence* un-
der temporary pressure, alacrity in defence, and vigilance, and
loyalty, and STEADINESS, *in all the subjects of this land*. We
have no need of the Roman Armilustrium; our arms are purified
already.

The flumb'ring Minister, or factious Chief;

Mourn

already. Our Soldiers are loyal and honourable, and without spot. They have been weighed in the balance, and found perfect. And I trust our naval flag will never again wave but in defiance to our enemies. WE ARE NOT LOST, IF WE CONTINUE FIRM.

I see the ancient marks of our country in every loyal countenance. I would give life to every one who thinks, and who loves our great kingdom and its constitution. In times of national distress Poets have sometimes found means to invigorate the publick mind, and to confirm its stability. I speak indeed of the days of old, "the image of our antique world." But now, when the Temple and the Citadel, the worship, and the strength, and the constitution of our forefathers are to be venerated and defended; it is happy that we can trace and find these powers, each in their order. We may be reminded of all that was depicted in the fabled palace, where the deities once assembled in full consistory:

Signa tamen, Divûmque tori, et quem quisque sacrârat

Accubitu genioque, locus monstrantur! *

But I fable not. We have not the images, but the very things before us; and the words of poetry are set off by the superior force of truth.

We must remember that all the leagues of French faction and their leaders, in England or in any country, never relent. They know not the meaning of the term. There is as much mercy in them, to use the phrase of Shakspeare, *as there is milk in a male tiger*. In all their combinations, their plots, their proscriptions, and their *grand measures*, all they have done, or proposed to do,

is

* Statius Achill. L. 1.

Mourn proudest empires prostrate in the dust,

Tiaras,

is to lay their country in chains of servitude, bound at the feet of a French Directory. But Liberty is their word, and the diffusion of general happiness. How is this to be effected? Cicero might start up in the Senate, and reply: "Cum ferro, cum metu, cum privilegio, cum præsentibus copiis perditorum, et minis, et nefario fœdere, servitute oppressam Civitatem tenerent. Libertatis signum posuerunt magis ad ludibrium impudentiæ, quam ad simulationem Religionis." (a)

All this is so. But if they are called upon to retract, or to declare the full purpose, or to render their reasons to the country, they give us manifestos, and *declarations* from their clubs. They tell us of corruption, and reform, and all the sophisms of anarchy and revolution. So thundered the Orator of Athens against such men: "Αντι τῷ ἀποδυναί, σοφίσματα εὐρίσκουσιν, καὶ παραγράφας, καὶ προφασίς, πονηροτάτοι ἀνθρώπων καὶ ἀδικωτάτοι" (b) But Justice has her balance, and the sword is not borne in vain. "At home," (I take the words of Sir John Finch in the 4th of Charles I.) "at any rate AUTHORITY MUST BE VINDICATED FROM CONTEMPT; SINCE THE LIFE OF GOVERNMENT IS REPUTATION." We should remember, that "None are so bold as the factious in company, none so fearful apart." We may have good hope, for we have a good cause. When perhaps the greatest
statesman

(a) Cicero, Orat. pro Domo sua ad Pontifices. Sect. 51.

(b) Demosthenes, Orat. Πρὸς Λακρίτη παραγραφῇ. Demosth. Ed. Gr. Benenati 1570. p. 546. Why will not our Statesmen study Demosthenes? Is he not allowed to be the very first *political* Orator? Mr. Fox virtually understands his *manner* better than any man in England. He does not exert it for the same good end. (1797.)

Tiaras, fanes and pontiffs, crown and bust ; 670

And

statesman and the greatest orator that ever headed an Opposition, demands an audience of his Sovereign, I would willingly *suppose*, that the principle of his heart *is not democratick* : though I think his principles, *in general*, are very dangerous at this time. I would hope, that we may be redeemed.

It was the boast of the Roman Emperor Augustus, that he found the city of brick, and left it of marble. I trust we shall not reverse this memorable saying. I trust that *the publick credit* of the nation will revive, and that *in this respect*, when speaking of Mr. PITT, it will not be engraven with an iron pen, and in the rock of England for ever, "*Auream invenit ; chartaceam reliquit.*" I think I can discern the firm establishment of lawful constitutional power in the plunges of meditated convulsion ; and the return of day in the moment of greatest obscurity. I have loved my country from my earliest years, from a conviction of the excellence of the Constitution, and of that balanced liberty it was formed to maintain. I am grateful for the protection and the blessings it has afforded, and is yet mighty to preserve.

I am *again*, (much against my will, and I very sincerely apologize for repeating the subject,) *finally* called upon to declare with solemnity, and with that truth which I have ever revered and preserved, that this whole composition, verse and prose, is the work of *one* hand. In this assertion I have no mental reservation. I never wore the weeds of Dominick, or drank from the cup of Loyola. If this declaration will not suffice, I shall leave the fable birds of detraction to the hoarseness of their own clamours, and to the worms on which they feed. I shall soar upward to the source and fountain of light. It is also frequently insinuated
and

And last, as through the smould'ring flames you turn,
Snatch

and sometimes boldly asserted, to be written *in conjunction* with many learned and eloquent friends in the groves and retreats of our beloved *Academe*. It is true indeed, "By the waters of *Cam* I have sat down and wept, when I remembered thee, O Sion! as for my harp, I have often hanged it up among the trees that are therein." I wished to "sing one of the songs of Sion." But, as it seems, it is an honourable *Conspiracy*, a *Conspiracy* to vindicate, to recommend, and to uphold the cause of government, of Christian religion, of learning, and of good manners. Would it were so! Such united talents might do their perfect work. I have only to lament the unworthiness of him who has presumed, without assistance or co-operation, to undertake that office ALONE;

"To intermit no watch

AGAINST THE WAKEFUL FOE, and wide abroad,
Through all the coasts of dark destruction, SEEK
DELIVERANCE FOR US ALL!"

If indeed I had either personal hope, or personal fear, in the political or in the literary world, I think it will be allowed that I should not have published this work. He must reconcile contradictions who will dispute this assertion. Whom have I courted? to whom have I bowed? Arbitrary power in any shape is my abhorrence. I have walked in the school of Locke, and have passed through that of Sidney. But I have, in this hour of maturest reflection, approved and held fast the tempered doctrines which uphold government, and prevent confusion.

In the political matters of *this* time, my suit and service is not rendered *personally* to Mr. PITT. Upon me HE can have no claim.

My

Snatch THE PALLADIUM, though the Temple burn.

END OF THE POEM.

My service is to my Country, and my praise to the Minister of the Crown of Great Britain. My praise is to HIM, who by deliberate and undaunted firmness, with an unblenched dignity, by commanding powers in speech and argument, and by vigorous measures, though without that promptitude of decision which marked his great Father, has preserved and supported (long may he preserve and support them!) the principle and stability of the English government and constitution. *The main voice of England goes with me in this.* Such I esteem Mr. PITT: as such I honour him. *Am I his enemy?* I see his errors and his vices too, and I lay no flattering unctiōn to them. I am alive to all his publick virtues, and I would correct their aberrations, for they are many.

As to Mr. Fox; that he has not discerned the signs of these times, I will not assert; but *that* his imprudence, his unbridled license of language, and his plunging desperate doctrines in times like these, in and out of Parliament, have alienated the mind of his country *from Him*, that I will maintain. If I were to give credence to *all* his speeches, which I have either heard or read, I must declare them to be the doctrines of a man ripe and ready for *any* revolution. If he is honest in his opinion, I can neither think nor pronounce him honest to his country. He should not have *thus* exhibited himself in the House, or on the Hustings. *Non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit!* I pass over the primrose path of dalliance on St. Ann's Hill; though I would fain cast a withering look on the nocturnal orgies of dicing depredation, and of patrician plunder before the walls of the palace, in the very face of a virtuous and insulted SOVEREIGN. I will separate the man from the leader of opposition. I am ready to bow, and I do bow, to his genius, to his political eloquence without
an

an equal, and to his knowledge various, deep, and extensive. His pleasantry, his social friendly disposition, and the good temper of his private conversation are acknowledged. But if he is ever to direct the councils of this kingdom, he must tread back *almost all* his steps. If he turns to OUR government, *he must be born again.*

With opinions bold and candid as these, I might obtain some respect and perhaps some attention from the publick; but I could hardly please either Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox. If I sought personal fame; my motive is still more visionary. No man can account for it. He who loved fame best, said of it, "Just what you hear, you have." I am wholly unknown. It is very proper that I should be so. Yet I would be understood even on this point. I have not the sacred fear of a coward, but the deliberate courage which is inspired by reflection, and the confidence which I am proud to repose in honourable friendship. Some literary enterprises are indeed rather hazardous in their nature. Mine are of that number. Yet I love decorum, and I would be guided by discretion; but it is not the form only of those virtues, refined through certain strainers, that I would preserve, it is the spirit. I would have gentleness without timidity, and decision without presumption. But I *must* feel the pressing nature of the time, the burthens, the terrors, the perils, and the necessity OF THE STATE. Whoever would do a publick service, must forget himself. His remuneration is from within. As to myself, however unavailing my actions, my sentiments, my abilities, or my services, they are UNKNOWN, UNBOUGHT, UNSOLICITED, and *shall be* UNALTERED. In spirit, in principle, and in affection, my words and my thoughts are these:

Non ante revellar,

Exanimem quam te complectar ROMA, tuumque

Nomen, LIBERTAS, et inanem prosequar umbram! (1797.)

THE END.



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